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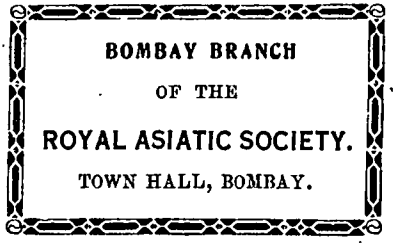

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THE AMERICANS AT HOME.

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THE

AMERICANS AT HOME:

PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF AMERICAN MEN

MANNERS AND INSTITUTIONS.

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ac.

BY

DAVID MACRAE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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EDINBURGH:
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1870.

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I.

THE EMANCIPATED WHITES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the loss to which Emancipation has subjected the Southern people, and the agony of the process by which it was accomplished, I scarcely met a single man or woman who expressed regret that slavery was gone. The South feels like a man who has been subjected against his will to a severe operation—an operation which he thought would kill him, which has terribly prostrated him, from which he is still doubtful if he will completely recover, but which being fairly over, has given him prodigious relief.

The anti-slavery agitation turned attention so exclusively to the burdens which the system fixed upon the slave, that few have considered the burdens which it fixed also upon the slaveholder, and the trying position in which latterly it placed him. The ownership of slaves involved a very serious responsibility. This was specially felt by those masters and mistresses who realized that the negroes, so entirely committed to their charge, were beings with souls as well as bodies, for whose moral condition, therefore, they were largely responsible. But even on the man who looked upon his negroes as only so many working animals or cotton-picking machines, slavery imposed burdens from which the employer of free labour is exempt. With us, if a

servant does not please she is dismissed; if a workman meets with an accident, or takes ill, the loss falls on himself; he loses his wages, and has to pay for his doctor. If a mill-owner finds trade dull, he can put his hands on half-time, and so curtail his expenditure; if matters get worse, he can shut up his mill altogether and wait for better times, leaving the workers to look out as best they can for themselves.

The slaveholder had no such simple resource as this. His slaves were his property, and if humanity and self-interest were not sufficient to make him provide for them, the law compelled him. He had to feed his slaves day by day all the year round; he had to keep them in clothing; he had to provide medical attendance for them in sickness; he had to support them in old age; and every worker who died or ran away was a dead loss to him of from 500 to 1500 dollars. At slack seasons, or bad seasons, when perhaps he was losing instead of making money, he had still to support his negroes unless he sold them, which, at such seasons, he could scarcely expect to do without heavy loss. During the late war, though almost everything in the South was at a stand-still, the planters and tobacco-factors had to provide support for all their slaves as usual, while our employers had turned their operatives off, and were waiting till it should pay to take them on again.

Let it also be borne in mind, that the slaveholder could not confine himself, like the employer of free labour, to such hands as best suited his purpose. When buying a slave he could select his man, but those born on his property he had to take as they came, good, bad, or indifferent. If they grew up wild and insubor-

dinate, he had to try and tame them; if they were lazy and stupid, he had to work them up, as best he could, to some degree of usefulness. In both cases he had to put up with negroes who were a burden and a loss to him, and who, under the free-labour system, would simply be turned off. Of course he had the power to sell them, but the very qualities that made them worthless to him tended to make them worthless and unsaleable to others. Besides this, it must be remembered that the slaveholders had human feelings like ourselves. Many of them were exceedingly attached to their slaves, and never sold them when they could possibly avoid it. Innumerable instances they retained slaves that were utterly useless, simply in order to prevent them falling into cruel hands, or because it would have involved the separation of husband from wife, or parent from child.

But the mere maintenance of their slaves was a light burden to thoughtful and Christian people in the South, compared with the means they had to adopt to maintain the system and keep their slaves in order. The planter, or tobacco-factor, had to manage his negroes as a country schoolmaster manages his school. If any of them, whether male or female, were lazy or unruly, he had to whip them. The owner, if a man of kindly feeling, did not like this, but he saw no alternative. He could not turn a slave off as he can now turn off a hired workman; he could not permit him to neglect his task, or show insubordination; therefore he had recourse to the lash.

When a slave ran off he sent after him, as a man would send after a runaway horse, or a parent after a runaway boy. It was not only that the slave was by

law his property, and had cost him perhaps a thousand dollars. This was one incentive; but not the strongest. He had to consider the effect that the escape of one slave would have upon the others. A planter gave me this case from his own experience, and it represents thousands of others. "I had one ungovernable slave," he said, "who made several attempts to escape. He was of so little use to me that I would not have cared two straws for the loss of him, though he had cost me 800 dollars; but he had been influencing some of the other slaves, and inciting them to run away with him. I knew that if I allowed that rascal to get off, others would follow—I should lose some of my best hands, and be kept in constant trouble. So I set the dogs after him and hunted him through the swamp for nearly a week till I got him. I had him tied up then in sight of the other hands and lashed. I had ultimately to send him to New Orleans to be sold; and I told the others I would do the same with them if they tried the same tricks. Now, sir," said this planter, "you will say I was cruel. Well, perhaps I was; but I tell you, sir, I never whipped one of those slaves but I seemed to feel it as much as they did. Sometimes I felt it so much, that if it would have served the purpose I would have taken the whipping myself. But it had to be done, sir—it had to be done! We could not have maintained the system—we could not have kept order for a single day with some of them but for the lash."

An overseer in the State of Alabama told me this incident:—"One day I was flogging a slave for theft in presence of a number of others. The fellow broke away, and, picking up a bar of wood, flung it at me. The boss (employer) was standing near. He instantly

took a pistol from his pocket, and said, handing it to me, 'Shoot him!' I hesitated to do it, so the boss shot the man himself. He was badly hurt, but not killed. That night the boss sent for me to the house, and said, '——, if that man gets better we must sell him. One man like that is enough to spoil a whole gang.' And yet," said the overseer, "he was as kind a master to them that behaved as any I saw in these parts."

I asked him if he thought such severity was necessary. "Yes, sir," he said, "it couldn't be done without. These cases were very rare; but when a nigger got bumptious, we had to teach him who was master. But I am glad that business is over."

Another measure exceedingly distasteful to many of the Christian people of the South, but deemed necessary to the maintenance of slavery, was the withholding of education from the black people, making it an offence punishable by law for any one to teach a slave to read or write. Conversing on this subject with the Rev. Mr. Girardeau of Charleston, he said, "Some of us would gladly have given education to the negroes, but it was found that slavery and education did not work together. The Abolitionists of New England were doing their best to excite the slaves to discontent. If we had taught them to read, the incendiary writings of these Abolitionists would have been scattered broadcast amongst them, exciting insubordination and anarchy, ending in a collision between the black and the white races which would have been fatal to the blacks. Such at least was the general feeling, and we shut the door against all this by prohibiting the slaves to be taught. But, for my own part," he said, "I was never in favour of these laws, and our people would not have passed them if they

had not felt it to be necessary for the security of our system of labour."

Professor Woodrow of Columbia bore testimony to the same effect. He said, "The Presbyterian Church in the South agitated for the permission of negro education, but without success. The opinion of the public was, that it would endanger slavery."

The moral aspect of these measures depended of course on the view taken of the natural and proper position of the negro. If it was right to maintain slavery, it was right to use the only means by which slavery could be maintained. The slave-driver looked upon the management of a negro as we look upon the management of a horse. If the slave would not do his duty he must be compelled to do it; if he was lazy, or stubborn, or disobedient, he must be whipped; if he tried to escape he must be chased; if he could not be caught without bloodhounds, he must be caught with bloodhounds; if he was likely to run away again, he must be shackled and branded with hot irons; if he became absolutely uncontrollable, he must be shot; and if it was found that education made him discontented with his divinely appointed place as the white man's slave, education must be kept from him.

Granting the premiss that the negro had to be kept in slavery, all this followed logically and as a matter of course, and with this logic the Southern people tried to satisfy themselves. But the almost irresponsible power which was thus thrown into the hands of the slave-owner was often so shamefully abused, and many of the means that were necessary to the maintenance of slavery seemed so horrible, and the laws forbidding education seemed so grossly inconsistent with the widely

professed purpose of preparing the black race for higher things, that multitudes of the thoughtful and Christian people of the South were distracted with doubts as to whether a system permitting so much evil, and requiring such measures for its maintenance, could in itself be good. One eminent Southern clergyman said to me,—"We saw its evils, sir; we mourned over them: but we could see no way of escape. Slavery had come to us by inheritance; it was bound up with the whole social, commercial, and political system of this country. It seemed as if to attempt to pull it down would be to disorganize society, and bring upon ourselves and the blacks far worse evils than we could abolish. But I tell you, sir, I often prayed God to show us some way out of our difficulty; and now the thing is done—in the worst way we could have had it—still it is done, and I am glad that the ordeal is over."

The war will emancipate the Southern people from another burden which was becoming year by year more exasperating and intolerable—I mean the universal odium which slavery was bringing upon them. To those especially who were kind to their slaves, and had only looked on the bright side of the institution, it was very irritating when they went North or came to this country, to find themselves identified in the public mind with all that was basest and most infamous about the slave system; to find their motives misrepresented, and their morality and Christian character suspected.

A Southern gentleman told me the following incident as an illustration of what they had to bear:—A friend of his who visited this country in 1850, was dining one day in the house of a wealthy Scotchman, to whom he

had introductions. In the course of conversation it happened to be mentioned that he was a slaveholder, whereupon several of the ladies instantly rose and left the table. "And yet," said my informant, "that gentleman was a devout Christian, and as kind a master as ever breathed—a man beloved by his slaves."

This was the feeling which the Southern people had to encounter at every turn. The anti-slavery agitation had brought into view all the darkest and most hideous features of slavery, and had left upon multitudes of people the impression that the Southern slaveholders were a set of coarse and brutal ruffians after the pattern of Simon Legree. This was intensely exasperating to the more refined and Christian of the Southern people, who were thus made to suffer the shame and infamy brought upon the system by its very worst representatives. They complained bitterly of this injustice, but self-vindication was impossible. They held slavery to be right, and this allowed them to look on the lash, the bloodhound, the branding-iron, the slave-auction, and the laws prohibiting education, as necessary evils; and on the wholesale gratification of lust and passion under the absolute power granted to the slave-owner, as simply abuses perpetrated by bad men under an authority that had to be granted for a better purpose. But the world had come to believe that slavery itself was a wrong. All the atrocities, therefore, perpetrated under its license, and all the repressive measures adopted for its perpetuation, stood forth as iniquities added to iniquity, making the whole system hideous and indefensible. Hence the indignant remonstrances and the vehement reproaches with which the Southern churches and the Southern people were

constantly assailed. And yet what was the South to do, if slavery was a divine and indispensable institution—an institution with which the happiness and the very existence of the black race in America was bound up? The war has rescued the South from this distressing dilemma. It has not only swept away the cause of alienation that threatened to cut her off hopelessly from the sympathy and Christian fellowship of the world; it has swept it away by force, so that if emancipation *does* prove a disaster, the South feels that she can wash her hands of the responsibility.

But the war has not only liberated the South from the incubus of slavery; it has pushed her into circumstances that must arouse her energies as they never were aroused before. The lazy luxury that was enervating her people is no longer possible. She is poor, and must work if she would live. The blacks are being educated by tens of thousands—fifty thousand in Virginia alone being able to read and write, who were slaves before the war—and if the poorer whites are to hold their own against even black competition, they must be educated too. Moreover, the gates are open, Yankee and foreign enterprise is coming in, and the Southern people will not, dare not, for their own sakes, permit themselves to fall behind in the race. The change is already perceptible. I was told by professors in Southern colleges, and by teachers in the white schools, that their students and scholars were studying as they never did before the war, feeling now the necessity for education. Everywhere people were expressing their sense of the change. "No more rest for us now," said one. "We have to look sharp and not let these Yankees get the whip-hand of us," said another. "We have to rise earlier

now," said a third, "and work more, and work quicker, than we used to do." The change seemed to be summed up in an expression which met me constantly in the South, "Yes, sir, we are getting Yankeeized."

The ruin caused by the war is accelerating the change, by compelling many of the most cultured and aristocratic people in the South to enter the lists. This of itself is enough to produce a revolution in Southern feeling. Slavery tended to brand labour with degradation: these men will help to put upon it the stamp of nobility. General Lee advised his officers and men wisely on this point. He foresaw the change that was before the defeated South; he perceived that her best hope was to prepare herself for it without delay; and he accordingly urged his soldiers to cast aside all feelings of hostility engendered by the conflict, act as loyal citizens, and apply themselves at once to honest work. He himself, refusing the offers of pecuniary assistance made to him by friends on both sides of the Atlantic, addressed himself to the task of self-support; and I was told at Richmond that one of his sons, who held the rank of major-general in the Confederate army, drove into the city from his farm, a few weeks after the surrender, with a waggon-load of hay. Examples of this sort, backed up by the pressure of external circumstances, can scarcely fail to launch the South upon a new career; and when once the energies that amazed the world during the late war are turned into the channels of social and political progress, what is there too great to expect of such a people in such a country?

The war has accelerated the change in another way, by bringing into the market the estates of impoverished land-owners. White immigration is beginning to

go in and buy up such lands; the new State Governments are also purchasing large portions to sell to the freedmen. Thus the great landed estates, that formed so marked a feature in the old South, are being broken up, and smaller plantations and farms coming into existence, causing a steady increase in the class of freeholders—an increase which seems likely to go on till the power formerly wielded by the great land and slave owners becomes absorbed by the middle class, assimilating in this respect the South to the North. White immigration is also carrying in with it a variety and a quality of labour destined to work a mighty change in the whole aspect of the South. Hitherto she has been enabled by the amazing fertility of her soil to show results, especially in cotton-growing, that conceal her real backwardness. In 1859, two years before the war, her exports were valued at 188 millions of dollars, but of this only 27 millions were not in cotton. Even in the cotton States only 39 per cent. of the farm land was improved, and of the improved land more than 17 million acres were not in actual cultivation. Her whole system of agriculture by slave labour has been lop-sided wasteful, and superficial,—the ground being rather skimmed than cultivated. The same crop was often grown upon it year after year till the strength of the land was exhausted, when new ground was entered upon to be scratched and exhausted in the same fashion. The planters held vast tracts of land in retention for this purpose, supporting a hundred people on an area that would under free labour have been supporting a thousand. Farmers who were unable to cultivate more than 100 acres properly, scratched 200, and kept 300 or 400 more in wilderness. They confess all this themselves.

They showed me fields which never yielded more than ten bushels of corn to the acre, where the deep plough would bring up twenty bushels at once, and thorough tillage would soon bring forty. A planter in North Carolina showed me fields of his own, out of which, he said, a Scotch farmer would take thirty bushels to the acre, but out of which he had rarely got more than five. He also showed me fields lying waste and abandoned for years, where proper culture and a rotation of crops would have been yielding rich harvests every season. Even what has been cultivated looks rough, ragged, and unfinished. A Georgia plantation bears about the same resemblance to a farm in the Lothians that a Highland morass bears to a flower-garden. Fields that have been under cultivation for half a century remain but half-cleared, with the stumps of the primeval forest still sticking out of the ground, and sometimes trunks of fallen trees lying unremoved. "We give 'em time to rot," said one planter.

Everywhere, and in everything, slavery seems to have been slovenly—in the house, in the factory, and in the field. All this is destined to be changed. Farmers are beginning to go in and are welcomed, who know how to till the land so as to make the most of it, and who will not only introduce improved machinery and improved methods themselves, but will compel their adoption by all others who would hold their ground against this new competition.

In many respects, therefore, emancipation has liberated the Southern whites as much, and, perhaps, to even better purpose, than it has emancipated the negroes.

II.

NEGRO DOMINATION.

WHILE the Southern people accept the abolition of slavery as an inevitable consequence of the war—many of them even with a sense of relief—they complain bitterly of the conduct of the North in forcibly enfranchising the emancipated slaves, and at the same time disfranchising so many of the old masters. The governor of one of the Southern States said,—"These *after-claps*, sir, are worse than the war itself. It is hard enough to bear our poverty; it is hard enough to have our slaves taken from us without compensation; but what we feel most keenly, is this attempt on the part of the North to saddle us with negro rule." This I found to be the almost universal feeling of the Southern people.

It will certainly seem that the North is not very clean-handed in the matter, when it is remembered, that while she has forced negro suffrage upon the conquered South, she still refuses to submit to it herself. Some of the New England States grant the suffrage to their few coloured citizens. Ohio, I think, permits a man to vote if he can prove that fifteen-sixteenths of his blood is white; and New York allows a coloured man to vote if he owns 250 dollars worth of taxable property. But Pennsylvania refuses, Maryland refuses; Delaware

and New Jersey will not hear of it; Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, and California, all reject negro suffrage for themselves, and yet through Congress they force it upon the South. This is, to say the least of it, a monstrous inconsistency.[1]

So far as the enfranchisement of the Southern negroes is concerned, it is easy to assign a political reason. When the war was over, and the Southern States were called upon to reconstruct themselves, they began to nominate as their representatives men whose principles had been notoriously hostile to the Government. The North said, "This will never do. These States must not come into the Union except on a loyal basis, and as the white people will not elect loyal men, we must allow the negroes to do it." Whereupon the negroes were enfranchised, loyal delegates were elected, and the Southern States reconstructed for the most part according to the mind of the North.

But if this was not a mere farce—if the people of the North really deem the Southern negroes fit for the suffrage, why do they deny that right to their own? Surely if negroes reared in the darkness of slavery be qualified to vote, much more must those be who have been brought up in freedom, and enjoyed the advantage of education. And if the North deems it safe to enfranchise the black people in the Southern States, where

[1] I rejoice to say, that since these words were penned, the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, securing the rights of citizenship to the coloured as well as to the white people, has been ratified by three-fourths of the States, so that practically the negro is now enfranchised throughout the whole Republic. The North, by this act, has nobly vindicated her sincerity in the eyes of the world, and has converted what looked like a mere political shift into a great act of justice to the coloured race.—*March* 1870.

they number four millions, forming a fourth, a third, and in some places a half of the entire population, on what possible pretext can she refuse to enfranchise the 300,000 that are scattered thinly over her own vast area, amongst an overwhelming white population of twenty or thirty millions? If the black people ought to have a vote, she is doing them in the North a gross injustice; if they ought not to have a vote, then she has committed an unpardonable outrage upon the white people of the South.

But if the North has allowed her prejudice against the coloured man to expose her Southern policy to suspicion, the South, on the other hand, has allowed the exasperation of defeat to blind her judgment, and absurdly exaggerate her fears. The idea of the negro ruling the South is preposterous. Granting that he has a vote, he is, even at present, in the minority. In the Gulf States the black population amounted by last census to about 45 per cent., in the border States to about 30 per cent., and in Missouri to less than 12 per cent. In round numbers the black population of the entire South is four millions, the white population twelve millions, enabling the whites to outvote the blacks by three to one. Moreover, this preponderance is likely henceforth to increase instead of diminish. White immigration, which has so long been retarded by the existence of slavery, will rapidly swell the bulk of the white population. On the other hand, the increase of the black population must to some extent diminish. Under the slave system it stood at its maximum. The slaves had neither to provide for themselves nor their children. They therefore married young, and had generally large families. Their owners encouraged this,

for slaves were money, and increase in the number of their slaves meant increase in wealth, and in social and political importance. All this is altered now. The Southern people declare, indeed, that the emancipated negro cannot long endure beside the white man—that already he is dying out. This assertion met me everywhere—in Virginia, in the Carolinas, in the Gulf States. One of the large landed proprietors in South Carolina (Colonel Mackay) said that more black children had died since emancipation than had died for twenty years before, when proper care had been taken of them. Mr. Stoddard, of Savannah, one of the great planters in Georgia, said that in that city upwards of 5000 negroes had died within five months after emancipation—a mortality tenfold greater than he had known before. He believed the census of 1870 would show a black population of less than three millions where formerly there had been over four. At New Orleans, General Beauregard said, "There are probably 500,000 fewer negroes in these Gulf States to-day than there were in 1861. They are dying fast. In seventy-five years hence they will have vanished from this continent along with the red man and the buffalo." These are only specimens of the allegations that met me everywhere amongst the Southern people, from the border States to the Gulf. How far they are justified by facts, time and the census will show; but the question in the meantime is, *If the Southern people believe what they say about the black people dying out so fast, what fear need they have of negro domination?*

The assumption, however, that the negro is dying out, is, to say the least of it, premature. Charles Campbell, the historian of Virginia, who has given

some attention to this inquiry, and who might naturally be expected to take the Southern view of it, said that he believed it to be erroneous. General Howard, chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, who has had special opportunities of forming a correct judgment, has declared that the assumption is altogether groundless. If the negro survives in Canada and the North, much more is he likely to do so in the warmer and more congenial climate of the South. Still, two things are probable. The first is that the sudden emancipation of four millions of slaves, untrained to think or to provide for themselves, and this in a country wasted and wrecked by the war, may show, in the next census, an extraordinary mortality amongst them since 1860, though this will be no proof of any tendency to die out under ordinary circumstances. The second thing is that now, when the negroes have to provide for themselves and for their children, which many of them are doing with extreme difficulty, and others are unable to do at all, the rate of increase will be lower, and the rate of mortality higher, than formerly. If this be so, then the existing preponderance of the white over the coloured population is destined to increase rather than diminish. There will, of course, be local exceptions. Even at present there are districts where the black population is in excess of the white. In the most southerly regions this preponderance may continue or even increase, as the blacks of the North and the border States will naturally gravitate towards the warmer latitudes near the Gulf, where the white immigration will for the same reason be least.

But even in places where the black population may slightly preponderate, it seems to me that the fears of

the white population are not creditable to themselves. Where is the boasted superiority of the Anglo-Saxon if he cannot rule without being in the majority? If there is to be universal suffrage irrespective of race, the blacks will have more votes in some districts, perhaps in some States, than the whites. But the world is not governed by votes. It is governed by ideas. Majorities never rule. Even a democracy has its policy determined by the men (always a small minority) who are able to act upon and sway the majority. This power of filling other heads with his own thoughts—of making other hands the willing instruments of his purpose—belongs to the Caucasian far more than to the negro, and belongs pre-eminently to the Anglo-Saxon. Anglo-Saxon ideas are moulding America from Canada to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They have been moulding the negro both in slavery and in freedom; and every case in which a negro has risen to prominence in the States is another proof that his power depends for the most part upon his ability to conform himself to these ideas, and assist in their development. There seems, therefore, no danger whatever of "white ideas" giving place to black. And if, under any circumstances, two millions of negroes in the Gulf States prove themselves able to control the destinies of even one million of whites, either the white people must greatly deteriorate, or the black people must greatly improve. In either case the government will be where it ought to be—in the hands of the most competent.

But if the South is not Africanized either by the blacks out-voting or out-witting the whites, there is a danger, it is said, of her being Africanized by amalga-

mation. First of all, it is argued that political equality will lead to social equality; "for if," said one Southern gentleman, "I sit side by side in the Senate House, or on the judicial bench, with a coloured man, how can I refuse to sit with him at the table? What will follow?" he continued. "If we have social equality we shall have intermarriage, and if we have intermarriage we shall degenerate; we shall become a race of mulattoes; we shall be another Mexico; we shall be ruled out from the family of white nations. Sir, it is a matter of life and death with the Southern people to keep their blood pure."

This was said at the table of a Southern clergyman, and was strongly indorsed by the others who were present. This seemed to me everywhere the dread that lies deepest in the Southern heart, and gave most fury to its opposition. It was to it that Alexander Stephens alluded when he said, that if the present *régime* was to be permanent, the white people would flee from the South as from another Sodom.

This dreaded fusion of the two races is brought, more than it otherwise would have been, within the range of probability, by the existence of so many half-castes. There is generally a repugnance to amalgamation between pure whites and pure blacks—negroes preferring to marry negroes, and whites preferring to marry whites. But this broad, clear line of demarcation, drawn by nature between the Caucasian and the negro, has been at innumerable points obliterated by the immoralities perpetrated by unscrupulous men under the temptations offered by slavery. There are now in the South thousands upon thousands of mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, and so on, presenting every variety of shade from

pure black to pure white, and so forming an unbroken bridge across the gulf that separated the two races at first.

Often amongst the coloured people, especially in the Mission schools and churches, I found girls of so fair and beautiful a complexion, that they would have passed anywhere for pure whites. Under the slave-system this involved little or no peril to the purity of the ruling race. Concubinage, so far as it existed, was entirely between white men and coloured women, and as the slave-code decreed that the children should follow the condition of the mother, the offspring of all this immorality, no matter how white-skinned, was held in slavery. But now, such girls as those I have referred to, and freed men equally unrecognisable as negroes, can go where they please—can remove to places where their origin is not known, and marry white men and white women, and so, in spite of all the vigilance of caste, continue the connection between the two races.

These cases, however, are too few to have much effect on the general population; and if it be the case, as the Southern people allege, when maintaining the specific difference of the negro and the Caucasian, that the mixed race becomes barren in the fourth or fifth generation, then the effect will be scarcely perceptible. The result dreaded by the South can only occur if the pure whites consent to intermarry with the manifestly black. But judging from the state of things in the North, it seems probable that connection of this kind between the two races will, instead of increasing, become far less common now than during the existence of slavery. Slavery offered strong temptations to it on both sides, which will now be removed.

III.

SOUTHERN VIEWS OF THE NEGRO.

I WAS much amused by a discussion about the negro which I heard in the house of a Southern friend, and which was mainly carried on between a Virginian and a strong pro-slavery man from Mobile. It shows to what strange positions many have been driven by the necessity of defending the exclusion of the negro from political and social rights.

The Virginian had been expressing an opinion that the Southern people, though so strongly opposed to the wholesale enfranchisement of the black population, would probably not object now to a qualified suffrage.

"Sir," said the Mobile man, "I would object. I hold that this is a white man's Government, and that no nigger has, or ever will have, or ever can have, a right to vote."

"But," said the Virginian, "if a negro shows himself man enough to make a good position, and acquire taxable property, I would say, if he is educated, let him vote."

"But the nigger can't show himself a man when he isn't a man. I hold the nigger ain't a man at all."

"Not a man!"

"No, sir; not in the same way as a white man is. There's forty-one points of difference between the

nigger and the white man. There's the thick lips; there's the flat skull; there's the flat nose; there's the kinky hair,—in fact it ain't hair at all, it's wool."

He went on with his enumeration till he had got, I think, to the twenty-eighth point of difference, which brought him about halfway down the negro's body, when the Virginian interrupted him with—"That's all very well, and I don't say, and I don't hold, that the negro is equal to the white man. All I say is, that he is a man; that he belongs to the human family. He is the child of Ham, and Ham was the child of Noah, as much as Shem or Japheth was."

"But that's where we differ," said the other. "I say he *ain't* the child of Ham, and he ain't the descendant of Noah any more than my horse is. Noah, sir, was a white man, and if he was a white man, and if he had a white wife, as he had, how could he have a nigger child? You say Noah cursed Ham. Well, suppose he did. Would that give him a flat nose and kinky hair, and make a nigger of him? No, sir, my opinion is the nigger don't come from Adam at all. He hangs on to a different part of creation altogether. The only children of Adam that got into the ark were Noah and his sons, and his sons' wives, and they were all white; and as the nigger must have got in too, else he wouldn't be here, I reckon he must have got in amongst the beasts."

He went on to express his opinion that it was the negro that deceived Eve in the garden of Eden.

"Don't Scripture say the tempter was more subtle than all the beasts of the field? Well now, ain't that the nigger, photographed to a T?—a beast, but more subtle, more intelligent, more like a real man than any other beast."

"That's new doctrine," said the Virginian, with a laugh.

"It ain't; it's as old as Scripture," said the other.

"If it was the negro that deceived Eve, he must have been a mighty deal handsomer then than he is now," said the Virginian. "And what do you make of the curse about his crawling on the earth and eating dust?"

"It's God's truth," said the other. "Don't you see the niggers often lying and crawling about. There's nothing they like better; and they do it more in Africa than here. I reckon we kept them on their feet considerable; but they will be at it here again by-and-by, now they've got no master. And as for eating dust or dirt," he added, "the nigger always does that when he can't get better. He eats fullers' earth, and what's fullers' earth but dirt?"

Referring to a book which he had been reading on the subject, he said, "That book makes it as clear as day that though the nigger is called a man in the Bible, it don't mean a real man like you or me. When God came to make the real man, the white man, Adam, He said, 'Let us make man *in our own image*,' meaning that He had already made a kind of man—that is, a nigger—*not* in His own image, but with flat skull, thick lips, woolly head, flat nose, and no soul in him. Scripture calls the nigger a man, but it calls Adam *the* man, the white real man, the Son of God. Then here's another point: Don't the Bible tell us that the Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair or seductive, and went and married them? Well now, if the Sons of God were the children of Adam, where did the other men come from that had these daughters? What were they? Why, there's only one explanation, and that is,

that they were niggers. And God's curse came on the white men for marrying them and producing a race of mulattoes—a kind of animal that is neither a man nor a beast. That's what God brought the flood for, to sweep away that mongrel race; that's what He rained fire on Sodom for; and that's what He'll bring a judgment on these United States for if we don't look out. That's the one unpardonable sin, sir, miscegenation—spoiling a good man and a good nigger to make a mulatto. I admire the nigger, sir," he said, turning to me; "I love the nigger in his proper place; but his place is not as the white man's equal, but as his slave. God gave the white man dominion over the fowls of the air, and over the fish, and over the beasts, and, therefore, over the nigger."

This was certainly the most extreme position with regard to the negro which I heard any one in the Southern States defend. When I spoke of it to General E. P. Alexander, he said, "I don't know if any one really believes all that. But such views are being published, and there are some people in such despair about our future, that they grasp at these arguments, and would be glad to see them adopted, in the hope that it would lead to the whole negro population being gathered up and shipped back to Africa!"

As I have given this extreme view, let me now introduce the substance of a conversation I had with a Southern clergyman, the Rev. Mr. M—, whose views admirably represent those most prevalent among Christian people in the South. Let me mention, that this clergyman was so thoroughly satisfied of the righteousness of the Southern cause, that he not only gave it his advocacy, but at one period during the war took com-

mand of a battery in Stonewall Jackson's corps, and had his church-bell melted down into cannon-balls when ordnance stores ran low.

When he told me this himself, he added, with a grim smile of irony,—"I suppose the fact that I threw shells in on these Northern rascals to perpetuate slavery, would recommend me to your Scottish churches, if I visited your country again!"

When we got upon the subject of slavery, he said,—"You appeal to Scripture, and reason, and expediency. Well, sir, so do we. Look at Scripture. You cannot deny that God gave directions about slavery from Mount Sinai; you cannot deny that Abraham, the father of the faithful, owned slaves; you cannot deny that Christ never forbade slavery; and you cannot deny that Paul returned a fugitive slave to his master. Well then, that being so, slavery is not unscriptural. Still," he continued, "if it were horribly averse to the human conscience, I would sympathize with the efforts made to get over all this by desperate feats of exegesis. But look at Reason. You speak of property in man—of men being made chattels of, and so forth. Now, what does all this amount to? Simply, that slavery secured to the master a man's services for life. You speak of inalienable rights; but freedom is not one of these. Everybody is born under authority of some kind. *Nullus homo liber.* Children are born under the authority of their parents; a man is under the authority of his father, who has the right to his service till he is twenty-one—a big slice out of any one's life. The recent war shows further that we are all born under bondage to the Government, which can press a man into its service as soon as he is twenty-one, and sooner. Many white

men, therefore, who died in this war, both Yankees and Southerners, were never free; they passed from bondage to their fathers into bondage to the Government. A woman, again, is under bondage to her parents till she is of age; and if she marries, she is under bondage to her husband for the rest of her life, unless she outlives him; so that a woman who marries before she is of age, and dies before her husband, is never free at all. Absolute liberty belongs neither to man, woman, nor child, whether black or white.

"But you say that slavery went further than all this. Well, so it did, but that arose out of the necessities of the case. Depend upon it, sir, where an inferior race exists side by side with a superior, there are only two ways of escape from extermination—the first is amalgamation, the second is bondage. Amalgamation with negroes was not to be mentioned. There is a natural and unconquerable repugnance to it. The only alternative was bondage —an *imperium in imperio*—a republic for the whites, a patriarchal system for the blacks. They needed protection; they needed tutelage; they had to be dealt with as a race of infants. It was a thing of mercy, a thing of kindness to keep them in slavery. They were happier in slavery; and it will by-and-by be manifest to you, as it has all along been manifest to us, that they are not fit for freedom. God, sir, in his providence, has been pleased to try free negro communities a dozen times in the history of the world, and the result has always been the same. Your negroes were set free in the West Indies. What is the result there? Most of the white people have gone back to England, and most of the black people have gone back to the bush. The free negroes in the South, too, were always diminishing,

while those in slavery multiplied and prospered. They are now diminishing everywhere, and sooner or later they will disappear from the face of this continent. Yes, sir, we fought more for the good of the black than of the white man. At least," he added, with a wise qualification, "we believed so."

Such were the convictions that made it possible for Christian people and Christian churches not only to tolerate slavery, but to defend it. The Rev. Dr. Palmer of New Orleans, in a famous sermon preached on the 29th November 1860, urged on the Southern people the maintenance of slavery—(1.) as a duty to themselves, because their material interests were bound up with it; (2.) as a duty to their slaves, because the negro was a helpless being, requiring white protection and control; (3.) as a duty to the world, which depended so much on Southern cotton; and (4.) as a duty to God, who had appointed slavery, and whose honour was impeached, and whose cause on earth was imperilled by the atheistic spirit of abolitionism. "With this institution assigned," he said, "to our keeping, what reply should we make to those who say that its days are numbered? We ought at once to lift ourselves intelligently to the highest moral ground, and proclaim to all the world that we hold this trust from God, to preserve it, and to transmit it to posterity with the unchallenged right to go and root itself wherever providence and nature shall carry it."[1]

[1] When at New Orleans I went and heard Dr. Palmer preach. He is a youthful-looking man, middle-sized and thick-set, with a good voice and gentlemanly address. He wore a white vest, the first I had seen a Presbyterian minister wear in the pulpit. He took for his text "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," from which he preached an excellent sermon, unexceptionably orthodox, and shaped after

It is curious and instructive to compare these views of slavery and the negro with those entertained by the South at an earlier period. George Washington, the Father of his country, and himself a slaveholder, said that there was not a man living who wished more sincerely than he did to see a plan adopted for having slavery abolished, and he showed his sincerity by leaving the great body of his slaves free. Jefferson, also a Southern man, and a slaveholder, said in 1774,—"The abolition of domestic slavery is the greatest object of desire in these colonies," and he proposed a constitution for Virginia, by which all born after the year 1800 were to be free. Munroe declared that the system had proved itself "prejudicial to all the States in which it existed." Finally, Patrick Henry, the great orator of the Revolution, also a Southern slaveholder, said,—"It would rejoice my soul that every one of these, my fellow-beings, was emancipated. . . . We detest slavery—we feel its fatal effects—we deplore it with all the earnestness of humanity."

Evidently the founders of the Republic did not think slavery the beneficent and divine institution it has since been declared to be. The first great light upon this subject seems to have been obtained by the South about the year 1793, through the instrumentality of the machine known as the cotton-gin (properly cotton-engine), invented in that year by Eli Whitney. This important invention, acting in conjunction with those

the old fashion, but very earnest and effective. His congregation is one of the largest and most fashionable in New Orleans. When introduced to him after the service, he said, speaking of this country, "Your people are very ignorant of the real state of things in the South; and what is worse, they will not believe the testimony of those who are better informed than themselves."

of Hargreaves, Arkwright, and Watt, speedily converted slavery from a precarious into a paying business; caused the value of slaves to run up from 400 to 1000 and even 1500 dollars; and the production of cotton in the Southern States to mount up from 10,000 bales in 1793 to 100,000 bales in 1800, and from 100,000 in 1800 to 1,000,000 bales in 1830. It became evident then that slavery was a divine institution, and its claims upon the admiration of the world were in that year publicly set forth for the first time by the Governor of South Carolina.

In the meantime the number of slaves had increased enormously. This magnified and complicated the difficulty of attempting emancipation, at the same time that the profits of slavery diminished the inclination to attempt it. Then arose and spread the anti-slavery agitation in the North, which was soon knocking with its thousand hands at the gates of the South. This compelled her, if slavery was to be maintained at all, to guard the system and hold her negroes down by more rigid and repressive enactments; while it sent her here, there, and everywhere for proofs of the righteousness of slavery, in order to satisfy herself and to vindicate her conduct before the world. Vehement appeals were made to the Bible; Moses and Abraham were called up from Levitical and patriarchal times to do duty that must sometimes have been unpleasant to them; and Paul's dealings with Onesimus were so constantly appealed to in vindication of the Act that permitted fugitive slaves to be hunted over the North, that it may be doubted whether the apostle, if he had known the use that was to have been made of him, would have sent Onesimus back at all.

The same search was instituted with the same object through the domains of science and history; and the comparative failure of emancipation in the West Indies was greedily seized upon as a strong argument against a similar experiment in the States.[1]

[1] In speaking of the failure of emancipation in the West Indies, it is too common to look merely to statistics of produce, overlooking entirely the moral aspects of the question. But surely, apart altogether from the amount of exports, it is some gain to Christianity and civilisation that the atrocities which were of daily occurrence in slave days are no longer possible. Taking the darkest view of results, is it not worth while sacrificing several barrels of sugar and risking a slave or two in order to make a Man? Even the material results are too often under-rated. Taking, for instance, the Hanover district in Jamaica, statistics of which were published some time since, it seems that in a single parish occupied by negro settlers, four thousand acres are cultivated in ground provisions, arrow-root, sugar, ginger, etc. This, valued at £30 an acre, gives a total value for the produce of these small settlers of £120,000. One-half of this is estimated to be consumed by themselves, and the other half sold. In six sections, embracing one-fourth part of the parish, there are 143 small sugar-cane mills turning out regularly upwards of 450 barrels of sugar. "And surely," says the *Jamaica Guardian*, "the people, who, in thousands, have become members of churches, whose children are being educated, who live in well-furnished cottages, with cultivated grounds and well-stocked poultry-yards, surely such people cannot be considered as sinking into savagery. The slave of forty years ago, who has raised himself to be a freeholder, who rides his own horse and occupies land which he has purchased, settled, stocked, and farmed with his own earnings, cannot be described as retrograding. A country dotted over its entire area with hundreds of churches and schools, where formerly there was neither the one nor the other, cannot be said to be going backward. Hundreds of black people here who once were slaves are now lessees of land, proprietors of sugar-mills, growing and manufacturing annually thousands of barrels of sugar on their own account, while multitudes grow and carry their own coffee, pimento, ginger, arrow-root, and provisions to the public marts. Their deposits in the Savings Banks amount to about £80,000. Some of them have risen to the bar and the bench; many of them are ministers; and hundreds more of these educated natives are engaged as schoolmasters."

It must be admitted, however, that the results of emancipation in the West Indies have fallen far short of what was anticipated; and this is the aspect of the case which was constantly looked at by the people of the Southern States.

When it is remembered that, as Bacon says, "People are most willing to believe that which they most desire," it cannot be considered surprising that the Southern people should have been able to satisfy themselves that emancipation would be a misfortune; that the negro was created to be a slave; that he was happiest as a slave; and that it was a duty resting upon them, by gentle measures if possible, by forcible measures if necessary, to keep him a slave. Nor is it to be wondered at that many should have gone the length, like that Mobile gentleman, of denying that the negro was a man at all. This, indeed, was the conclusion to which the South was gravitating, and the only conclusion in which pro-slavery Christians could have found real and final peace; for if the negro was a man, he was a brother; and if he was a brother, how could it be right to buy and sell him, and make it lawful (not usual, but perfectly lawful) to treat him like a beast? But if it could be proved scripturally, ethnologically, that he really *was* a beast, what a happy settlement and *quietus* this would have given to the whole difficulty!

IV.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON THE BLACKS.

In travelling round the Gulf States, I turned my attention chiefly to the emancipated slaves—going to see them at their work, visiting them in their cabins, accompanying them to their meetings, walking with them, talking with them, and endeavouring, as best I could, to acquaint myself with their character.

Their present situation seems to me full of peril, and yet full of hope, owing largely in both respects to the influence of slavery. Slavery has been a great curse to these people, but it has also been a blessing. The men-stealers who brought them from Africa, and the traders who purchased them in America, were probably thinking more of their own profits than of the negro's good; and yet in God's hand they became the means of removing this portion of the negro race from heathenism, and placing it under the charge of civilized and, in the ordinary sense of the term, Christian people. The anti-slavery agitation (one-sided as all such agitations must in the nature of things be) has left upon many minds the impression that the slave's knowledge of Southern civilisation was confined for the most part to what he obtained through the lash.

But this impression not only does gross injustice to the Southern people,—it leads to false views of the

present situation. There *were* people, multitudes of them, who treated their slaves infamously,—so infamously as to furnish a strong argument for the abolition of the whole system that put such power into their hands. But it must be remembered that of the quarter of a million of families owning slaves in the Southern States, tens of thousands were humane and Christian families, in which the slaves were kindly treated, and brought up under refining influences. I had abundant testimony to this effect from the negroes themselves. In answer to the question how they were treated in slavery, the answer, especially in the case of domestic slaves, often was, "My massa was more like a fader to me," "My missis was more like a mudder." One old black woman told me with tears in her eyes how, when she was ill and like to die, her mistress sat up with her for two nights in succession, nursing her with the utmost tenderness.

The laws forbade the education of slaves. But no laws, however stringently enforced, could prevent a slave, in daily connection with his master, from learning a great deal which he would not otherwise have known, and becoming to a certain extent civilized. Moreover, there were many slaves who, these laws notwithstanding, were taught to read by masters and mistresses who were better than the laws. Many masters had the Bible read to their slaves, and not only permitted but required them to go to church; and in almost all the places of public worship I visited in the South, there was a gallery for negroes, where, even in slave days, they could come and listen to the same gospel that was preached to their masters. Those who learned something in this way were able to communicate to

others; and sometimes when sold to other parts, were the means of diffusing this knowledge amongst slaves who had never enjoyed such advantages. It thus came about that almost all the slaves scattered over the vast area of the South obtained glimmerings of Christian knowledge, while more than 300,000 of them had got the length of being connected with the Church before the war broke out. This church connection might, and often did, imply very little either in the way of instruction or moral development; but it at least implied something which they would never have received in the heathen darkness of Africa.

Those who shared least in these advantages were the gangs that were driven about like cattle on the vast plantations of the far South and South-west, and who saw little of their master and less of his family; but out of the 350,000 holders of slaves, more than 150,000 owned fewer than five, and a large proportion of these were personal or domestic servants. On them the influence of white civilisation could not fail to be powerful. They were constantly in the presence of white people; if they were refused education, they were still in a position to discover its value, and often did succeed in getting some,—not much, perhaps, but enough to make them anxious for more. And this, as we shall see, is one of the most remarkable and one of the most hopeful phases of their present position.

One thing, indubitably, which the negroes were taught in slavery was to speak English. This is a point of great moment. To acquire a new language means not only to learn new words, but to learn new ideas; and to the negroes the mere acquisition of English was moral and intellectual development. Nor is that the

end of its advantages, but rather the beginning; for it has left these four millions of emancipated slaves open, as no other alien race on earth so completely is, to all the civilizing and Christian influences that surround them. Suppose them ignorant of English as when brought from Africa, what would be their present condition? The numerous teachers and missionaries who are leading them up by tens of thousands into the light of education, would have been shut off from access to them by the barriers of an unknown tongue. The people who are already with so much success instructing them in their new social and political duties, would have been utterly unintelligible to them. It would probably have taken half a century to put them in a state of fitness for beginning the vast work which their knowledge of English, acquired in slavery, made it possible to begin the instant the gates of the South were opened.

Another effect incident to slavery was that it taught the negro to look up to the white race,—to regard the white man as the standard of perfection, and therefore the pattern for imitation. Some of the outcomes of this were curious enough. One was a gradation of honour amongst the negroes themselves, based on resemblance to, or connection with, the white man. The plantation nigger, working in the fields, often under charge of a coloured driver, was the plebeian, who looked up with envy to the domestic slave who waited on the white family and was the negro aristocrat. So also with colour. White was the tint of nobility; black the symbol of degradation. If one coloured man wanted to insult another, he called him a nigger. To call him "a charcoal nigger" was the blackest insult of all, making

him the furthest remove from the nobility of whiteness. The pure black looked up to the mulatto, the mulatto looked up to the quadroon; while all of them for the same reason looked up to the pure white, across the impassable gulf fixed by slavery. Some mischief, no doubt, arose out of this. It seems not improbable that a desire amongst slave women, unattached, to be loved and petted by men of the ruling race, and to have children whose colour should lift them to a somewhat higher level, co-operated with the lust of immoral masters in producing the half-castes so numerous throughout the South.

Another bad effect flowing from the exaltation of the white man into a pattern for imitation, was that he was sometimes a very bad man, and therefore a very bad model; and it is probable that the negro has succeeded better in copying his vices than his virtues. But the general effect of making the white man the model for imitation by the black, which slavery did, was upon the whole good. It taught the negro to look up to and imitate men higher in the scale of civilisation than himself, and has made it all the more probable now that he will seek the apotheosis of his race in conformity with "white" ideas.

Slavery has also given the negro a little sanitary education, which it will be well for him not to throw aside. The slaveholder had of course to attend to the health and safety of his slaves for his own interest. Even if he was one of those who looked upon their slaves as mere cattle, still he had paid 500 or 1000 dollars apiece for them, and had a powerful motive to keep them in good physical condition, so as to get the most work out of them in the field, or the highest price

for them in the market. He accordingly fed them well, fed them regularly, kept liquor from them, had them up betimes in the morning, kept them actively employed, and had sickness or disease promptly attended to. The consequence was that the slaves were probably the healthiest people in the United States.

Finally, slavery has taught them how to work. It has taught them to dig, hoe, plant, and pick; it has taught many of the women to be good nurses, cooks, milliners, and dressmakers; it has taught many of the men to be builders, to be cabinetmakers, to be carpenters, to be hostlers, to be barbers, to be waiters, to be shopmen,—in short, it has so far put them in a position to feel at home and to earn their bread in a civilized community. Who will for a moment compare the fitness of these four millions of coloured people for their present position with that of four millions of untutored savages freshly transported from Africa? The difference, whatever it be, and it is enormous, is due to the influences that have been brought to bear upon them in slavery.

But if slavery was in some respects a blessing—if at least under the overruling hand of God who brings good out of evil, and under the influence of people in the South who were better than their own laws, slavery was made a blessing,—it was in other respects a curse. It injected a curse, indeed, even into its blessing.

It taught the negro to work; but at the same time it taught him to associate work with bondage,—to look upon it as the badge of his degradation, and to think of a state of freedom as a state of idleness. Now that the

negro *is* free, the bad effect of this teaching is mournfully visible.[1]

Again, slavery cared for the negro; but it did so in such a way as to deprive him of all sense of responsibility. His owner had to house him, feed him, clothe him, and do the same for his wife and children; settled for him what he should do and what he should not do, thus removing from the negro himself all necessity for thrift, forethought, self-reliance, and self-control. Some of them, indeed, who were permitted to hire themselves out, or do extra work for their own benefit, and were possessed with the idea of buying their freedom, or the freedom of their wives and children, developed those virtues with the occasion, and show themselves in consequence best fitted for their new position. But such cases were exceptional. The slave system itself taught

[1] This kind of teaching is less common now, when so many Southerners have themselves to work, but it is not altogether discontinued. In a Southern family which I visited in Virginia, the servant came to tell her mistress that a gentleman was at the door wishing to see her. The lady went, and found that it was a coloured man. With some sharpness she summoned the servant, and said, in the man's hearing, so that both might benefit by the lesson, "How dared you say that 'a gentleman' wished to see me? This is a negro—a man who works. A gentleman is one who doesn't work—who can live without work—who has others to work for him. A negro may be a very decent man, but he can never be a gentleman."

Let me mention another little incident, just to show how these views of labour influenced the minds of the slaves. In one of the first Southern houses I visited, I took the opportunity of having a little talk with the negro girl, who came in, when I was alone in the room, to mend the fire. I asked her if she had been a slave.

"Yes, sah; belonged to Mrs. ——, 'bout twelve miles from here."

"How do you like the change to freedom?"

"Well, I dunno. I've got to wu'k now same as before."

"But don't you find it better to be free?"

"I dunno. I used to belong to missis, and she was kind to me. I belong to my mudder row, and she gets all de wage I earn. 'Pears to me I ain't no mo' free dan I was."

the negroes to depend like children upon others, and left them, in this respect, not so fit for freedom as it found them. Much of the thoughtlessness, thriftlessness, and weakness of self-control, which are seen amongst them now,—keeping so many in idleness and poverty, and making them fall so easy a prey to the allurements of intemperance and carnality,—must be attributed to this cause.

It brought them also as heathen within the sound of the gospel, and to many this has been an unspeakable blessing. But the extent to which the Bible was employed to justify slavery and enforce obedience on the slaves, converted this blessing in many cases into a curse. It might not have been so had the clergy been disposed or been permitted to distinguish between the good and the bad in slavery, and to denounce boldly the infamous practices which were carried on under the license of the slave code; but the fear of exciting discontent with the whole system kept most of the Southern clergy quiet on this point, whatever their private opinions might be; and possibly their circumspection was increased by the fact, that any such expressions of opinion might have exposed them to the fury of the populace, and brought them within the clutches of the law.[1]

[1] By the Statutes of Virginia (Revised Code, 1849, cap. 198), "Any person who, by speech or writing, denied the right of property in slaves, was made liable to be arrested by any white person, fined 500 dollars, and imprisoned for a year." Louisiana went further, and decreed as follows (Revised Statutes, 1852, p. 554):—If "any white person shall be convicted of being the author, printer, or publisher of any written or printed paper within this State, or shall use any language with intent to disturb the peace or security of the same, *in relation to the slaves* of the people of this State, or to *diminish that respect* which is by law demanded from free people of colour

The consequence was, that their arguments for slavery, drawn from Scripture, and their *ex cathedra* enforcement of the law of obedience, led the slave to believe that the Bible sanctioned slavery as it was, and the treatment to which slavery subjected him; and when this treatment was bad, as it often was, the mischievous effect of this inference can be supposed. Some people point to the appearance of infidelity amongst the negroes, and the prevalence of immorality even amongst many who profess religion, and refer it to abolition teaching. If some mischief has been done by the language in which extreme Abolitionists sometimes assailed the Bible, much more has been done by the use, or rather abuse, of the Bible by the advocates of slavery.

Need we be surprised if we find some negroes rejecting a Bible, of which they know little or nothing except that it was constantly appealed to in defence of a system which outraged even their poor notions of morality? Need we wonder if we find that many coloured women see no inconsistency between a profession of religion and a life of sin, when we remember that the religion

for the whites, *or to destroy that distinction which the law has established between the several classes of this community*, such person shall be adjudged guilty of high misdemeanour, and shall be *fined* in a sum not less than three hundred dollars, and not more than a thousand dollars, and, moreover, *imprisoned* for a term not less than six months, and not exceeding three years." And again:—"Whosoever shall make use of language in any public discourse from the bar, the bench, the stage, the pulpit, or in any place whatsoever—or whoever shall make use of language in private discourses or conversations, or shall make any signs or actions *having a tendency to produce discontent* among the free coloured population, or to excite insubordination among the slaves, shall, on conviction, be imprisoned at hard labour for no less than three years, nor more than twenty-one years, or shall suffer death, at the discretion of the Court." Laws of this sort did not do much to encourage free discussion or criticism.

inculcated on them was obedience to their masters, and that, with some of them, obedience to their masters meant submission to lascivious desires?

It is also true, as we have said, that under slavery many of the negroes received moral and intellectual training; but this was owing to the character of the people into whose hands they fell, rather than to the institution itself. Slavery professed to take charge of the negroes as of an infantine race, but it belied the profession. What was the meaning of those laws prohibiting the education of slaves? What was the meaning of South Carolina declaring, that any white person who taught, or helped to teach a slave to read or write, would be fined and imprisoned, and any black person whipped? What was the meaning of North Carolina making it penal to give a book or pamphlet to a slave? What was the meaning of Alabama prohibiting, under a penalty of 250 dollars, the teaching of any slave to read, write, or spell? Why was it deemed necessary to throw a Southern lady (Mrs. Douglas) into the jail at Norfolk in 1857, because she had been found giving lessons to a class of negroes?

People say it is impossible to educate the negro—that he has not brains for it. But people do not pass laws to prevent impossibilities—impossibilities having a way of preventing themselves. The passing of laws against negro education was a formal declaration on the part of the South that negro education *was* possible, and not only possible, but so imminent that it needed pains and penalties to prevent it. But why was its prevention demanded? Slavery was patriarchal. It had charge of the negro as a parent has charge of his child. What would be thought of a parent who should threaten any

person with punishment who helped his child to read? or should threaten to whip the child itself if it attempted to learn? Why then did the South adopt such a course? The reason is obvious. The parent wants his boy to become a man; the South wanted the negro to remain a slave. I am not speaking of exceptions, I am speaking of the rule. Whatever tended to make the negro a better slave, a happier slave, a more contented slave, was given him—food, clothing, animal enjoyment, and amusements, not to mention pious admonitions to obedience, and practical lessons from the conduct of Paul in reference to Onesimus.

But, as a rule, whatever tended to make him less of a slave and more of a man he was denied. By law he was excluded even from the category of men, and was held to be a piece of property—a chattel—to be held, and bought and sold like a horse or a piece of furniture.

While, therefore, slavery with one hand brought these Africans into a land of civilisation, and into contact with elevating agencies, with the other hand it stood ready, if any of them under these influences attempted to rise from the childhood of slavery into the manhood of freedom, to smite them down.

But the heaviest calamity which slavery has brought upon the coloured people is one already alluded to—the wreck it has made of their morals.

This is a subject painful to mention, but without bearing this feature of the slave system in mind, it is impossible truly to realize the present condition of the freed people, or the enormous difficulties which slavery, though itself dead, has left in the way of their development.

It is said that the negroes have stronger animal propensities than the Caucasian; and it is certain that coming from heathenism they brought with them a lower code of morality. The obvious duty of a Christian community taking such people under its tutelage, was surely to be all the more careful of their morals on this account, and specially to impress upon them the sacredness of those conjugal and filial relations, on which the elevation of any race so much depends. But instead of this what did the slave system do? It broke down in multitudes of cases even the moral principles which these poor people had respected in heathenism. It took away from husbands any legal right to their wives; it took away from parents any legal right to their children. It put them entirely into the hands of their master, to sort and separate them as he pleased, and, if it suited him, sell away the husband to one person, the wife to another, and the children to a third. I found cases myself in which this barbarity had actually been perpetrated.

What compensation was animal comfort for such outrages on the deeper affections of human nature?

"Kind!" cried an excited negro, during a talk I had with some coloured men after a prayer-meeting, when reference was made to a planter in the neighbourhood, "kind!" he cried, starting up with quivering lips and flashing eye, "I was dat man's slave; and he sold my wife, and he sold my two chill'en; yes, brudders, if dere 's a God in heaven, he did. Kind! yes, he gib me corn enough, and he gib me pork enough, and he neber gib me one lick wid de whip, but whar 's my wife?—whar 's my chill'en? Take away de pork, I say; take away de corn, I can work and raise dese for myself,

but gib me back de wife of my bosom, and gib me back my poor chill'en as was sold away!"

Good people in the South deplored that such things should be done, and refused to associate with men who were known to treat their slaves with cruelty. They were careful also to secure their own, as far as possible, from such painful separations.

"If," said one planter, "a slave of mine wanted to marry a slave belonging to another, I always endeavoured either to buy or sell, so that both might belong to the same proprietor, and the danger of separation be diminished. But this was not always possible."

The Church also endeavoured to diminish the evil and prevent respect for the marriage tie amongst negroes from being utterly destroyed. But the evil could not be checked. The law refused to recognise marriage amongst slaves, and therefore denied all consequent rights. No matter how careful individual owners were, the division of property was continually cutting in between negro husbands and wives, parents and children, causing them to be sent or sold apart. Besides which, there were always plenty of heartless ruffians who laughed at family ties amongst niggers, and had no more compunction in scattering slave families than in separating swine. With such a state of things, sanctioned by the law and continually occurring, is it to be wondered at if many of the emancipated slaves are found to have no conception of the sacredness of marriage, and to be living in habitual immorality? They were taught practically that virtue was a thing for white people, not for niggers; and were even forbidden, in many cases, to take to themselves the ordinary names indicative of family relationships.

"I was once whipped," said a negro servant at New Orleans, "because I said to missis, 'My mother sent me.' We were not allowed to call our mammies 'mother.' It made it come too near the way of the white folks."

Darkest feature of all in this system was the extent to which white men abused the power it gave them over their female slaves. "My God!" exclaimed a black man at Macon, "if I could write a book, I could tell what would make de world wonder if dere used to be a God in dese yar Southern States." This man's own wife had been taken from him and sold to a trader; and his daughter had been coaxed, bribed with dresses, and ultimately (these means failing) had been taken to another plantation and flogged, till she was brought to submit to her master's wishes. In such cases the slaves had no resource. Courts of justice were closed against them. No court would receive negro evidence against a white man. This helplessness made them yield the more readily—made them feel irresponsible, made them often court what they at first shrunk from, and in multitudes of cases removed all sense of shame, and obliterated the distinction between virtue and vice. "Our wrongs, sah, became a second nature to us," said a black woman whom I met at the mission-school at Macon. "We grew dat way we didn't tink of it."

It is needless to repeat that good men looked upon these immoralities with abhorrence; that wise men looked upon them with alarm. But if slavery was to be maintained at all these things had to be tolerated, and all that good men could do was to shake their heads and class them among the inevitable evils which bad men will always introduce into the best of systems.

This prostitution of negro womanhood is the most

fatal of all the diseases which slavery has left to be cured. There is good hope for men so long as women remain what they ought to be, but when the purifying influence becomes itself impure, what a leverage is lost for the elevation of the mass! If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall *it* be salted? Slavery has polluted the very fountains of social purity and elevation; it has desecrated the sanctities of home; it has taught multitudes of the negroes to attach so little importance to the marriage-tie, that ministers told me they have negroes coming now to be married one month, and wanting to be "unmarried" the next; it has left multitudes of the coloured women with no character to sustain—no knowledge of what virtue even means. With many of them it has left the work to be done over again of relaying the very foundations of morality. "They are coming," said one missionary, in a tone of thankfulness, "to see that there is something not right about concubinage." It is well; but what a depth of moral degradation was implied in the fact, that they had not been accustomed to see that before!

The cruelties of slavery are chiefly associated in many minds with the bloodhound, the branding-iron, and the lash; but cases of severe cruelty, such as we read of, were extremely rare and in some districts unknown, and at any rate they are not the cases that illustrate the mischief that slavery has really done. The negroes who were shackled and branded with irons were generally those who had still manhood enough to peril their lives in an attempt to gain their freedom. The women, who were hunted through the swamps, or flogged with severity, belonged to a class that had still womanhood enough to prefer physical agony to moral degradation.

But the worst effects of slavery are to be found amongst the myriads who were never scourged at all—negro men whose manhood was so completely crushed as to make them passive instruments of their masters' will; women, whose womanhood was so completely stamped out, that they became unresisting and even willing slaves to the basest desires of those who owned them.

It is this moral degradation, superinduced by slavery upon the low morality of heathenism, that now hangs like a millstone round the neck of the emancipated race, and makes the present crisis so full of difficulty and peril.

V.

THE EMANCIPATED BLACKS.

I WAS glad to find the condition and prospects of the emancipated slaves better than the reports circulated in this country had led me to expect. We are often told that the negroes are poorer now and less happy than they were in slavery. "Ah!" said one planter in a tone of deep commiseration for the unfortunate freedmen, "if you had seen them in slave days, what a merry, rollicking, laughing set they were! Now they are careworn and sad. You hardly ever hear them laugh now as they used to do."

That many of them are poorer is beyond a doubt. But this was exactly what had to be looked for at first even by those who fought for emancipation. In any country the subversion of the whole system of labour, especially if it meant the turning adrift of four millions of negroes unaccustomed to provide for themselves, would necessarily involve much confusion and distress, even under the most favourable circumstances. But in the South it was effected under circumstances as *un*favourable in many respects as could possibly be conceived. It was effected forcibly and without preparation: it was effected in regions wrecked and devastated by war: it was effected in violent opposition to the will of the people on whom its success largely depended, who

predicted that it would be a failure, some of whom seemed to me, in the exasperation of defeat, to wish it to be a failure, and in many cases, by withholding their land and refusing to employ negro labour, did something to make it a failure.

The distress that would have attended emancipation under any circumstances was thus enormously increased, and was so great that the Government had to establish a Bureau for the issue of supplies to keep many of the freed negroes from starving. But I was assured by the Bureau officers, wherever I went, that things were righting themselves; that the negroes were finding employment, and that the number needing Government aid was rapidly diminishing. These representations were borne out by General Howard's official report, which showed that the number of negroes for whom the Bureau had to provide had fallen from upwards of 166,000 in 1866 to fewer than 2000 in 1869. Since which time this part of the Bureau's work has been discontinued, as no longer necessary.

Later accounts are even more favourable. Mr. E. P. Smith, with whom I visited the Mission Home at Beaufort, and whose annual tour round the South for the express purpose of observation makes him an authority on this subject, says in his report for this year (1870):—"I have seen unmistakable signs of improvement every year, but never more evidence of increasing industry, thrift, and general prosperity, than this season, and the advance from the winter of 1866 is surprisingly great. You see it in every aspect of life, in material comfort, in education, in morals. Poverty has decreased. There is still suffering among the aged and sick, but not a tithe of what was to be seen on every

hand three years ago. The negroes at church and their children at school indicate altogether more comfortable circumstances, they dress better and more neatly, and there is a new manliness in the carriage and faces of the people. On every hand there are tokens of steady progress."

There is probably a worthless class of negroes who are and will always remain worse off than in slavery, but with large numbers the reverse is the case already, and the vast majority have at least better hopes than they could ever have had in bondage.

It may be true that they laugh less now than they did, but the white man laughs still less, and yet he would not be a negro; neither would the freedman, because he laughs less now, wish to be again a slave. The reason for his laughing less is very simple—freedom has advanced him a step from childhood to manhood. In doing so it has brought upon him a responsibility and care to which he was a stranger before; but the gravity of higher responsibility is only the shadow cast from a higher happiness.

All this talk about the negroes being happier in slavery I heard amongst the white people, but rarely if ever amongst the negroes themselves. Many of the poorest of them told me that they had to put up with coarser food in the meantime, and poorer clothing than they used to have, and that they had a hard struggle even for that; but the usual wind-up was,—"But tank de Lord, we'se free, anyhow."

I heard many complaints about negro indolence, and the impossibility of getting the blacks to work without

some kind of compulsion. I certainly saw a great number of them idle, especially in the towns.

The worst case I remember was that of a man whom we found snoring in bed at noon. The missionary, who was with me, said to his wife, "I am sorry to see that your husband is not well?"

"Oh, he's quite well, sah," replied the woman; "but he says he's free now, and can lie in bed when he like."

Few cases were so bad as that, and many cases turned out, on inquiry, to be much more excusable than they seemed.

I remember a Southern planter telling me that he had offered employment to more than a hundred idle negroes, but that not one of them would have it. I thought this a strong fact, but deemed it advisable to see what the negroes had to say to it. My inquiries proved that while the planter's statement was perfectly correct, as far as it went, it altogether omitted the explanation. The facts turned out to be these:—The planter had hired the negroes the previous year, bargaining to give them the value of half the amount of cotton they raised, deducting expenses. When the crop was sold the negroes came for their share. The planter told them that, unfortunately, owing to the fall in cotton, the crop had scarcely paid expenses, so there was nothing for them this year; but he hoped the next year would prove better.

This might be a perfectly true statement of the case, but the negroes could not understand it. All they knew was, that they had worked for half the crop and had got nothing. Accordingly, when the planter offered

to re-engage them next year on the same terms as before, they could not see it. But probably there are white labourers who could not have seen it either. One of the negroes whom I questioned on the subject said,—"I'm willin' to wu'k, sah, and I want to wu'k, 'cos I'm mighty ill off; but I won't engage to wu'k another year till I knows I'm gwine to get paid at the end of it." It was the same with the others. It can scarcely be wondered at if compulsion would have been needed to make the negroes work under such circumstances as these.

I made inquiries also amongst those whom I found swarming into cities and towns, instead of staying in the country where their labour was needed. I found that, while some had come to eat the bread of idleness, many had come for safety; others to get their children to school; others to seek for work that would be paid for.

Even with reference to the worst class of cases—such as that of the man snoring in bed at noon, and others, in which remunerative work was to be had, and yet was not taken advantage of—two things need to be remembered. The first is, that slavery has to be credited with a share of the blame. It was part of the teaching of slavery that a gentleman was one who lived without working. Is it wonderful that some of the negroes, who want now to be gentlemen, should have thought of trying this as the easiest way? The second point is, that the negroes, in so far as idleness exists amongst them, are not exceptional people. On the contrary, I found more activity and more desire for work amongst the poor negroes than amongst the poor whites.

I suppose it is natural for many, especially in a hot climate, to be idle when they can afford to be; and the

question is, Whether a black man, if he can afford it, has not just as much right to be idle as a white man has? Why should more love of work, for work's sake, be expected of the black than of the white man?

But if many of the negroes (like many of the whites) were idle, this was not the general rule, and still less is it so now. In a single State, the Bureau registered 50,000 contracts between the negroes and their old masters. Many freedmen had bought and were working upon farms of their own; and that very year (1868), in spite of the wrecked condition of the country, matters were so far mending that 2,700,000 bales of cotton were sent to market, being 500,000 bales more than had been produced in 1865, and within 30 per cent. of the amount produced in the golden days before the war, notwithstanding the fact that more land had now to be used for the growing of food.

Planters and employers who were able to pay seemed to find no difficulty in getting the negroes to work. General Abbott, a Northern capitalist, who had settled in North Carolina, told me that as soon as it was found that he was paying his hands regularly, he had far more negroes applying for work than he could take on.

A great rice planter in Georgia, a Southern man, who had been able to save something from the wreck of the war, and could guarantee payment to his negroes, declared that they were not only working as well, but working better than they ever did as slaves.

"You will see them in the rice fields now," he said, "working up to the waist in water. I wouldn't have sent them in like that if they had been slaves. It would have been too dangerous, and therefore too expensive."

It is said that the negro, even if willing to work, could not hold his own in competition with the white man. This may be true of some occupations; it is certainly not true of all. It is extra work for a white man to cut two cords of wood in a day; a negro will cut three, sometimes four. The Georgian planter, to whom I have just referred, said he had tried Irish labourers in his rice fields, but had found them unfit for the work, and had fallen back upon his old negroes, who wrought so well that he had been enabled to raise first-rate crops, and had netted that year 70,000 dollars.

At Andersonville, where extensive public works were going on, the Bureau officer told me that he had tried white Southern labourers—poor whites, or "crackers," as they are called—but was turning them off and taking on negroes instead. He found the negroes could do the work as well, if not better, and were much more easily managed.

A Southern magazine—*The Land we Love* (March 1866)—edited by an old Confederate General, and therefore not likely to be biassed in favour of the negro *versus* the white man—goes further. "The Irish," it says, "are reckoned the strongest men in Europe, but they are deficient in strength and endurance compared with the negro. Some fifteen years ago, a hundred Irish ditchers were employed on the James River and Kenawha Canal, and at the same time a hundred negro men, 'field hands,' not accustomed to ditching, were set to labour with them. A rivalry sprang up between the parties, and they did their utmost to excel one another. But it was soon seen that the untrained negroes could do far more work than the Irish."

It would seem, therefore, that in some occupations,

the very ones for which there is the largest and most constant demand, the negro is quite able to hold his own. He does so in Canada and the North; much more likely is he to do so in the South, where there are kinds of labour which, from the peril they involve to white life, will probably remain a negro monopoly.

We are told that the negro is incurably thriftless, and that this will prevent him from ever making advance. Thriftlessness, no doubt, is one of the negro's besetting sins, and one of which it will take a great deal of training to cure him. But slavery, which provided everything for him, confirmed, instead of seeking to remove, this tendency; while freedom, which compels self-support, and offers powerful motives to thrift, gives just the training he needs. I found many thrifty, prosperous, and even wealthy blacks in the North. The 18,000 negroes in Philadelphia, in spite of the white competition, which it was alleged would push them to the wall, had, as early as 1837, acquired $550,000 worth of real estate, and $800,000 worth of personal property. They had built sixteen churches, had eighty benevolent societies, and had spent in that one year $70,000 in purchasing the freedom of friends in slavery. In Washington, one of the wealthiest men in the city (Mr. Lee) is a coloured man.

Amongst the better class of emancipated slaves in the South, I found similar provident habits rapidly forming. Savings' banks, friendly societies, and building associations were springing up amongst them, and many were purchasing houses and land. In the single town of Macon, Georgia, they had purchased 200 buildings. In Savannah, during the month I was

there, they had laid past in the Savings' bank $5679, being $2300 in advance of the previous year, notwithstanding the bad season. In their Savings' banks, throughout the South, they had deposited $1,500,000 since their emancipation three years before. More recently the progress has been still more rapid. During this last year, 180 negroes have bought places around Augusta; 220 have built houses in Atlanta; at Columbia, where one black mechanic has already amassed a fortune of $50,000, forty heads of families have purchased city property for homes, at from $500 to $1200 each, within six months; and on the islands near Charleston, 2000 freedmen's families have located themselves, built their houses and cabins, and paid for their little farms. I heard complaints from many coloured men, who had saved some money and wanted to buy land, that the landowners would not sell to negroes. But this evil is being remedied. The South Carolina Legislature, last year, appropriated $200,000 for the purchase of large estates, cut them up into farms, and offered them for sale to the freedmen and the poor of all colours. Forty thousand acres of this land have already been sold; and the Legislature has accordingly resolved on an appropriation this year of $400,000 more. It is very probable that the other re-constructed States will follow this example. The freedmen's deposits in their Savings' banks have rolled up now to an aggregate of $12,000,000; and the cashiers, who keep a note of the purpose for which sums are withdrawn, report that in a large proportion of cases it is for the purchase of lands and houses. The deposited savings of the past year exceed those of the year before to the extent of

$558,000. And yet we are told that the negroes are incurably thriftless!

"But the most amazing and hopeful feature of all is the wide-spread desire which is found amongst them for education. This seems to have developed itself even in slavery, and many were the ingenious ways in which some of them contrived to pick up a smattering of book-knowledge in spite of prohibitory laws and vigilant masters. One negro who served in a private family contrived to pick up his letters in this way: He had been sent one day to do something to the stove in the room where the governess was teaching the children. He did his work as quietly as possible, listening to the governess, watching stealthily the letters to which she pointed, and trying to fix in his memory the names she gave them. He made his work at the stove last as long as possible, and went away with half the alphabet in his memory. After that, when cleaning the room in the morning, he would examine these letters carefully, and go over their names. But how to get the names of the rest!—that was now his difficulty. One morning the little boy came into the room. The two were alone, and Sam thought, "Now is my chance."

"You'se mighty smart wid your lessons, I hears, Massa Tom," he said.

Master Tom assented promptly.

"Reckon you know a mighty heap of dem tings on de wall dere. But you dunno," he said experimentally, "what dem black tings is," and pointed to the alphabet.

"I do. I know every one of them."

"Come now, you dunno what dey call dis chap, standin' wid his legs in de air?"

"Yes I do. That's Y."

"Wye! Lor' what a name to gib him! But you dunno de name of dis yar one sittin' on de ground?"

"Yes, I do. That's L."

"L! Why, Massa Tom, you knows eberyting. Reckon you know dat one too,"—pointing to another; and so he went on till he had got the names of all the letters he had previously missed. This man, before the war came to set him free, had learned to read and write with tolerable ease.

I remember the case of another, who had begun his secret self-education by studying the letters engraven on his master's spoons and plate, which it was his business to polish; and of another, a black groom, who learned to spell from noticing the signboards above the shop-doors, and printing the letters on the dust upon the stable-floor.

This desire for education was one of the first things that showed itself when the war began to set the slaves free. When General Banks took command in Louisiana, and opened black schools, the slaves swarmed in from all quarters—parents bringing their children and sitting in the school beside them to learn the same lesson. When there seemed a danger of this work having to be suspended, Superintendent Alvord described the consternation of the negro population as intense. "Petitions," he said, "began to pour in. I saw one from the plantations across the river, at least thirty feet in length, representing about 10,000 negroes. It was affecting to examine it, and note the names and marks (+) of such a long, long list of black fathers and mothers, ignorant

themselves, but begging that their children might be educated, promising to pay for it even out of their extreme poverty."

When Sherman's army entered Savannah, black schools were opened there also — one of these in Bryant's Slave Mart, where, only a few days before, negroes had been sold by auction. The school was no sooner opened than 500 black pupils were enrolled— the negroes themselves contributing $1000 to support the teachers.

When the army entered Wilmington, the same enthusiasm was witnessed. Schools were opened by teachers connected with the American Missionary Association, who accompanied the army. One of them (Mr. Coan) said,—"I was to meet the children at the church door next morning at nine; but before seven the street was blocked, and the yard densely crowded. Eager parents, anxious to get 'dese yer four childern's name token, oh please, sah!' came struggling through the throng. 'Oh, sah, do please put down dese yer.' 'Dis gal of mine, sah, wants to jine; and dat yer boy he's got no parents, and I jes done and brought him.' The countenances of those who were pressing forward from behind told of fears that they might be too late to enroll before the list was filled up."

"The same evidences of joy inexpressible was manifest," he said, "at the opening of the evening schools for black adults. About a thousand pupils reported themselves in less than a week."

The same desire for education had already been observed amongst the fugitive slaves who had fled within the Union lines, and been formed into regiments to fight for the freedom of their race. At Camp Nelson,

where 4000 of them were stationed, they begged for schools, recognising the importance of preparing themselves at once for the freedom they had won. Mr. Fee, one of the teachers, said that, often, riding through the camp, he saw amongst the companies resting from drill, numbers of black soldiers availing themselves of the opportunity to prepare their lessons for next day. They carried these books with them when the army marched; and one of their officers told me that he had sometimes seen them gathered round the bivouac fires at night eager over their spelling-books, hearing each other spell, or listening to one of their number who had got on far enough to be able to read to them from the Bible. After a battle, these spelling-books and Bibles were often found upon the bodies of the dead.

When the war closed in 1865, and the gates of the South were thrown open, the extraordinary spectacle was beheld of an ignorant and enslaved race springing to its feet after a bondage of two hundred years, and with its first free breath crying for the means of education. In immediate response to this cry, the Freedmen's Bureau, the Quakers (who have been perhaps the most faithful, consistent, and self-sacrificing friends of the negro from the first), the American Missionary Association, and various other societies, began to scatter their teachers over the vast area of the South, till schools glimmered out over that vast expanse like stars on the brow of night.

It may be doubted if history furnishes a parallel to the extraordinary progress which has been made in the education of these people within the short period that has elapsed since their emancipation.

The work may be said to have begun with the little

school opened at Fortress Monroe in 1861. Now, in less than ten years, 4500 schools are in operation, nearly 10,000 teachers are at work, and more than 250,000 negroes, old and young, are under instruction, besides those already educated. Twenty-five normal schools and Black universities have also been opened, and are attended by upwards of 4000 coloured students, drawn from the ordinary schools, and preparing, most of them, to become the educators of their own race.

I was told in South Carolina, that in that State alone 25,000 emancipated slaves were able to read the Bible, who had not known their letters before the war. It is now reckoned that in Virginia 50,000 negroes have got instruction in the ordinary branches; in Texas, 50,000 more; and that in Louisiana the number of blacks who are able to read is as great now as the number of whites.

On my way round the South I visited a large number of these negro schools, and was amazed and delighted. The day-schools were crowded for the most part with black boys and girls, who were wonderfully eager over their lessons, and seemed to have a real delight in school-work.

"Please, ma'am," said a little ebony boy in Charleston, when one of the schools was being closed for the summer, "please for don't give us a long holiday. We like de school better." The parents speak of their children's love for knowledge with delight. "They needs no drivin'," said one; "they is always talkin' about their teachers."

"I can't keep my Margaret from her book," said another black woman, with a grin of satisfaction. "'Pears when she gets her dinner, she sit right straight down to her lessen."

An odd feature in some of these day-schools is the presence of black men and women, who are either too old or infirm to work, or else are out of employment at the time. I have seen three generations sitting on the same bench, spelling the same lesson, and seen classes that included scholars of from three feet high up to six, and from six years of age up to sixty. In one which I examined, the dux was a quick bright-eyed little boy of seven, next to whom came a great hulking negro of six feet or above, who had been a plantation slave for nearly twenty years, next him came a little girl, then a buxom woman, then another child or two, then another man, and so on, giving the class a very grotesque look. Oddest of all, an elderly negro, who stood with earnest face at the foot of the class, turned out to be father to the little fellow at the top! He was out of work at the time, and, to his honour be it said, preferred coming and standing at the foot of the class, with little girls above him, and his own little boy at the top, to losing the only chance he had of "gettin' larnin'."

When I spoke to him afterwards, and said how interested I was to see him so desirous of education, he confided to me that he had great difficulty with words of more than four letters, and some big ones he didn't think he would ever be able to spell.

"I sees de first letter clar enough," he said, "but after dat, 'pears to me like puttin' out my foot in de dark. I dunno whar to find de next step."

"But Mose!" he added, referring to his little boy, "lor', sah, dat boy can go slick thro' a word as long as dat"—indicating half the length of his arm. "I 'specs," he added proudly, "they 'll make a scholard of him."

To see the eagerness of the older negroes, however,

one needs to go to the night-schools. In some of these I found one, two, or three hundred black men and women, some of them so old that they needed a strong pair of spectacles to see even the letters on the charts. Most of them had been brought up in utter ignorance, and were so unused even to the sight of type, that they had great difficulty in keeping the letters of a word separate to the eye, and preventing them from running together. I have seen an old spectacled negro, sitting by himself, spelling out his lesson, and using his thumb nails to hide all the letters except one at a time, to prevent them from dazzling his eye or distracting him.

Another scene comes back to my mind with peculiar vividness. It was an adult class that was up for spelling. Half-way down stood a great awkward-looking negro man, who held his head as if a cold key had been stuck down the back of his neck, and who kept his eyes fixed earnestly upon the teacher. The word "revelation" had just been given; those above this big negro had tried it and failed; each one was allowed three trials, and it was now his turn. His manifest anxiety to be right, especially after the others had failed, was very ludicrous to behold. He thought a moment, rubbed the side of his head with his huge hand, as if to waken up all his faculties, and then with an expression of prodigious anxiety began. He broke down at the second syllable, and had to begin again. He tried hard, but failed at this attempt also. By this time the perspiration was standing in drops on his brow. He began for the third and last time, got out letter after letter, his eyes fixed upon the teacher with the expression they might have had if she had been holding a

pistol at his head, and when at last he got through, and the teacher said "Correct," he took a huge breath, wiped the perspiration from his brow, grinned from ear to ear, and rolled his delighted eyes round, as if to receive the congratulations of the school.

Some of the old negroes, naturally stupid, and brought up in slavery, had little chance of ever being able to read with understanding; but others, in spite of their disadvantages, were making astonishing progress. I saw one old woman, who had been all her life a slave, and was ninety years old before she began the alphabet, who yet was able, within three months, to spell out several verses of the Bible.

One of the young lady teachers at Natchez told the following incident about one of the old black women in her night-school:—"Aunt Anne, who was reading in the *Primer*, came one day into the Sunday-school and listened to the reading of the Commandments by some of the little boys. The next day she came to my room, and, handing me a Bible open at the 20th chapter of Exodus, asked me to hear her read the Ten Commandments, saying she knew she should make mistakes, but not to correct her till she had finished. I heard her, and had only two corrections to make. I then asked her how she had learned to read them so well? She answered, 'Miss Hattie, when I heard those little boys say them in Sunday-school yesterday, I thought I could never go there agin. It hurt me so to think they could say by heart what I, an old woman, could not even read. You don't know how bad it hurt me. Den I said to myself, 'I 'll know them, too; so I took my Bible and went off to the woods, where nobody could hear me, and picked dem out, and now I'se so proud I can read

dem.' . . . Aunt Anne was once severely whipped in slave days for attempting to learn to read."

Nothing is more interesting than to see the joy of these people when they have got their first lesson, and feel that one step to "larnin'" has actually been taken.

A poor woman who feared that she would never be able to learn anything, was shown the letter "O" in a book.

"You see this round thing?" said the lady.

"Yes, mahm."

"That's 'O'. Let me hear you say 'O'?"

The woman repeated the sound.

"Well, that is one of the letters of the alphabet. Whenever you open a book and see that letter, you will know that it is 'O'."

The delight of the woman was unbounded. She looked at the Scripture texts on the wall, picked out every "O," and, with an exclamation of joy, hurried home to show off her acquisition to her family. After that she became a regular attender at the night-school, and was soon able to read.

I remember, in the night-school at Montgomery, Alabama, noticing amongst the others a perfectly black man of about fifty years of age studying a big Bible that lay on the desk before him. The eager expression of his face as he spelt out word after word to himself, making every letter with his lips as he went along, attracted my attention, and I asked the teacher who he was.

She said,—"He is a labourer on a farm a good way out of town. He has to walk four miles here, and four home again; but he is here every night as punctual as the clock, and studies hard to the last minute. He

never tastes his supper till he gets home. His work only stops about an hour before the night-school opens, so he comes away without his supper that he may be here in time."

It is a habit amongst white people to look down upon the blacks; but it would be interesting to know how many uneducated adults in England, Scotland, and Ireland—white people though they be—are striving, as the negroes in those night-schools are doing, to make up for the educational deficiencies of early years! Amongst the lowest class of whites of the South, who are almost as illiterate as the negroes, I wish I could have seen a tithe of the same desire for self-improvement.

At the time of my tour through the South, 40,000 black men and women were attending these schools, many of them parents, and even grand-parents. There is surely hope for a people who, freshly out of slavery, are found pressing with such eagerness through the gates of knowledge; and who, although so poor, contributed, in that single year, $200,000 towards the education of themselves and their children. If this work of education goes on, it will develop amongst these people higher wants, and higher wants will develop greater and more varied activity.

Many who admit the widespread desire amongst the freedmen for education, still say that it will end in nothing; that, with a few exceptions, the negro is incapable of culture; that you can carry him on a little bit, but there he stops, and you can make nothing more of him.

Whether the negro is capable of as high culture as the white man is a question which I do not pretend to settle. I believe there are differences between races

as there are between individuals of the same race. Even in the same family we find one boy cleverer than his brothers; and in the family of mankind one race is found to excel in one point, another race in another; and the white race has shown more energy, more grasp of thought, and more power of command than the black race. But a boy in the family, who is not naturally so gifted as his brother, may be capable of immensely improving by education; and this I take to be the case with the negro. Let me mention one or two facts. In the course of my tour through the South I heard about 10,000 negro scholars of all ages examined in the different schools. Those who had been begun at the same age as white children seemed, under the stimulus of white teachers, to be getting on just as fast—making allowance, of course, for their want of help at home. Amongst those who had been brought up in slavery without education — including some who had been whipped for attempting to educate themselves—and who had thus been prevented from entering school till they were twelve, twenty, forty, or sixty years of age, there was a good deal of backwardness. But in Canada and the North, amongst coloured youths who had been able to begin at the right time, and were going on, there seemed no such limit to their progress as there is alleged to be. In some schools in Upper Canada I saw black scholars sitting on the same bench with white scholars, and the teachers assured me that, for the work, such as it was, the black scholars were quite as competent as the white. At Oberlin College, Ohio, where blacks and whites, males and females, all study together, and where the course of study embraces Latin and Greek, mathematics, and natural and mental philo-

sophy, the black students are still found perfectly competent. This does not look as if the negro were incapable of culture. Many individual cases might be adduced to confirm the same inference, and carry it even further. At Toronto University, the man who carried the gold medal one year was a coloured man. At Oberlin, two years before I was there, the student who graduated at the head of the whole college was a negro girl, Miss Jackson, whom I afterwards found at Philadelphia, at the head of the Coloured Institute. Mr. Bassett, who was then Principal of that Institute, and has since then been appointed by General Grant as United States Minister to Hayti, is also a negro. Langster, another graduate of Oberlin, and one of the most eloquent advocates I heard in the States, is also a negro. Frederick Douglass and Sella Martin, two of the ablest platform orators in America, are both negroes. The poets, Frances Harper and Maria Child, also belong to the despised race. The astronomer Banneker was a Maryland negro. The present Senator for the State of Mississippi, the present Secretary of State for South Carolina, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, are all negroes. There are negro graduates in the pulpit, negro editors of newspapers, negro authors, negro merchants, negro magistrates, negro sheriffs, and negro judges, acting efficiently side by side with white men, and yet we are told that the negro is unfit for education—that he can be brought on a little bit, but after that falls back, and you can make nothing more of him.

The negroes I have named may be exceptional. But they show not the less the possibilities that lie waiting for development in the negro brain; and they allow

us to hope that they will cease to be exceptional when the negro has come to enjoy, as he is now beginning to do, the same opportunities as the white man for developing what power he has.

The wisdom of enfranchising the negro the moment he emerged from slavery is a matter of more doubt. In some respects it was a political necessity; but events have only pushed Republicanism forwards to consistency. For, in a government which derives its right from the consent of the governed, why should four millions of the governed be gagged? And, in a Government which says that taxation without representation is tyranny, why should representation be refused to the coloured people, who are taxed as heavily as the whites are, and who were paying into the United States Treasury the year I was there, on their cotton alone, about $20,000,000?

It is easy to say "They should have been educated and fitted for the franchise first, and then been granted it." But it may be doubted if they would ever have been granted it, or even been allowed the education which would have fitted them for it, or had any fair field for self-development, unless they had been enabled by means of the suffrage to secure these for themselves. And, perhaps, after all, the speediest way of preparing a negro, or any other man, to exercise the suffrage, is to give it him. As Beecher said, "Voting wisely comes from voting often. In the very blunders the negro makes—in the very misses he marks upon the board—he is being trained. Do you suppose those haughty candidates of the South would trouble themselves to pour into the black ear the reasons against such and such policies, if it were not that the black man carries

the talisman of a vote? A vote turns every politician into a schoolmaster. Negro suffrage makes all the Southern politicians professors in black universities, as it were; it makes every politician interested in the negro's voting, and willing and anxious to explain to him his side of his cause. Who, before, thought it worth while to explain to Pompey or Cuffee anything about laws or political principles? Now the negroes are hearing wonderful things about the best laws and the best principles of government. Is not that education? It is the vote which is to educate these men as well as the schoolhouse."

It has also to be admitted that the enfranchised negroes have, in general, exercised their new power quietly, considerately, and well—with far more regard for their old masters, and far less prejudice of race than could have been anticipated. In attending the constitutional conventions, sitting in the different Southern States, I heard no men speak more earnestly against repudiating the public debt, and maintaining the honour of the State than negro members, although that debt had been contracted by their masters, not by them, and would, if recognised, involve a tax upon themselves.

Similar evidence of good sense, under responsibility, was showing itself in the courts of justice, where negroes were, for the first time, permitted to act on juries. In one case, I remember, a coloured man was tried for assaulting a white man, and was summarily convicted by a negro jury, who, although their prejudices were appealed to, refused to allow these to influence their sense of justice.

The Southern people themselves were everywhere

admitting that the negroes were conducting themselves better than they had thought they would. "They are behaving so well," said one old Southern politician, "that I have more hope of them than I ever had or ever thought I could have had. And, of course," he said, "if negro suffrage is to be a fixed thing here, the sooner they are educated the better." This is just Beecher's idea. Negro suffrage, unless it bring about a collision of races, will make it the interest of the South to have the coloured people educated, and fitted, as quickly as possible, for their new responsibilities.

VI.

NEGRO PECULIARITIES.

THE broadest differences that strike one between the black and white people in the South, are those that are found amongst the poorer and more ignorant class of negroes. Education, in school and public life, is rapidly assimilating the higher classes of coloured people to the whites in manners and modes of life; but amongst the lower classes, especially on the plantations, there is still a good deal of the child, and a touch of the unsophisticated savage. They are fond of eating, fond of ornamenting themselves, and fond of gaudy colours. Envelopes of a deep crimson dye were in vogue amongst them when I was there. "Freedmen's envelopes," they were called. The same weakness is observable in their dress. You sometimes see a woman with a red parasol, a green turban, and a yellow dress; or one so poor as to be in rags, yet wearing ear-rings, and half-a-dozen brass rings on each hand. The black dandy sports a white hat, red necktie, and flowered vest. He likes to carry a cane too, not only because it looks stylish, but because in slave days he would have been whipped or fined if he had appeared with one; and its possession is a symbol of his freedom.

They are very easily imposed upon, which is not a happy thing for any man, black or white, in America.

A Yankee pedlar had been round, two years before, making a little fortune amongst them, by selling a powder which, he said, if rubbed daily upon the skin, would make black people white. Many of the poor plantation negroes, who thought a short and easy way had been opened up for escape from the disabilities of their race, bought the powder largely, and may, for all I know, be rubbing themselves with it still. Another pedlar, taking advantage of the report, at the close of the war, that rebel property would be confiscated and divided amongst the blacks, went through the South selling little painted sticks which, he said, if stuck in a plot of ground belonging to a rebel, would secure that plot to the person who put in the stick. In some districts these bits of wood went like wild-fire. Credulity of this sort will, of course, diminish with the spread of knowledge.

The negroes have a curious weakness for big words. I remember a black waiter at Lexington asking me if I would "assume" a little more butter. Another informed a meeting that "various proceedings had to be exercised." One requires to be very careful amongst them about the words he uses, for a black man clutches at a polysyllable as a hungry man would clutch at a loaf, and will use it on the first opportunity that presents itself, whether he understands its meaning or not. At a negro prayer-meeting, which I once addressed, I happened to speak of this life as a state of probation—no simpler word occurring to me at the moment. Black speakers are much given to what they call "the improvement" of the previous speaker's remarks. The coloured gentleman who followed me improved my observation by reminding the meeting, with great vehe-

mence, that, "as our white brudder says, we is all in a state of *prohibition!*" As the majority of the audience had probably never heard either word, the one expression served just as well as the other. One of the teachers in the same city told me that a negro who had heard somebody referred to as "our venerable brother," introduced their missionary, Mr. Eberard, with great pleasure to his people as his "venomous brudder." On another occasion he entreated the Lord to convict the people of their sin, and make them smite on their breasts "like the Re-publican of old." Another man was in the habit of using in his prayers the tremendous word "disarumgumptigated"—the origin or significance of which no one in the place had ever been able to discover. He prayed that "their good pastor might be disarumgumptigated," and that "de white teachers who had come from so far to construct de poor coloured folks might be disarumgumptigated." Whether they had been disarumgumptigated or not, or how it would feel to be so, they were unable to say. Wherever the good man had found the word, it was evident that he reserved it for all thoughts which needed a more impressive term than any other he had in his limited vocabulary. The length of the word made it peculiarly suitable for this purpose, its capacity being sufficient for the biggest idea he was likely to possess. This weakness for high-sounding words is very common. To some of the uneducated negroes it seemed to be one of the great charms of the associations which were being formed amongst them for political and other purposes, that they invested them with magnificent titles. The negro lad who served at table in one family where I stayed was connected with three societies. In one he was a Grand Tiler and in

another a Worshipful Patriarch. It was said that in a third he held the office of Grand Scribe, though he was only learning to write.

The same weakness shows itself in the names they give to their little picaninnies. I had the pleasure of patting the woolly head of a small coal-black urchin who rejoiced in the name of Festus Edwin Leander Gannett, who sat side by side with a little Topsy of the name of Cornelia Felicia Thursday M'Arthur. These are poor specimens compared with what we should have if the negroes were more inventive; but, as it is, they confine themselves to such names as they find around them, or hear spoken about. In one mission-school at Macon we found amongst the black children a Prince Albert, a Queen Victoria, an Abraham Lincoln, and a Jeff. Davis. Queen Victoria was called up to be examined for my special behoof, but did nothing to add lustre to her name. The names of the United States, the days of the week, and the months of the year, are equally popular. You might find a January Jones, a November Smith, a Saturday Brown, and a Massachusetts Robinson, all sitting in school together.

Amongst the uneducated negroes there is also observable a great lack of reflectiveness and an indolence of mind which makes them indisposed to think for themselves. Often, in examining classes of negro children, I remarked how ready they were to give whatever answer they thought was expected, without considering whether it was right or wrong. Let me give one instance which amused me at the time.

Before leaving the youngest class in a school which we were visiting, my companion (Rev. E. P. Smith) addressed a few words to the children, told them we were

going away, never perhaps to return, and then wishing to turn their thoughts upwards, he asked,—"Are we to meet again?"

The children thinking he wished them to back him out in what he had said about our not returning, shouted with one voice,—"No!"

"Are you sure," asked Mr. Smith, hoping to make them reflect; "are you quite sure we shall never meet again?"

The whole class answered with another shout,—"Yes."

He paused a moment to think how he could put the question differently, and then said,—"Now, I want you to think about what I am going to ask. Do you know that I am going to die by-and-by?"

"Yes."

Mr. Smith, brightening at the thought that he was at last being apprehended—"Well, now, when I am dead and buried, is that the end of me?"

Chorus of voices—"Yes."

"The last of me?"

"Yes."

"Does no one say 'No?'"

All the voices—"No."

Mr. Smith was baffled but not discouraged. He thought a moment, and then tried another tack.

"Does a horse go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"What!—a horse?"

Children see from his face that they are wrong, and cry "No."

"Does a good man go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Then shan't we go if we are good?"

"Yes."

"So even though I die, we may meet again up there?—May we not?"

Of course the answer was "Yes."

The teachers often told us this was one of the greatest difficulties they had to overcome—to make the children think for themselves.

On another occasion the Rev. Mr. Haley, one of the missionaries in Georgia, wishing to teach a little class the Lord's Prayer, told them to repeat what he said.

"Now, are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Well, begin. 'Our Father'—"

The children repeated the words; he gave the next clause, and so on to the "Amen;" but when he was about to follow up the prayer with some advices to the children, and began "I want now—" the children, never thinking that they were to stop, repeated after him "I want now."

"Stop, stop!" he said, "we are done repeating."

"Stop, stop!" echoed the children, "we are done repeating."

"You misunderstand," said Mr. Haley.

"You misunderstand," said the children.

Mr. Haley saw that he had got himself into a hopeless difficulty, and sat down.

The teachers have to check this tendency to thoughtlessness, by stopping the scholars frequently to ask the reason for this and the other thing, compelling them to fall back upon their own resources. I was surprised to find, when this was done, how often a scholar turned out to have far more information, and far more acuteness, than

one would have supposed from his previous thoughtless answers. This habit of mind helps to explain another defect very common amongst the negroes, namely, a lack of what we in Scotland call "gumption,"—the power of discovering how a thing should be done without being told, and of seeing what change of action should be made to suit new circumstances. A negro is often a first-rate executive officer—can do admirably what has been chalked out for him—but is apt, if the terms of the problem suddenly change, to get bewildered and come to a stand-still. He makes a good soldier, but rarely, as yet, a good officer. This seems to be partly a natural defect, and partly a habit of mind, which disappears under proper training.

The negro mind seems deficient in power of generalization. When a black man is describing anything, you will often hear him say that this person did so and so, and that person did so and so, and the other person did so and so, when a white man would say "They all did so and so." The consequence is, that negro stories spin themselves out to an incredible length. But if weak in generalizing, he is strong in pictorial conception. He thinks in tropes, and all his thoughts are localized. He seizes with delight on anything that appeals to the imagination. In Scripture his special enjoyment is in the stories, parables, prophecies, and visions, which put truth into a concrete and visible form. This sensitiveness of the spiritual faculty tends, amongst the more ignorant negroes, to superstition. Many of them see visions and dream dreams; and fortune-telling is still common amongst them, though not so much as it was.

Their fondness for music is very noticeable. You

hear them singing at their work in the house, the factory, and the field. Even the slave-gangs in old days used to cheer themselves with songs on their way down South to be sold. Singing forms the most prominent feature in their religious services. They are so fond of it, indeed, that I have seen them gather in the place of worship long before the hour for commencing the regular service, and occupy the intervening time in singing hymns. At the mission homes, too, crowds of black children will sometimes gather half-an-hour before school-time, and sing hymns till the doors are opened. During school-hours, the teachers find that nothing keeps the children fresher for their tasks than frequent interludes of song. In general their singing is very effective. They have fine voices, and a natural turn for music. They do not seem to have much originality in the way of producing new tunes, but the facility with which they pick up airs often surprised me. I remember, at one of their festivals, a white gentleman who accompanied me sang a tune quite new to them, using words with which they were familiar. They listened with great interest and delight, and, as soon as he had finished, they took up the tune and sang it, with all the parts, far more effectively than he had done.

In disposition the negroes are very loveable, and one becomes very much attached to them. They are affectionate, docile, and anxious to please; and, amongst the plantation negroes, I was often touched to see their gratitude for any attention shown them, especially by white people. At some of the mission homes, poor negroes, hearing that a white stranger was there from a far-off land, looking at their schools, often travelled

miles in from the country to see me. Some of them have grasped my hand in both theirs, and, with tears in their eyes, said, "God bless you, sah, for tinkin' kindly of we poor coloured folks."

Their love and devotion to the men and women who had come all the way from the North to teach them, showed itself in a hundred little ways. Never a day passed at any mission-home I visited, but some little presents were brought to school, sometimes from the parents, sometimes from the children themselves—an orange, a flower, or a stick of candy, anything to express their gratitude. One lady had got as many little blue and white mugs from the children as would have started a small crockery shop. Little letters too, written or printed on scraps of paper, were continually being left on the teachers' desks by negro boys and girls, who were using their newly acquired power of writing to testify their love for those who had come so far to teach them. A number of these I brought away with me. Some of them read very funnily, but the feeling is the same.

Here is one from a little girl:—

"My dear Teacher, Mrs. B.,—I love you so well, and I always love you for you are so good. My mother tells me every day to obey my teacher, and never do what's agin'st her rule, and tells me to pray every day for my teachers. Dear Mrs. B., I try to do right to please you every day, but sometimes I does wrong. But I never means to do wrong, for I love you to the bodum of my heart.

"Flora B."

Here is another from a little black boy, who seems to have found some difficulty in getting language for his feelings:—

"My affection Miss T—, I take it on myself to writing you a letter, for I love you to my heart, and I hope that you love me to, and if you don't, I do you, O I do, and I hope that you do and I will. The roses red the sugar sweet and sow is you. I love the very ground you walk on, for you is so kind. You is so kind to your scholars, indeed you is so kind, anyhow you is so kind to everybody that is the reason I love you, because you is so kind. And when you are afar off I shall never forget you. This is the last from your beloved friend, W. B."

But the little boy's feelings were too deep to allow this to be the last, for the week after there was another note, which was also to be the last, but wasn't.

Let me mention another little incident as a further illustration of the love and reverence with which these negro children regard their teachers. The missionary at Nashville was Mr. M'Kim—a man of singular piety and devotion—who went in amongst the poor coloured people and taught, and preached, and helped them in every way, in the face of much obloquy and persecution.

A clergyman from the North, who came to visit his schools, addressed the children, and took occasion to explain the doctrine of total depravity. "Now," he he said, "do you think you understand it?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"Well, I shall see. Do you know anybody who is a sinner?"

"Yes, yes."

That, by all accounts, was a piece of knowledge very easy to acquire at Nashville.

The clergyman then asked,—

"Do you know any one who is *not* a sinner?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," louder than before, and every hand up.

The clergyman saw there was nothing for it but to go back and explain the doctrine of total depravity over again; which he did—pointing out what the Bible said about sin, and that there was none righteous, no not one.

"I think you understand that now," he said.

"Yes."

"Well, then, do you suppose there is any person in the world who has not sinned?"

"Yes!" emphatically—every hand up again.

"What! a person absolutely without sin?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?"

"Mr. M'Kim," cried the whole school in a breath.

The clergyman found there was no use trying to make them believe that Mr. M'Kim could be a sinner.

The affection and docility of the negro, and his marked anxiety to please, make him a polite and admirable servant. As far as my own experience went, no service in America is equal to the black service. Even in hotels, the promptness with which a black waiter sets your chair, and the flourish with which he hands you anything you want, make you feel that he has a real pleasure in serving you.

He becomes readily attached to those about him, and even in slavery was very faithful to a kind master. The war supplied innumerable proofs of this. Great numbers of slaves, who could easily have made their escape, chose to remain with their masters. Many did so even when Sherman's army came and set them free; and many who left at first returned afterwards. I met

a negro man-servant in Virginia, who belonged to a major in the Confederate army, and followed his master through the war. He was with him at Gettysburg, and was frequently under fire when carrying him coffee. He told me he wanted the North to win, but that he felt, at the time, that he would rather the North lost that battle than gain victory over his master's body. Another negro from Savannah was with Colonel Gibbons in the same battle, which, it will be remembered, was fought in Pennsylvania, where, therefore, a slave escaping from the Confederate lines was at once free. The Colonel sent away this slave to a neighbouring farmhouse to fetch water for some wounded men. By a marvellous coincidence the slave found his own mother serving at the farmhouse. She and the others urged him to avail himself of this opportunity to escape from slavery, but he said,—"No, my master has trusted me here, and I will go back."

The Southern people, themselves, bear ready testimony to the negro's fidelity. Many ladies, whose houses had been plundered by the "bummers," told me how their slaves had done their best to defend them and their property, sometimes refusing, even under torture, to reveal where the valuables were hidden. In one case the troopers threatened an old negro servant that they would bury him alive if he did not disclose his secret, and actually dug a grave, put him in, buried him, dug him up again, and told him the next time would be final, but they could not force the secret from him.

Mrs. A—, of Fayetteville, told me that she had a faithful old negro, of the name of Tinsley, who used to hire his time from her and work for himself. She said

that even after the war had set her old servant free from all obligations, he used to put into her hand, month by month, the usual portion of his earnings. She had lost all her property by the war, and but for good old Tinsley, she said, she would have been left utterly destitute. Tinsley died in 1867. "But even at the last," said the lady, "he had not forgotten us. He left $600 to me, and $400 to one of my family."

During the war, the negro showed his gratitude to those who were fighting for his freedom by innumerable acts of self-sacrifice and devotion.

At Rodman's Point, in North Carolina, a party of Federals, attempting to escape from the enemy, leapt into a scow and pushed off. Just as the enemy's bullets began to rain around them, the barge grounded upon a bank of mud. The soldiers crouched to escape the fire, and the question was, who would jump out, at the peril of his life, and shove the scow off?

A strong black man who was with them said,—"Lie still, I will push off the boat. If they kill me, it's nothing; but you are soldiers, and will be needed to fight."

He leapt out, pushed the scow into deep water, and fell, pierced by seven bullets.

I had the following from a lady in New York, who knew one of the parties:—"A Federal officer attempting to make his escape from Richmond, was assisted by a slave who knew the country. Suddenly they found that the dogs were on their track. The negro thereupon directed the officer how to go, and, bleeding his own foot, to draw the hounds after himself, struck off in a different direction. The officer heard afterwards

that the dogs had run down the negro and nearly torn him to pieces before they were called off."

The negro's docility and imitative power make him a fine subject for discipline. One sees this even amongst the children in the coloured schools. Where the teacher gives proper attention to it, the black children rapidly attain the perfection of order. I remember in one school seeing them enter. They marched in, in column, the boys by one door, the girls by another, keeping step with the precision of soldiers, deploying steadily along the passages, and all at the same instant taking seats like parts of one machine. Every movement was made with the same precision. If a class was called up, at the first touch of the spring-bell the class rose; at the second, faced about; at the third, began its march to the front.

It was this quality that allowed of the raw "contrabands," who took refuge within the Union lines, and volunteered to fight for the freedom of their race, being moulded so rapidly into fine bodies of troops. Within two years nearly 100,000 slaves were converted into disciplined soldiers.

But these men showed grander qualities than docility. It was doubted at first if the negro could or would fight. The war, which brought between one and two hundred thousand of them into the field against their old masters, and tested them at the cannon's mouth and in the face of Southern steel, has dissipated that illusion, and has given the negro a higher place than he ever had before in American estimation.

Colonel Higginson, who commanded a regiment of emancipated slaves in an expedition up the St. Mary's

River, declared in his official report that he found a fiery energy about his black troops beyond anything of which he had ever read, unless it were the French Zouaves. "During our first attack," he said, "before I could get them below, they crowded at the open ends of the steamer, loading and firing with inconceivable rapidity, and shouting to each other, 'Neber gib it up!' When collected in the hold, they actually fought each other for places at the few portholes, from which they might fire upon the enemy. The black gunners under Mr. Heron of the gunboat did their duty without the slightest shelter, and with great coolness, amid a storm of shot. The secret of our safety lay in keeping the regiment below, except the gunners; but this required the utmost energy of the officers, as the men were wild to come on deck, and even implored to be landed on shore and allowed to charge the enemy."

The records of the onslaught at Port Hudson, the battles at Milliken Bend, Newmarket Heights, Olustee, Poison Springs, and the second attack on Petersburg, abound with proofs of black valour. At the battle of Honey Hill, South Carolina, where the black troops occupied one of the most perilous positions, they stood their ground so gallantly as to elicit the admiration even of their enemies. One of the Southern accounts of the battle said, that the negroes had charged thrice with great fury, re-forming each time under fire, and that in some places their dead lay in heaps.

Here is one incident of the fight: Private Fitzgerald (a negro) was shot badly in the leg, but continued fighting. Major Nutt, observing his condition, ordered him to the rear. The man obeyed, but the Major saw soon after that he had returned to his post. He said sharply,

"Go to the rear, sir, and have your wounds dressed." The man again obeyed, but in a few minutes more was back with a handkerchief bound round his leg, and was eagerly loading and firing as before. He had a wife and children in slavery, and said afterwards he was thinking of them.

In the desperate attack on Fort Wagner, the black troops, though afterwards thrown into confusion by the loss of their commander, made a magnificent charge, gaining the parapet on the right and coming into hand-to-hand conflict with the Confederates. Sergeant-Major Lewis Douglass, the son of Frederick Douglass, the negro orator, sprang upon the parapet when his Colonel fell, and cried, "Come on, boys, let's fight for God and liberty!" One of the black colour-sergeants, W. H. Carney, reached the parapet also, received three severe wounds, but would not relinquish the flag. When the regiment was ordered to retire, Carney, streaming with blood, limped along with the troops till he reached the hospital, when he fell almost lifeless, saying, with a proud smile, "The dear old flag has never touched the ground, boys."

Such cases could easily be multiplied.

Speaking with General Abbott, who at one time commanded a black brigade, I asked him what difference he had found between negro and white troops.

He said,—"I have observed that negro troops, when holding an exposed position, or advancing under a galling fire, are more apt to be scared and 'demoralized' than white troops, especially by shelling, but when it comes to a charge, and their blood is up, they are equal to any troops in the world." He said that, like the Southern troops, they charged with a yell, and

would hurl themselves upon the enemy with the momentum of a thunderbolt.

Here is Geo. H. Boker's description of the first charge by a Black Regiment in the late war:—

"Dark as the clouds of even
Ranked in the Western heaven,
. . . . . .
So, still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the dread event
Stands the Black Regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine,
And the bright bayonet
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Waiting, till stern command
Of the fierce-rolling drum
Told them their hour had come—
Told them that work was sent
For the Black Regiment.

'Now!' the flag-sergeant cried,
'Though death or hell betide,
Let the whole nation see,
If we're fit to be free!'
. . . . . .
Oh, what a shout there went
From the Black Regiment.

'Charge!'—trump and drum awoke,
Onward the bondmen broke,
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush
Through the red battle's crush.
On through the flickering brands,
Onward with hundred hands
Down they tear man and horse,
On, in their awful course,
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent
Rushed the Black Regiment.

'Freedom!' their battle-cry—
Freedom or leave to die—
Not then a party shout,
They gave their spirits out,
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood;
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe—
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though with the lips of death,
Wishing, alas! in vain
That they might fall again,
Only once more to see
That burst to liberty!"

VII.

BLACK CHRISTIANITY.

SOMETHING ought to be made of the negro on his religious side by good training. Nowhere in America does one find such simple and childlike faith, such a strong belief in the presence and power of God, such fervour and religious enthusiasm as amongst the pious negroes. They seem to see God bending over them like the sky, to feel His presence on them and around them, like the storm and the sunshine. "De Lord has gib us a beautiful day, sah," was often the first remark on some of those radiant spring mornings in the South, and was accompanied by a bright glance upwards as if to a visible presence. "If de Master wills," "De Master knows," "Yes, tank de good Master," were expressions constantly on their lips. One old man was so acustomed to thank the Lord for everything, that when, to his great grief, the missionaries were taking leave, he said, "Yes, our friends is gwine to leave us, tank de Lord."

Many of them have strange inward experiences, and believe that God gives them special revelations. I remember at a night meeting at Andersonville, an old negro, who would have done for another Uncle Tom, told the audience, with tears in his eyes, how the Lord had shown him wonderful things in a dream, and let

him hear a song that no human ear had ever heard before, and that had been a great comfort to his soul ever since. He went over it to us, chanting it solemnly with his hands clasped and his eyes closed; and though, on the supposition of its divine origin, it did not reflect much credit on the Almighty's versification, few could listen to it from the old man without emotion. It began:—

"When Paul departed from his friends
It was a weepin' day;
But if you hear the word in vain,
You shall tremble when you meet again
The minister you scorn."

Some of these visions help one to realize the spiritual condition of the negroes, and the influences that have been at work upon them. Let me give a specimen or two of such. At Macon, a pious old woman told the missionary one day that she had been to hell. "Not to stay," she said. "It was a wision; but even in de wision I didn't go to stay, on'y to look around."

When asked what she had seen, she said,—"I saw old Satan sitting over his hatchway, and he had a great kettle on boiling, and I thinks it was fire and brimstone was in it. People ain't happy," she added, "when they git there, and Satan is mighty cross to 'em. When dey whined and cried, Satan says, stamping his foot, 'Shut up! none of yer whining; what did ye come here for, if ye didn't want to? Didn't ye have ministers to tell ye better? Now shut up! I won't have a bit of it.' There is a bell in one corner, and it is tolling all the time, 'Eter-ni-tee—eter-ni-tee.' And they cry, 'Oh! how long must I stay here?' And Satan he says, 'A little bird will come and tote away a grain of sand from de shore, and it will come back in five year and tote

another, and you must wait till it totes de whole sand away.'" She added,—"The Lord shows me everything I ask Him to. I asked Him, Was He pleased with my prayers? If He was, would He show me a star in my sleep; and He did it. Then I cried, 'Lord, shall I ever git to heaven?' and He told me,—'Be faithful to the end, and you shall be saved.' But I wasn't satisfied with that, and says I, 'Lord, I's afeard to die—I's afeard I'll never git to heaven?' And He said,—'In the last hour I'll give ye dyin' grace.' Don't ye see," she added, "at first He gave me just grace enough to git into the path, and now I's workin' for my dyin' grace."

Speaking about sleeping on the Sunday, she said,—"I never sleep away my Sunday now, only I nods a little sometimes in my chair."

"Do you think it wrong to sleep on Sunday?"

"Yes, honey, and I'll tell you why. One Sunday, years ago, I spread a pallet by the fire and lay down for a nap. I was just falling asleep when I felt some one pulling my dress. I thought it was one of the chill'en, and said '*Go* way!' But just as I got nearly asleep again, I felt the same pulling again, and I opened my eyes to see who it was. There was nobody there. So I knew then it was the Master; and, says I, 'Lord, I won't sleep your day away;' and I have never lain down to sleep a-Sunday since. But I used to go out to count my chickens and bring in my eggs a-Sunday. Well, one Sunday morning I started and got about half-way to de fowl-yard, when I heard a voice,—'This ain't the day!" I stopped and listened, but started to go on, but I heard de voice again,—'This ain't the day!' Says I, 'Sure enough, Lord, this ain't the day;' and I

turned round and went into the house. And I never went out to count my chickens or bring in my eggs a-Sunday after that. Sometimes Sally will cut up a little kindling, Sunday," she said, referring to a sprightly niece, "but it hurts me dreadful. I wouldn't do so much as to grind a little coffee, Sunday. Them things ought to be done Saturday."

Here is another vision enjoyed by Aunt Nancy, an old negro woman who lives in a cabin in the outskirts of Hampton, Virginia, and who in slave times was a field-hand:—"One day I was hoeing in the field a little, and I was thinking some has to go to heaven, and some has to go to hell, when I hears a voice saying,—'You 's agoin' to hell!' And says I, 'Lord, I thinks it mighty hard I has to work and suffer while I live, and go to hell when I die!' Den I heard a louder voice say, 'A few more prayers—a few more prayers, and den I 'll meet yer in the way of mercy.' So that night, after I 'd done work, I thought I 'd go out to try and find the Lord. I went out and looked all round in the woods, and hollered as loud as I could, but I couldn't find Him. Next day I went to Aunt Grace, and says I, 'Aunt Grace, I 's come blind.' Aunt Grace said,—'Dat 's all right; pray on—a few more serus prayers.' So de next night I went out again and hollered and hollered, but I could not find Him. You see," she said, "I thought I was gwine to see Him like a nat'ral man. When I went home the cocks was crowin', and I crawled up into the loft, and fell into a trance, and in de trance I was drawed away and away, and up to a great white house, whar I knocked at the door. Well, a white lady came to the door. She had black hair, and she laughed, but she didn't make no sound in her laugh. I courtesied,

and said, 'How d'y?' and she said, 'How d'y?—don't you know me?' I says, 'No.' Says she, 'You ought to know me, look at me good.' Says I, 'I thinks it's the Virgin Mary.' 'Yes,' says she, 'come in!' And she took me into a large room, where there was large dresses and little dresses hanging all round the room. And she took off all the old rags I wore, and put one of them white dresses on me. And she put on a turban all covered with spangles, just like little gold dollars,—you's seen um. And I had little teenty feet, and she put little slippers on um. There was a large mirror in the room, and she said, 'Now, go and see how ye like yer new dress.' While I was looking, the door opened and a white man came in. He had on black clothes, and a white vest, all covered with little gold dollars, like my turban was. And he had a ring on his head, covered with the dollars, and he had two cups in his hands. He brought them to me and said,—'SALVATION and DAMNATION, which will ye have?'" The old woman, as she told this, seemed much affected, and said, with awestruck voice, "Oh, it 'pears like I can see Him now!" She continued, "'Lord,' says I, 'I'll have Salvation.' There was something white in the cup, and I drank it. It was sweet, and I tasted it in my mouth two or three days after. I left a little in the cup, and he gave it back to me and said, 'Drink all of it.' Then He said, 'My little one, now go back to de world and coax sinners to come to me.' Mind, He didn't say 'drive,' He said 'coax' 'em. Den de virgin told me I must take off my white dress and leave it there. I didn't want to leave it off, but she said, 'I'll keep it for ye, and if ye prove faithful, ye shall have it again.' Den I said to her, 'How's I gwine

to git down?' Says she, 'How did ye git up?' 'I come up by faith,' says I. 'Well,' sez she, 'yer gwine down the same way.' So she took hold of me and lifted me off, and I flew down just like a bird, and dere I was in de loft again."

Many of the negroes attach great importance to these visions. "De Master teaches we poor coloured folk in dat way," said an old woman at the hospital in Montgomery, "for we hasn't edication, and we can't read His bressed word for ourselves."

The childlike simplicity of their faith is another striking feature of their religious character.

An old black woman in Norfolk, Va., came in a ragged condition to one of the female missionaries, who was distributing clothes to the destitute, and begged a pair of shoes. The lady told her, with regret, that the shoes were all gone.

"Oh no, honey, not all," said the old woman, "dere mus' be some left. I prayed my Jesus dis mornin' for shoes, and de voice came in my heart and said, 'Ask, and it is given you!'"

The lady said she was sorry, but she had given the last pair away that morning. The old woman said, with a look of distress, "I did think my Jesus would have give me shoes to-day."

There was an unopened box in the place, so the lady got the lid off it, to see if any shoes were there. She had searched half way through it, and was ready to give up, when, near the bottom, she found two or three pairs, one of them just the size. The old woman, when she got them on, wept for joy. She said she knew it would be so, for Jesus had promised.

They have great faith in the efficacy of prayer. A

good woman (Aunt Mary) whom I met at the Beech Institute, Savannah, and who gave me a glowing account of the day when Sherman's army came and set the slaves free, said to the teachers, "We know'd it was a-comin', 'cos we prayed so for it. 'Specs we so tormented de Lord, he was obleeged to send Massa Sharman dis yar way."

One of the most remarkable features of their piety is its tendency to excitement, which is probably one reason why so many of them belong to the Methodist and Baptist churches, where this tendency gets freer scope for development. Conversion with the negro is a thunder-peal, followed by a deluge of the spirit, and a bursting forth of the sun clearing the sky, and filling the world with gladness. This is called "getting religion," and seems to excite irrepressible emotions. Sometimes, for a whole week, before a negro gets religion, he goes about in a state of great depression, much exercised in mind about his sins and his lost condition. Then suddenly, perhaps when mournfully waiting at table, or going a message, or grooming the horses, he raises a shout of joy, and runs about shaking hands with everybody, and crying "I've got religion! Bress de Lord! My sins is forgiven! I am out of de pit! Bress de Lord! Hallelujah!" The first man whose hand he shakes after getting religion he calls his father in the Lord; the first woman is his mother in the Lord. After that he is a Christian. When the negro serving-man in one family which I visited was converted, there was a great disturbance in the kitchen—all the servants running about shouting, "Dick's got religion!—Dick's got religion!" When the lady of the house went down, she found that Dick himself had bolted to the village,

with several of the others after him, to proclaim the news, and shake hands with his brethren. Most of them can name the day on which they got religion; and you often hear them enumerate the persons converted at a given meeting. A negro lad who sang me a weird hymn, in which the following verse occurred,—

> "You 'd better mind how you fool with Christ
> In a moment you 'll be as cold as ice,"—

paused, and said, "I saw six converted on that verse."

All their religious exercises partake of this exciting character; and in some of their churches a service seems to be regarded as a kind of failure unless the audience gets itself worked up to frenzy. I remember, at an evening service in Savannah, where the dimly-lighted church swarmed with a black audience of nearly a thousand people, a little excitable-looking negro, who turned out to be a revival preacher from up-country, followed the regular pastor, and "improved" his discourse by addressing frantic appeals to the people, under which they began to sway, and cry, and groan in the most extraordinary manner. Presently a shriek was heard, and a young woman sprang into the air near one corner of the church, and fell back amongst her friends, writhing and shrieking as if in a fit. Immediately afterwards another shriek was heard, and then another—the preacher holding on with his appeal, which was a constant repetition of the same words, uttered with interjected gasps at the top of his voice, the audience swaying and groaning, the three convicted sinners struggling and shrieking, while their friends, crying "Glory to God! Glory to God!" were trying to hold them down. These scenes are of continual occurrence, and many of

the coloured preachers evidently do their best to bring them about, under the impression that they indicate the presence of the Spirit of God. These excitements, more particularly when they occur during the service of praise, are called "shoutings." Hence the meaning of a negro hymn, which puzzled me at first, beginning,

"My father died a-shouting,
Glory hallelujah;"

and going on in the following verses:—"My mother died a-shouting," "My grandmother died a-shouting," and so on.

In the best churches these scenes do not occur, or occur only in a modified form. The first coloured service I attended was in Richmond, in the Broad Street African Church, where more than a thousand coloured people attend service every Sabbath.

Before the war this church was presided over by a white minister; but since the negroes have got the power to elect for themselves, they have elected a pastor of their own colour. The service was very much like that of a white congregation, saving in one or two particulars. The hymns were sung with unusual fervour, and when the last was given out the people began to grasp each other's hands, singing all the time, and beginning to drift slowly out, much of the hand-shaking and singing going on after the people had got into the open air. The hymns sung were mostly Isaac Watts'; and the sermon would have passed muster in many white churches. I heard much better sermons in other black churches, where the ministers had been more thoroughly educated. But at the camp meetings, and in the little wooden churches and booths in which the negroes congregate in country districts, the services are

very peculiar, and tend much more to excitement than edification.

The hymns sung are generally original, and are of so simple a structure that they can be spun out with ease to any length, according to the spirit of the worshippers. One, often sung, begins thus :—

"Come along, old fader, come along,
For de time it is going by ;
For de angels say dere 's nothin' to do
But to ring dem charming bells.

O we 're almost home,
We 're almost home ;
We 're almost home
For to ring dem charming bells."

The next verse begins,—"Come along, old muder, come along ;" then "Come along, dear sister, come along ;" "Come along, little chill'en," and so on, each verse only needing the alteration of one word. When the meeting was in good singing trim, I sometimes heard this continued for a considerable time, the first line being started, and the new word supplied sometimes by one person, sometimes by another. A stranger generally had a verse apportioned to him, beginning,—"Come along, dear stranger, come along ;" or, "Come along, white brudder, come along," the chorus being taken up by the whole congregation and sung with great feeling.

Another hymn of the same kind begins—

"Say, young man, do you know the road ?
Do you know the road to glory ?"

—the next verse beginning—"Say, young woman, do you know the road ?"

Some of their hymns and semi-religious songs date from the War of Emancipation, which stirred the negro heart to its depths.

"Oh! go down, Moses,
Go down into Egypt's land;
Tell King Pharaoh
To let my people go."

This chant, sometimes during the war, took this form:—

"Oh! Fader Abraham,
Go down into Dixie's land;
Tell Jeff. Davis
To let my people go.
Down in de house of bondage
Dey have watch and waited long,
De oppressor's heel is heavy,
De oppressor's arm is strong.
Oh, Fader Abraham," etc.

The only negro song I heard that had a vindictive turn about it, was one dating from the same time, when the Confederacy was still strong enough to prevent the armies of emancipation from reaching the slaves in the heart of the South. It was said to be first sung by an old negro prophetess at a jubilee meeting of emancipated slaves near Washington. The chorus and main part of the chant is:—

"If de debble do not catch
Jeff. Davis, dat Confederate wratch,
And roast and frigazee dat rebble,
What is de use of any debble?"

Most of the negro hymns are a strange mixture of grief and gladness, representing life as full of sorrow, and death as a joyful release. One strange, wild chant, which I heard a woman sing while scrubbing her floor, and which was said to be oftener heard in slave days than now, began—

"Wish I'd died when I was a baby,
O Lord rock a' jubilee.
Wish I'd died," etc.

Another, which they often sing in church, begins—

"Nobody knows de trouble I see;
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows de trouble I see,
But I 'se goin' to heaven by-an'-bye."

This idea of death being release from a weary life comes out also, very strangely, in some of their funeral services. The immediate friends of the dead weep and wail, and wring their hands, representing the human side of the event; but the rest of the crowd are merry, and sing joyful tunes to indicate the happy change that has come to the departed.

Most of their hymns are symbolic or narrative—the negro delighting in anything that presents itself in pictorial form.

The following is one of the most popular, and has a very fine effect when sung, as I have heard a congregation of negroes sing it, swaying to and fro, many of them with hands clasped and tearful eyes turned up to heaven. The chorus is always sung first:—

"I 've got no time to tarry,
I 've got no time to wait for you,
My home is over Jordan;
Poor sinners, fare ye well.

Jordan's river I 'm bound to cross,
Bound to cross, bound to cross;
Jordan's river I 'm bound to cross;
Poor sinners, fare ye well.

That long white robe I 'm bound to wear,
Bound to wear, bound to wear; etc., etc.

That golden crown I 'm bound to wear,
Bound to wear, bound to wear; etc., etc.

Them golden harps I 'm bound to play,
Bound to play, bound to play; etc., etc.

Them golden slippers I 'm bound to wear,
Bound to wear, bound to wear; etc., etc.

Them waters of life I 'm bound to drink,
Bound to drink, bound to drink; etc., etc.

Them golden streets I 'm bound to walk,
Bound to walk, bound to walk; etc., etc.

There 's jus' but the one more river to cross,
One more to cross, one more to cross;
Jus' but the one more river to cross,
And den we 'se home in glory.

So I 've got no time to tarry,
Got no time to wait with you;
I 've got no time to tarry;
Poor sinner, fare ye well."

Another favourite hymn begins—

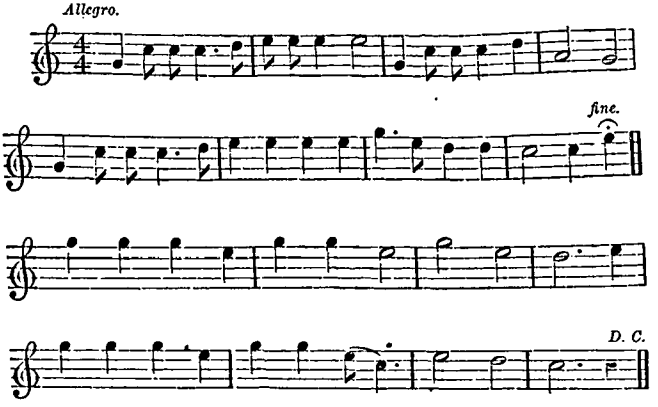
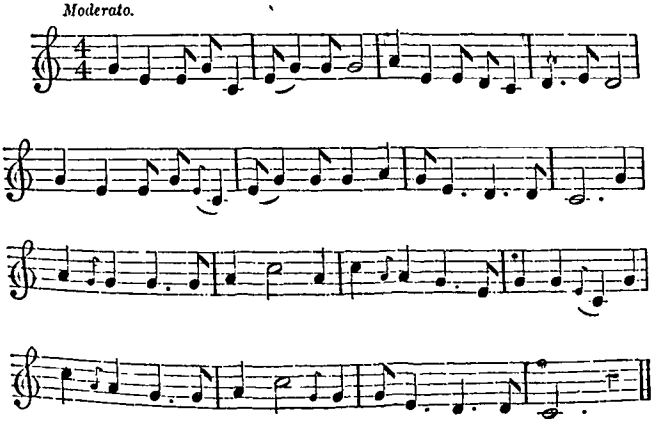
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
Of the cross, of the cross?
Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
Then I 'll 'dure the toil, and I 'll 'dure the pain,
'Dure the pain," etc.

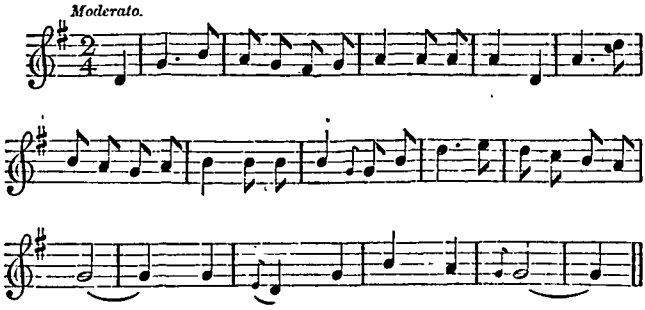
Another, to which they generally beat time with their feet, begins—

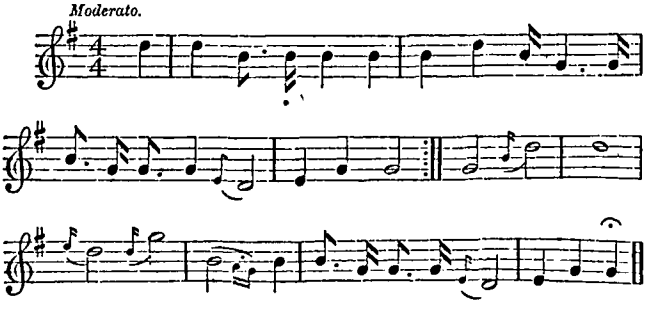
"When I was a mourner jus' like you,
I want to go to heaven when I die,
I fast and I prayed till I came thro',
For I want to go to heaven when I die.

O my soul! O my soul!
I want to go to heaven when I die."

I append the music of some of these hymns for the sake of those who may wish to reproduce for themselves the tunes sung by negro worshippers through so many years of slavery, and still heard at most of their plantation services. It was kindly taken down for me by Mr. E. S. Francis, of Memphis—some of the best singers from the Mission School being brought across to sing to us :—

"NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I SEE."

"JORDAN'S RIVER."

"AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS?"



"WHEN I WAS A MOURNER."

These plantation hymns are less sung now than they used to be, and will probably before long be numbered amongst the things of the past. The young negroes are being educated, and want a higher kind of psalmody; and even the older people, in some cases, are drawing back from hymns that are so much connected in their minds with slavery.

The pious negroes delight in prayer; and the women, at some of their religious meetings, are as free to lead as the men. Their prayers are full of fire, and often exceedingly vivid and impressive. Here was one, offered by Sister Nancy Brooks at a camp meeting at Poplar Springs:—

"O Father Almighty, O sweet Jesus, most gloriful King, will you be so pleased as to come dis way and put your eye on dese yere mourners? O sweet Jesus, ain't you de Daniel God? Didn't you deliber de tree chill'un from de firy furnis? Didn't you hear Jonah cry from de belly ob de whale? Oh, if dere be one seeking mourner here dis afternoon, if dere be one sinking Peter, if dere be one weeping Mary, if dere be one doubting Thomas, won't you be so pleased to come and deliber them? Won't you mount your gospel horse an' ride roun' de souls of dese yere mourners, and say, 'Go in peace, and sin no more?' Won't you be so pleased to come wid de love in one han' and de fan in de odder han' to fan away doubts? Won't you be so pleased to shake dese yere souls over hell, and not let 'em fall in?"

They are not always so happy as Sister Nancy in their Scripture references. A man at Chattanooga used to pray that Mr. Tade (the missionary) might be *rough-shod* with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.

The negroes are very homely and direct in their prayers, and the person who leads will sometimes offer up special petitions for himself and his wife and children. Strangers too are generally noticed. I sometimes heard myself prayed for as "de white gemman in the corner," or "de white brudder near de door."

The turns of expression are often very quaint and sometimes comical. One man prayed,—"Lord, when we 'se done chawin' all de hard bones, and when we 'se

done swallerin' all de bitter pills, take us home to thyself." Another prayed God to "sneak away by de Norf and bress de good folks dere." "O Lord," cried another, who was eager to see some signs of revival amongst his people, "Stir dese yere sinners up right smart, an' don't be as merciful as you generally is."

Another, who was leading the services at a crowded meeting, bewailed in a stentorian voice the sins of the people, which he enumerated, adding in the same tone, "Remember I tells you dese things privately, O Lord."

A common form of prayer is, "O Lord, we come to Thee like empty pitchers to a full fountain to be filled." One old man (Uncle Nat, at Fuller's Plantation, South Carolina) varied this figure with doubtful advantage by saying, "We come to Thee like empty pitchers *widout any bottom*, to ask if it be Thy will to fill poor me wid Thy love." In the same prayer he said, "We know dat thow are a just God, gaderin' where thow has not strawed." He prayed God to "bress de good brudder who was so good as to ax me to pray," but whether the audience thought the "brudder" deserved a blessing for this, may be considered doubtful. They often become excited, and indulge in wild extravagancies of expression. One man, in his prayer, cried out about the "dam-forgotten God," another about "the seven vials bustin' in Gethsemane."

I could often see that these poor people, though pouring forth a torrent of words, were rather looking to God and trusting to the Spirit of prayer, than seeking to express special wants. The consequence was that very often their sentences had neither beginning nor end; and one clergyman said it would take heaven's best grammarian sometimes to make out what they wanted.

Some of their expressions show the presence and influence of Roman Catholicism :—"Lord, if you is busy to-night, and can't come down yourself," prayed one woman, "please send Mudder Mary wid her broom to sweep de chaff from our hearts."

Many of their images are drawn from slavery. The planter's big house gave them their notion of magnificence; the planter himself, riding about on his horse, gave them their ideal of dignity and power. Hence such expressions as these :—"Mount thy hoss, Lord, from the top of Zion hill, ride around this congregation, and touch up some sinners' hearts." One exhorting brother spoke of death as "cuttin' around on his swift hoss, up one street and down the other." Another said in his supplication,—"Didn't you promise, Lord, to mount yer milk-white steed, and ride round dis yere Memphis in a particular manner?" Another prayed that the Father might "draw aside de curtains of his window, and cast a modest smile on us." An old man in Hampton, Virginia, prayed,—"O Lord, will ye please heyst the diamond winders of heaven, roll back yer lubly curtains, and shake yer table-cloth out, and let some crumbs fall among us."

Rev. Mr. Thome, of Cleveland, told me of a shrewd prayer offered by an old plantation preacher in Paris Island, South Carolina, during the war. The old man did not forget that he was bound to pray for his enemies, but did so in these words :—"Bress, we do pray Thee, our enemies, de wicked Sesech. Gib dem time to 'pent, we do pray Thee, and den we will excuse Thee if Thou takes dem all to glory."

The preaching at these plantation meetings, although improving, is still in a very rude state. It has to be

remembered, that most of the black pastors and "bredderen" who officiate were themselves slaves; and that many of them have never till now had a chance of getting any education. It was touching to see, sometimes, old plantation preachers, who had never been taught to read, using a Bible when they spoke, waving it in their hands, and constantly appealing to it.

"Breddern and sisters!" cried one of them earnestly, "I can't read more'n a werse or two of dis bressed Book, but de gospel it is here—de glad tidings it is here—oh teach your chill'en to read dis yar bressed Book. It's de good news for we poor coloured folk."

I remember another beginning—"My brederens, you will find de text of dis mornin' in de Regulations of John," and, opening the Bible about the middle, he began to repeat his text from the Revelations. Poor old man! He had never learned to read, and did not know where the verses were that he could repeat, but he used the Bible to indicate that they were there. He preached a sermon full of earnestness and real power, showing that, in spite of his want of school education, he had been under the teaching of the Spirit, and had learnt the true meaning of the gospel. Some of the most vivid reproductions of Scripture narrative I have ever listened to were from the lips of such men, who might, under proper training, have become orators. Their ignorance, however, leads them into many absurd mistakes, especially when breaking up new ground. I was told of one who had learned to read a little, but not well, and who, in the course of exposition, finding the verse, "My feet are as hinds' feet," read it, "My feet are as hens' feet." After a moment's reflection he proceeded to show how beautiful a picture this was of Christian

faith; "for," said he, "you will observe, my breddern, dat a hen in de henroost, when it fall asleep, it tightens it grip so 's not to fall off. And dat 's how true faith, my breddern, holds on to de rock."

Here is the account of man's creation and Satan's expulsion from heaven, given by another plantation preacher at Davis' Bend, on the Mississippi, near Jefferson Davis's property:—

"In John de Rebelashun we 's tole, my sisters an' brethrin', dat de old Satan he set hisself up to be equal with God. He says he can do anyting God can do. He says he has just as much power as God, an' he would not hab God to rule ober him any longer. Den Jesus Christ, de Son, He comes right out in de front ob de battle with a great big trumpet in his han'. Den God he told Satan to make a man. Well, when Satan made de man, God he tells him to blow into him de breff ob life. So de old Satan he stoops down and blows in his nostrils, and what d' ye think came out? Why, scorpions, and snakes, and reptile things! Den God he told Satan to stick a reed in de ground, an' what d' ye think came up? Why, thorns, an' thistles, an' briers! Den He told Jesus Christ, the Son, to stick His reed in de groun', and what d' ye think come up? Why, cabbage, and all good provisions for us to eat, my breddern! Den God he blew into de man old Satan had made, and made him alive, an' put him down on de earth; an' Jesus he took his big trumpet, an' he blowed old Satan rite out ob hebben, and he hung three days an' three nights on de wall of hebben, an' when he foun' he had to let go he just cotched his tail roun' de whole third of hebben, and drug it right down to earth. Den the Son Jesus, he turns round on de Father, an' He says, 'Father, lift up de bloomin' curting of hebben, dat I may look down on de earth an' see what dey is all doin' down dar.' An' de Father He lifts up the curting, an' de Son he goes to de do' of hebben, an' looks down on de earth; an' after awhile

de Father says to de Son, 'My Son, what does thee see down dar?' An' Jesus, the Son, he turns roun' and says to de Father, 'Father, I see de old Satan havin' it all his own way down dar. The people on the earth thay 's all goin' different roads, but all goin' to one place—all to one place—right down to de pit."

The excited preacher went on to describe an interview that should take place between Jesus and Satan after the latter had been "chained for a thousand years."

"Jesus, de Son, my breddern, he goes down to de gate of hell, an' he opens it up and looks in and says, 'Well, Capt'n Satan, how does thee do this mornin'?' Den Capt'n Satan he says, 'I does well 'nuff.' Den Jesus shut the gate and left him in. Oh my breddern, and oh my sisters, see dat you don't be on de wrong side ob de gate dat day."

These and many other features of the religious services common amongst the emancipated slaves are ludicrous enough, but they are also sad; for, if the pastors are sometimes so ignorant, what must be the benighted condition of their flocks! Old Moreau, the slave-scholar at Wilmington, used to bless God for slavery, which had brought him to a land where he had heard of Christ. Many others, who, like him, were blessed with Christian masters, might use the same words; but while slavery brought these four millions of Africans within sound of the gospel, the sound that many of them were allowed to hear was very unsatisfactory. I met a man in Mississippi, who said that he had heard in slave-days of one Jesus, but thought, from the way his fellow-slaves spoke of Him, that He was a great planter in some other State, who was to buy all the coloured people one day and set them free. An old black woman in Southern Tennessee, now a member of one of the churches there, told me that where she was raised the

slaves were taught that they had no souls, and had to die and go to nothing like the beasts. Shall we wonder if multitudes of the negroes, pastors and people, emerging from such darkness, are very ignorant, and that their services often seem to the stranger a jumble of Protestantism, Romanism, and Fetichism?

There are, however, two features, about their present condition, full of good augury for the future. The first is that they are generally conscious of their ignorance, and the second is that they are anxious to remove it. In some of the mission-schools I visited, I found black ministers sitting amongst the other scholars learning to read the Bible. I remember, at one home, an aged plantation preacher, who every day after the children were gone came to learn the same simple lessons as they had been at; and the earnestness with which, gazing at the chart through his spectacles, he repeated after the teachers "a-b, ab; e-b, eb; i-b, ib," and so on.

One of the missionary teachers in Georgia had a spelling-class exclusively for black ministers, who met to get their lessons in the church where one of them officiated every Sunday as pastor.

"Fancy," she says in her report, "a ministers' spelling-class. Imagine my feelings as I called upon the Rev. Mr. —— to spell w-o-r-l-d, and the Rev. Mr. —— to spell b-e-a-s-t-s; a difficult word, by the way, both to spell and pronounce, and over which every one tripped and fell! When every one had read and spelt, it was proposed by the Rev. Mr. —— that they should read the first chapter of John's Revelation. I readily consented, advising that one should read in a distinct, audible voice, stopping at the end of each verse for the rest to criticise. My advice was followed, and proved very acceptable in its results. The pastor of the church ascended the steps of the pulpit,

opened the ponderous Bible, put on his 'specs,' and proceeded slowly, but firmly, to read, pausing, according to agreement, for the criticisms of his brethren, and—alas for the dignity of man—of *his sister*, too. Yes, there was no way to escape the responsibility; for once it was clearly my duty to correct the preacher, standing, too, in his own pulpit. There was no hesitation on the part of his brethren! criticisms showered down freely, and I was appealed to as umpire. You said 'sanctified' instead of 'signified' cried one, alluding to the first verse; you said '*the* things' instead of 'those things,' cried another, referring to the third. The worthy pastor stood rebuked, and submitted himself with a lowliness well worthy of imitation. We wound up our exercises by repeating, simultaneously, all the hard words in the chapter—Alpha, Omega, Ephesus, Smyrna, Thyatira, etc.

"This recitation was particularly acceptable to all the students, for one of the primer licentiates had previously whispered to Miss B., 'Miss, won't you please give me a Bible lesson, for they call on me to preach sometimes, *and I'm mighty tight up on the words!*'"

I remember, near Savannah, calling at the house of an old black preacher. He was out, but his wife showed us his Bible, and said that now he was able to read it a little, he was studying it day and night.

This desire for Bible knowledge I found wonderfully widespread amongst the people, and was touched to find in how many cases this desire had possessed them even in the dark days when there seemed but small hope of its gratification. One man in North Carolina, whose boys I saw at the Beaufort Mission School, had carried a Bible with him when he escaped from slavery during the war, and though he could not read it, kept it by him until, freedom coming, and schools being opened, he was taught to read it by his own children.

Another case was that of a poor black woman—a nurse in a planter's family—who had become a Christian, and was never weary hearing the children reading the Bible, and telling her about Jesus. To her great delight, the little girl one day showed her the name of Jesus, and made her spell letter after letter, and look at the word until she knew it, and was able to point it out when she saw it. After that it was a favourite employment with her to take the Bible and search for the name that was so precious to her. She had no idea in what parts of the Bible it was to be found; and so, opening it anywhere, she would travel with her finger along line after line, and page after page, through the wilderness of words that were all unintelligible signs to her, till she found the name of which she was in quest.

"And, oh!" she said, in narrating her experience, "how dat name started up like a light in de dark, and I thought, 'Dere's de name of my Jesus!'"

"It was de on'y one word I knew," she added, "but oh! how dat one word made me hunger for more!"

This love for the Bible, and eagerness to acquire a knowledge of it, was one of the first things noticed amongst the black men who, during the war, fled from slavery to enlist and fight in the armies of emancipation. One of them at City Point, who had got a spelling-book, and was very eager to learn, was taught his letters by one of his officers. Two days later, the black soldier returned, able to spell half-way through the book, and asked eagerly if he was fit now to begin the Testament. "For if I could on'y read God's own write," he said, "I tink it would be wurf more 'n everyting."

Let me mention another case: After the first day's

fight at the Wilderness, two black soldiers of the 31st Coloured Regiment, William and Thomas Freeman, found some black women nearly starving in a house deserted by the owners; and at once gave them all they had in their haversacks. One of the women, to express her gratitude, presented them with a Bible she had got from her mistress—a large, strongly bound Bible, weighing about nine pounds. The soldiers received it with delight, and William Freeman put it into his knapsack in place of his blanket. He had learned to read a little, and that night, by the watch-fires, he read aloud out of his big Bible to several of his fellow-soldiers. Through all the marchings and fightings from the Wilderness to Petersburg, the big Bible went with him. On the 30th of July his regiment was in the Crater fight, and William went in with the Bible on his back. In the first charge he was shot in the breast and fell. Almost immediately after, his brother Thomas, pressing on with his comrades, was also struck. As the litter-bearers were hurrying him to the rear, he caught sight of his dead brother, and begged the men to stop and give him his brother's knapsack. They took the knapsack from the dead man's shoulders with the Bible in it, put it on the stretcher, and hurried on. When the missionary made the round of the hospital wards, the dying soldier got him to take out the big Bible, and read the twenty-third Psalm, which his brother had read to him from it the night before. He died that night, it is said, with the Bible in his arms. The book was taken care of, and is now preserved in Amherst College.

This feeling is abroad amongst the freed people just now. In those night-schools, all through the South, I found that the great and crowning desire of the old

people was to learn to read the Bible. Said one old woman at Montgomery, who had begun her schooling at seventy years of age, and was spelling out her Bible, "It's so sweet to pick out dis verse and dat verse, and tink 'dem 's de 'dentical words my Saviour spoke.'"

Another woman, who found great difficulty in mastering the primer, begged to be taught the words, "Our Father which art in Heaven," out of the Bible, to begin with.

"'Pears to me if I could once do dat," she said, "all the rest would come easy."

Another little picture comes back to me. An old frizzly-haired negro in the night-school, known as "Uncle Jos," was spelling out his Bible lesson, and came upon a verse which he had heard thirty years before in slavery, and which had been the means of his conversion. He now saw it with his own eyes for the first time. It was the verse, "God so loved the world," etc. The old man spelt it out with indescribable eagerness, word by word, and when he had got through it, putting his finger upon the verse as if to hold it there, he looked up to heaven, with big tears of gratitude beginning to trickle down his cheeks. He was what would be called an old "woolly-headed nigger," but his look at that moment was the look which a painter might have taken for the face of old Simeon when he said,—"Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

We found the same love for the Bible amongst many of the negroes whom we visited in their homes. Nothing seemed to delight the old people more than to hear it read. Sometimes we found them being taught

to read it for themselves by the children. The missionary of a newly-opened school in a Texas plantation, where she had only two Bibles, said that every day, as soon as lessons were over, there was a little crowd of scholars up with messages from parents and grandparents at home, begging the loan of one of the Bibles for the night, that they might have it read to them by their children. What a soil is this in which to sow good seed!

All this is beginning, along with general education, to elevate the religious condition and worship of the emancipated people. Old and young are being instructed; the young are getting such a training as no appreciable portion of the coloured race ever got before. An educated ministry is gradually springing up amongst themselves; and it is anticipated that when the religious enthusiasm, which forms so striking a feature of their character, and which has been exhausting itself so much in mere noise and frenzy, is directed into practical channels, it will develop (what is much needed) a higher morality amongst the negroes themselves, and perhaps impart some of its own warmth to the whole Christianity of the country.

There are influences at work, however, which may do a good deal to modify the future relation of the coloured people to Christianity. Chief amongst these is the influence of Popery. In 1867 a Plenary Council of the Catholic Church was held in Baltimore, when the position of the emancipated negroes was discussed, and measures inaugurated for securing them to the Church of Rome. The following year, nearly a hundred priests landed at New Orleans, and it was understood that the Society for Propagating the Faith had appropriated the

sum of $600,000 (£120,000) for carrying on mission-work among the blacks. A priest at New Orleans told me that they had over 50,000 black children in their schools; and it is said that upwards of a hundred black students are now being educated at Rome in preparation for this new and promising field. The imposing ceremonials of the Romish Church, its system of Absolution, its worship of the Virgin; and its repudiation of distinctions of race and colour, are all likely to make it popular amongst the negroes. There is need of every civilizing and Christian agency, but this prospect is regarded with alarm by many in America, who concern themselves very little with religious questions.

For the blacks are now voters, and if the Church of Rome brings them under her sway, it is feared that the negro and the Irish votes will enable her to exercise an undesirable influence over the destinies of America.

VIII.

ADMIRAL SEMMES.

My first sight of the once famed commander of the *Alabama* was at Mobile. I had notes to him from various Southern officers, and being in quest of information which he was the most likely to have, I deemed it of importance to find him out. This turned out to be no easy matter; and as the case illustrates two very curious features of American, and specially (at present) of Southern life—namely, the unsettled condition of the people both as regards home and occupation—I may tell the whole story.

It was reported at the North that Semmes on his return to the States had become a professor of moral philosophy, but had failed. It was conjectured that the *Alabama* had furnished an indifferent training for a moral philosophy chair. At anyrate he had, according to report, given it up, and gone upon the staff of a Mobile newspaper.

On reaching Mobile I asked the clerk at the hotel if he knew where Captain Semmes lived.

No; he didn't.

"What paper does he edit?"

"No paper," said the clerk. "He *did* edit a paper once, but he gave that up."

"What is he doing now?"

"God knows," said the clerk.

"I reckon they'll be able to tell you at the *Tribune* office," said a tall gentleman who was lounging against the rails.

Away to the *Tribune* office I accordingly went; glad, when I reached it, to escape from the glare of the Southern sun, which, though it was still but the month of March, was flaming in the sky with furnace-heat. I made my way up to the editor's room, but was taken aback by the following intimation on the door:—

> POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE
> until after two o'clock,
> Except to whip the editors.

A conflict with a fighting editor struck me as an unhappy and precarious way of advancing my inquiries; however, I made bold to knock. The door was opened by a pale young gentleman with a quid of tobacco in his cheek, who told me that the editor was not in. I said that was a pity, as it prevented the possibility of whipping him. At this mild joke the pale young gentleman condescended (after ejecting a mouthful of tobacco juice) to smile. He said, in answer to my inquiries, that he could not tell where Semmes was to be found; thought he lived out in the country somewhere; but was certain they could inform me definitely in the office below.

No more knowledge on the subject seemed to exist in the office below than I had found in the office above. It occurred, however, to one gentleman that Captain Semmes was now a lawyer, and that his address might be found in the Directory. He obligingly went for the Directory—the Americans are generally very polite—

and turned up the name. There it was, sure enough, "Semmes, R., attorney, 4 Dauphin Street."

"Ah, 4 Dauphin Street," said the gentleman, sending a squirt under the counter, "he ain't there now; that's certain."

Here let me remark that the principal use of some directories in America seems to be to let you know where *not* to go.

"But here is his son," said the gentleman, who was still looking at the book, "Semmes, jr., at Caleb Price's, corner of Water and Conter Streets."

I thanked my polite friend, thought my search was to be crowned with success at last, and set off through the oppressive heat to Conter Street. I reached Price's, which turned out to be a hardware store, went in, and asked for Mr. Semmes.

"Ah, he ain't here now," said the man behind the counter." "He was here, but he is gone to Memphis."

"Is his father, the Admiral, at Mobile?"

"I reckon he is. Lives in the country somewhere."

"Do you know where I could find the exact address?"

"No, sir."

I began to think there was to be as much difficulty in capturing the Admiral as there had been in capturing his ship. This last straw broke the camel's back. I was already like to drop from sheer fatigue, and the thought of setting out on further search with no clue to success was too trying to be thought of. Half melted with the heat—Southern heat is something fearful—I got back to Battle House, and refreshed myself with such a dinner and such delicious iced water as can only be got in an American hotel.

Fortunately further search became unnecessary. In

the afternoon I met Major E—, a personal friend of Captain Semmes, who told me that the Admiral was now a public lecturer; that he was to deliver a lecture in Mobile that very night; and that he would have pleasure in going with me and introducing me. My only fear was that the Admiral might change his profession again before the hour of meeting and not make his appearance.

According to arrangement the Major accompanied me to the theatre, and took me round to the green room, that we might meet the Admiral before the lecture began.

We had waited but a few minutes when Semmes appeared. He is a small, dark-looking man, thin, wiry, weather-beaten in face, with a fierce-looking moustache twisted outwards at the ends, and a dangerous look about his black restless eyes. One can see at a glance that Semmes is no ordinary man.

He was dressed for the occasion in what a Scotchman would call his Sunday clothes—a sleek and most unpiratical suit of black, including dress coat, large white shirt-cuffs, and black tie hanging in front of his turn-down collar. He looked keenly and warily into my eyes as we shook hands, took a seat and entered into conversation, but was evidently a little troubled about his lecture, and would every now and then twist his moustache with an abstracted air. Two or three gentlemen came in, each of whom he pressed to take the chair at the meeting. One of them said his friend Mr. —— would be a much more suitable man. Mr. —— said he could not think of it, and suggested that it would be far better for the Admiral to have no chairman at all—that it was quite the custom now for

lecturers just to go in and begin without ceremony. It was true, and yet I could not but think that I detected an unexpressed reluctance to be associated with the Admiral in so public a manner when he was going to lecture on the very subject about which the party now in power felt so sore. Perhaps I was mistaken, but even if I was right, this feeling, in the present painful circumstances of the South, is not to be wondered at.

The few minutes' conversation I now had with the Admiral related to the *Alabama*. When the difficulty she had given rise to between Great Britain and America was mentioned, Semmes said,—"Great Britain had nothing to do with the *Alabama* in her capacity as a Confederate war-ship. The Yankee papers say she was equipped in a British port. It was not so. She left Liverpool like any merchant ship, without a gun or a single armed man aboard of her. I reached Liverpool three days after, and found that she had gone to the Azores. I followed her; and there a transport met us with guns. If any nation is responsible, it is Portugal. But Portugal is not responsible either; for she had no force there to prevent me. I was three days at the Azores, and then steamed out upon the high seas, and put the *Alabama* formally upon commission."

He also said,—"Not one penny of the cost was contributed in England. She was paid for out of the treasury of the Confederate States; and she was used for Confederate purposes, just as the rifles and ammunition bought by the North in England were used for Federal purposes."

He said that though the North laid so much stress on the *Alabama* having been built in England, he could prove to me, from documents in his possession, that the

Federal Government were at one time negotiating with Laird of Liverpool to build war-ships for them. A copy of these proofs he afterwards forwarded.

Speaking of life on board the *Alabama*, he said he had no chaplain on board, but Sunday was observed as a day of rest.

Describing the routine of capture, he said,—"I had a man at the masthead in all weathers. 'Sail ho!' from him announced a ship in sight. The officer on deck would then cry up to him through the trumpet, 'Where away? 'What does she look like?' and so forth. If she turned out to be a merchantman we hoisted the flag most likely to lull any suspicions, stood for her, and sent off a boat. As soon as our officer stepped aboard of her we hoisted the Confederate flag, and the officer pointed to it as the one under which the capture was made. When she was an American ship we took off her crew and burnt her. We had no resource; there was no port open to take her to. If she had English property aboard I took a ransom bond and let her go."

He had still some of these bonds "stowed away," he said, "where even Ben Butler in search of spoons could not find them." I asked him for one as a curiosity, seeing they were waste paper now; but the Admiral did not know what in the course of Providence might turn up yet, and thought it best to keep them.

It was now time for the lecture, so the Major and I went into the theatre and took our seats. There was a somewhat thin audience; but most of the Southern people of the lecture-attending kind had been almost beggared since the war, and the charge that night was, I think, a dollar.

It was some time after the hour before Semmes made

his appearance. At last he came stepping in quietly upon the stage alone, his hat in one hand, his manuscript in the other. The audience, as is customary at such meetings in America, received him in silence.

The Admiral, with his dark, weather-beaten face and corsair look, seemed to find himself out of his element standing in black clothes behind a reading-desk. His eyes, with a cast of sadness in them, glanced restlessly to different parts of the building; and once or twice he smacked his lips as if his mouth were too dry. His voice was somewhat weak, but he spoke distinctly, and gave us an exceedingly graphic and interesting lecture, with abundant evidence in it of thought, culture, and literary power. There was even a touch here and there of the moral philosopher. In describing his war upon the whale ships, he was led, by an unlooked-for association of ideas, into a dissertation on the natural history of the whale, and the beautiful providential arrangements by which God provides that animal with food, and prepares it for the use of man. "The same beneficent hand that feeds the raven," said the Admiral piously, "feeds the whale, carrying to it by the Gulf Stream the sea-nettles which it cannot go for itself." I thought if any New York shipowner was present he would wonder whether it was the same beneficent hand that had carried the Admiral in the same direction. There were very few peculiarities in his speech, except his Cockney-like addition of "r" in "Alabamar" and "idear;" also his American pronunciation of "calmly," as if it were spelt "kemly," and of "u" as if it were "oo"—"We threw a shot astern which *indooced* the merchantman to heave-to."

His lecture was an attempt to vindicate the career

of the *Alabama* on historical grounds. He compared the Confederate struggle against the North to the struggle of the American colonies against Britain, and said that although the one had succeeded and the other failed, this made no difference in the prior rights of belligerency. If George Washington's commission was valid, so was Robert E. Lee's; if Lee's was valid, so was the *Alabama's.*

He then drew a parallel between himself and Paul Jones, the American commander who figured so prominently in the American War of Independence. He said that Jones had destroyed many of his prizes, and with far less excuse than *he* had, for Jones had always open ports into which he could have carried his prizes for adjudication, whereas the *Alabama* was a homeless wanderer, with all the ports of the world shut against her. He had, therefore, done from necessity what Jones had so often done from choice. "And yet," he said, "the Yankees, who call Jones a hero, call me a pirate! It is the old story about the bull goring the wrong ox. What Jones destroyed was British commerce; what I destroyed was Yankee commerce That makes the difference."

At the close of his lecture he described with great eloquence of language the beautiful Sunday morning when he sailed his ship from the Azores out upon the high seas; and when for the first time the Confederate flag waved from her peak, and the name was given her that was soon to be written in lurid fires upon the ocean before the eyes of an astonished world.

"I was at her baptism," he said; "I was also at her burial. Two years had passed. Again it was Sunday—the 19th of June—this was her funeral morning."

He described his fight with the *Kearsarge* and its result. "Many," he said, with a touch of pathos, "many went down with the ship that day who had stood with bared heads at her christening on that Sunday morning two years before."

And now for a moment the Admiral's dark eyes kindled with fire, as he added,—

"No enemy's foot ever polluted her deck. No splinter of her hull, no shred of her flag remains as a trophy in the hands of the enemy!"

This passage, in newspaper phrase, "brought down the house."

I had many thoughts that night as I sat listening to Semmes. Had the South achieved her independence, this man, who (all honour to him) is now struggling by means of these lectures to earn an honest livelihood, would to-day have been one of the most important and prominent men in the Dis-United States of America. Success would have thrown out of sight the unpleasant facts in the history of his ship, and Admiral Semmes would have been handed down to the admiration of posterity as the great captain who, with one ship, and in a few months, swept the American flag from the ocean. But the South fell, and Semmes (not Admiral at all[1]) is called a pirate. Here is some food for thought, if not some ground for charity.

Let me add a word here about the *Alabama* difficulty. I found the Americans all over the North feeling very keenly about it. Their feeling was not so

[1] I was told at Washington that when Semmes called on President Johnson about his pardon, he sent in his card as "Admiral Semmes." The usher returned after a while to say that the President knew no one in God's creation owning such a name and title. The Admiral took the hint, and sent in his card as "Mr. Semmes."

much against Semmes and the South as it was against us. It was no doubt provoking that two or three Confederate cruisers should have destroyed so much valuable commerce and almost driven their flag from the ocean. But, then, had the circumstances of North and South been reversed, no doubt the North would itself, if a chance occurred, have done with Southern commerce precisely what Semmes and Maffitt did with hers. Their strongest feeling on the subject was in reference to this country. And let me say, that I think they were feeling about the matter very much as we should feel if under similar circumstances they had done by us as we during the early part of the war did by them. Let us suppose that Ireland rose in open rebellion, and that the Americans showed their sympathy with the Irish as we showed ours with the Confederates. They would, of course, have a perfect right (just as we had) to give their sympathies where they pleased: *but how should we like it?* Their case is even stronger, for this reason, that the people in this country seem to anticipate that America would sympathize with Ireland, while the people of the Free States in America anticipated confidently that we (in a case where slavery was involved) would sympathize heartily with them. The revulsion of feeling was necessarily greater. France, therefore, would be a better parallel; where in a war between Free Government and Personal Power we should confidently expect American sympathy.

Suppose then that we were at war with France, and that instead of the Americans sympathizing with us they should crow over every British defeat, and in spite of our entreaties should disregard the questions involved,—how would this be likely to affect our feel-

ings towards the Americans? Suppose, further, that American shipbuilders should build fast ships intended to be let loose on British commerce; that one of these, followed by others, should begin upon the high seas the wholesale destruction of British commerce, lighting up the ocean with the flames of our burning ships; and suppose, finally, that the Americans (those at any rate whose voices were heard in this country) should cheer on these destroyers of our peaceful merchantmen—should gleefully record their depredations and fête their officers at American ports—how should we like all this? and how should we feel if the Americans, when we expressed our indignation, should content themselves with saying, "What have you against us? Our Government is neutral. It didn't let these ships go. In fact, it meant to stop them as soon as it became perfectly clear that they were meant to prey on your commerce, but somehow before the evidence was quite complete the ships got away."

Would that pacify us, when we saw that while these ships were burning millions' worth of our merchandise and driving the British flag from the seas, the Americans (within the limits allowed by legal neutrality) were cheering on these cruisers, and laughing at our painful attempts to catch them? I think, on the contrary, that we should have felt towards them very much as they have felt towards us.

This is the canker that underlies the legal question, and makes it so difficult to solve. In itself, of course, the legal question is important—far more important to us (as well as to America) than the worth of all the shipping destroyed or all the damages that may be claimed. But American exasperation was not caused

by violation of law on our part, nor will it be allayed by pecuniary compensation. However the legal question is settled, the restoration of harmony of feeling between the two nations can only be brought about, so far as we are concerned, (1.) by our realizing that the American feeling towards us is just what ours would have been in like circumstances towards them; and (2.) by our feeling and acting now towards the American Government and people as we, under the supposed change of circumstances, would wish them to feel and act towards us. When the Christian law is fulfilled, the claims of international law will, I humbly believe, be easily and cheerfully satisfied on both sides.

IX.

NEW ORLEANS.

FROM Mobile I went on to New Orleans by water. It was a bright warm afternoon when we left the city behind us, and steamed out into what I should have taken for a vast calm sea, had it not been for the posts that stuck out of the water at intervals along our course for miles, indicating the narrow channel by which steamers have to find their way out through the shallows into the Gulf of Mexico. The route is westward by Chandeleur Bay; and early next morning the steamer reaches Port au Place, the landing-point for New Orleans. Let me, in passing, give a word of advice to any reader who may have to take that sail. When you are asked before you retire at night if you wish to be awakened in the morning for the first train, say "Yes." The train starts at an inhuman hour—five o'clock, or earlier—the second not till seven. But if, beguiled by the hope of two additional hours of sleep, you say that you will wait for the second train, the following experience awaits you. At a quarter past four in the morning, when you are enjoying the best part of your night's repose, you are awakened by a terrific knocking at your cabin-door, within three feet of your head, followed by a voice inquiring if you are going by the first train. As soon as you have

collected your scattered senses, you reply, probably with some irritation, "No!" and, turning over, you try to compose yourself to sleep again. In this you are not assisted by the loud knocking at the next cabin-door, and the next, though if you are a sufficiently wicked person, it may give you a little malignant gratification to think that others are getting their night's rest broken as well as yourself; also to hear that the man in the next cabin but one has assailed the knocking demon with a volley of invectives, which you feel are richly deserved, but which are expressed with less choiceness of language than you would wish to employ yourself. As soon as there is silence you begin to woo back your sleep, and have just relapsed into unconsciousness, when you are nearly startled out of your berth by another loud knock at your door, and a different voice informing you, in an imperative tone, that the train is just going. Your first impulse is to spring up, open the door, snatch a boot or anything that comes to hand, and hurl it at the intruder's head; but, by a powerful effort, you control yourself, and reply, with ferocious indignation, that you don't go with that train. You are now, in spite of all your efforts to the contrary, kept awake for the better part of half-an-hour, by the trampling of feet and voices of people on the pier, all of which are by-and-by superseded by a hideous noise in the outer air, such as might proceed from a gigantic donkey attempting to bray with a bad cold in its throat, which your previous experience enables you to refer to the railway engine. When this doleful overture is over, and you hear the train go off, you turn in your berth with a sense of relief, and try once more to sleep; but no sooner have you begun to doze, than once more a

furious knock awakes you, this time for the second train. All is over now, and you get up and dress, to discover, with renewed indignation, that you have been aroused three-quarters of an hour too soon, and that there is nothing for you on the programme but to stand shivering on the deck or the long wooden pier, doubtful whether the pale green scene around you, gleaming through the poisonous mist, is water or land; and reflecting that, if you had only taken the first train, you might already have been at your hotel in the city, and preparing to enjoy a comfortable breakfast.

The first day I spent in New Orleans was Sunday. All morning the streets were alive with people swarming to and from the market-places, and pouring out from the Catholic places of worship. During the earlier part of the day vast numbers of shops were open, and people sitting reading the morning papers as on other days. The French, rather than the British or American, idea of Sunday seems to prevail. There is a magnificent Catholic cathedral in the city, and Romanism is strong, owing partly to so large a portion of the population being of French and Spanish extraction. Some of the districts (*faubourgs*, as they are still called,) are almost entirely French; and French taste and Spanish magnificence are discernible in the houses, the equipages, and the dress and manners of the people. The New Orleans ladies are very beautiful, their loveliness being of the pale and delicate caste known in Italy as *morbidezza*, and they dress with great elegance and taste. A New Orleans belle reclining at ease and fanning herself, is loveliness and grace personified. Many of the younger men have a fierce, dangerous look about them, different

from anything I observed as a common feature in other American cities.

The war had told heavily on the trade of New Orleans, and some of the old merchants seemed to think that her glory had departed. Nothing, however, can permanently affect the prosperity of a city enjoying such splendid advantages of location. Those vast rivers of the north and north-west—the Upper Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Missouri—draining one of the richest regions in the world, pour their treasures into the Lower Mississippi, which rolls them down to New Orleans. More than 20,000 miles of navigable inland waters, finding their gateway to the ocean through that city, can scarcely fail to preserve for it a foremost place amongst the commercial centres and seaports of the world. Its greatest enemy is yellow fever; but efforts have been made of late years, by sanitary improvements, to rid the city of this annual visitation, and these have been attended with considerable success. As immigration increases, and the marshy country around becomes drained and cultivated, it is hoped that "Yellow Jack" may have a final quietus given him.

The vast area covered by the city is almost as flat as a billiard-board. It lies at a lower level than the Mississippi, which flows round part of it behind the protecting embankments called levees. The drainage of the city is, therefore, not into the river, but away from it, to the lake; and advantage is taken of the higher level of the river to bring streams of water from it into the streets to flow in little runnels at the sides, helping to keep the streets clean and wholesome.

The city in every direction is intersected with street railways, such as are almost universal in American

towns, and are coming now into this country, but which are said to have been first introduced in New Orleans. Great expense is saved there in working them, by dispensing with conductors. On entering, you drop your fare into a box at the driver's back, which box having glass sides, allows him to see that the right fare is put in. On seeing this he touches a spring, which allows the money to drop through the bottom into a receptacle beneath, of which the company keeps the key. Should you happen to be without change, you pass a bill through to the driver, who gives you the entire change, out of which you put the exact fare into the box for yourself. These arrangements prevent dishonesty on the driver's part, and save the expense of an extra man on every car.

The same arrangement has been adopted in several other American cities. In Mobile, there was a notice over the box to the effect that "Payment of fare (10 cents) is intrusted to the honour of passengers;" but the appended instructions, "Don't fold your fare, that the driver may see it," showed that Patrick had been giving his assistance in the arrangements. The etiquette is for gentlemen to pay before taking their seats, and for ladies, immediately after taking their seats, to give their fare to the nearest gentleman, who passes it into the box for them. Along the ceiling of each car there is slung a strap, which, when touched, springs a bell for the conductor to stop. In New Orleans, where the arrangements are very perfect, two strokes of the bell mean "stop at once;" one stroke means "stop at the first crossing."

The principal hotels in the great city of the South are got up in a costly and magnificent style. All

American hotels tend to greater size and magnificence than ours, having, indeed, a wider purpose. They are not merely designed for the accommodation of passing travellers; they are rather gigantic boarding-houses, to which passing travellers have free access. I have lived in American hotels where three or four hundred people sat down to dinner, of whom not one hundred were travellers. The others were persons who were either regular boarders, living there month by month, and year by year, or they were persons who had houses or bedrooms elsewhere, but fed at the hotel. Both classes are very numerous in America. It is not uncommon for a newly-married couple, who are either unable to furnish a house, or do not wish to incur the trouble of housekeeping and the management of servants, to begin their married life in a hotel, remain perhaps for years, and bring up their little children there. There are also many men, and women too, who are so uncertain one year what and where they may be the next, that they "elect," as they say themselves, to board in a hotel till they shall see more clearly what is before them. Of course, the people who thus accumulate in hotels are a very small fraction of the population, but they are sufficiently numerous to give all the hotels a considerable number, and in some cases an immense number of permanent boarders. The consequence of this is that in small out-of-the-way towns and villages, which in this country would have no accommodation for travellers beyond some dingy little tavern, with half-a-dozen musty bedrooms, the tourist in America is astonished to find large airy hotels, four storeys high, painted white, with green shutters and balconies, affording ample accommodation, and having a public table at

which fifty or a hundred people sit down to every meal daily all the year round. The presence of so many resident boarders secures to the traveller far better accommodation than he could have in this country at the same price, or indeed at any price. The cost of living at an American hotel ranges from $2 to $6 a day—the most common charge being $3—that is, nominally, 12s., but really, at present, only about 9s., by reason of the value of gold. For this you have not only a comfortable bedroom, public parlours, smoking-rooms, reading-rooms, and service, but you have three or four sumptuous meals every day, which, if ordered privately, on the British system, would cost from 4s. to £1 a piece.

To show that I am not speaking at random, let me give the ordinary bill of fare for dinner in the hotel where I stayed at New Orleans, and where, I think, the charge was three and a half dollars a day. And let the reader remember that the guests are free not only to choose a dish out of every course, but to order as many dishes in each course as he pleases—could, in fact, if he had a stomach like Apicius, partake of them all, and pay nothing extra.

DINNER.

Soups.—Ox-joint; vermicelli.
Fish.—Baked red snapper, with brown oyster sauce.
Boiled.—Leg of mutton, with caper sauce; sugar-cured ham; corned beef.
Cold Dishes.—Corned beef; roast beef; mutton; ham.
Roast.—Beef; loin of lamb; pig, with apple sauce; loin of pork; loin of mutton; loin of veal.
Entrées.—Beef à la mode; calves head, with brain sauce; croquettes of rice, with lemon sauce; calves feet à la Pascaline; veal and ham scolloped with mushrooms; maccaroni, with Italian sauce; oyster patties.
Vegetables.—Irish potatoes, mashed or boiled; hominy; rice; beans; spinach; cabbage.

Relishes.—Worcestershire sauce; mushroom catsup; walnut and tomato catsup; pickled beets; mixed pickles; pickled cucumbers; Cumberland sauce; lettuce; cheese; Harvey sauce; beefsteak sauce; John Bull sauce.

Pastry and Pudding.—Gooseberry pie; bread pudding, with brandy sauce; Pethivier pie; Genoese perlies: biscuits Milanais; annisette jelly; English cream.

Dessert.—Raisins; filberts; almonds; pecans; oranges.

COFFEE.

This was a specimen of every day's dinner, and dinner was but one of three meals, all included in the moderate daily charge named. Breakfast went on from seven in the morning to ten; dinner from two to half-past four; supper from seven to twelve.

To get the full advantage of these hotels you must, of course, conform to their arrangements. Breakfast at the public table when breakfast is going on; dine when dinner is going on; sup when supper is going on. If you want to read, write, or smoke, go to the public rooms assigned for the purpose, for if you don't, you must make up your mind to pay for your eccentricities. If you are not satisfied with the public parlour and want one for yourself, you will probably be charged ten to twenty shillings a day extra. If you dislike sitting at the public table, and order your meals to your own room, you will be charged for it. And if you miss a meal, or half-a-dozen meals, it makes no difference in your expense. The charge is so much a day, and you pay that amount whether you avail yourself of the accommodation provided for it or not.

It was still the month of March when I visited New Orleans, but the weather had become intensely hot. Pears were ripe, and the second crop of strawberries was in the market. The first crop had come on at Christmas-time in consequence of an unusually mild

winter. Mosquitoes too, which have no moral right to appear before the month of May, were already beginning to sound their piobrach in the bedroom. I got no sleep the first night with these little winged tormentors. The second night the mosquito-curtains were up. Going about the blazing city during the day, I often thought I should have dropped. My hat felt like a stove, and I was consumed with burning thirst. Wherever there was an awning I walked under it; wherever there was a streak of shadow six inches broad on the heated pavement I clung to it, but even the best shaded streets had their crossings, and the great central thoroughfare that stretches back from the levee seemed, in the fiery heat, to be about half-a-mile wide. Fortunately or unfortunately, every house, store, and office had its fountain of iced water, and wherever I called, my first petition, after the usual salutation, was for a draught of this delicious, but, as I afterwards found, rather dangerous beverage.

The people themselves said that the weather was unusually hot for the season, but they were on the outlook for rain, and anticipated that after the first shower the temperature would fall, and they should have another month or two of tolerably cool weather.

At New Orleans, I met General Beauregard, who played so prominent a part in the opening scenes of the great war drama. It was he who, on the morning of the 12th of April 1861, fired that "first gun" of immortal memory, which shook the continent, and awoke the whole thunder of the war. He commanded the Confederates at Bull Run, and was the General who effected the "bottling-up" of Benjamin Butler at Ber-

muda Hundreds, but his *chef-d'œuvre* was the defence of Fort Sumter, which he held tenaciously to the last year of the war, against all the force that the North could bring against it. Hence his sobriquet of "THE MAN OF SUMTER," by which he became known in Confederate history.

He is now employed as president of the New Orleans and Great Northern Railway. His property near Memphis is still held by the Government. The Freedmen's Bureau have erected a large negro school on part of it, where I found some of Beauregard's former slaves amongst the scholars.

Beauregard is a small, spare, genteel-looking man, with short dark hair, and iron-grey moustache. I had notes from some of his old comrades in arms, and he received me with great politeness. He has French blood in him, and his manner is more cordial than is common amongst the Americans.

In talking of the Federal and Confederate commanders, he spoke with great respect and admiration of General Lee. He said Longstreet also was an admirable soldier. "He inspired his men with perfect confidence, which always indicates a superior officer."

He evidently regarded Jackson, however, as the genius of the war. "Lee was the trained soldier; Jackson was the born soldier. He was an extraordinary man. He had not only the inspiration of a patriot; he believed that he was directly commissioned by the Almighty. He was an enthusiast, but the people who disparage him don't know him. He could have commanded an army just as well as he commanded a corps."

Of Federal General M'Clellan he said,—"M'Clellan was a fine engineer; but he had been unaccustomed to handle masses of men, and he was just getting his hand in when he was displaced. His great defect was his lack of personal daring; but if they had let M'Clellan alone they would have been in Richmond sooner than they were."

He seemed reluctant to express his opinion of Grant. "But," he said, "if Grant and Lee had changed places; if Grant had been at the head of only 50,000 men, and Lee had had 150,000, how long do you think Grant would have held his ground? Or take Joe Johnston and Sherman. If Johnston had been at the head of Sherman's army, and Sherman at the head of Johnston's, do you think Sherman would ever have got into the South; or if he got in, have ever got out again? That is the way to look at it. We had to fight against overwhelming odds."

Speaking of the defence of Charleston, he said,—"I have always intended to write a history of it. But the Federal troops captured my baggage with all the papers. I got the baggage back, but the papers were retained, and without them I could do nothing but write a novel on the subject."

He said the world would never get much more than the Northern side of the war. The North had possession of all the materials, and could do with them what it liked. On the Southern side, the "Recollections of Governor Allen," and "Cooke's Wearing of the Grey," were good, but rather sketches than history. Pollard, he said, professed to give Confederate history, but he was unreliable. Jordan's "Life of Forrest" was good, and had the best account ever published of the battle

of Shiloh.[1] Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," though written by a Northern man, was fair; but was written when everything was in confusion, and was therefore in many points erroneous.

In answer to a question about negro soldiers, he said, —"The negroes, if disciplined, make very efficient soldiers; but they have not the *morale* of white troops."

After referring to the changes that the war had made in the South, and the want there was for white immigration to develop the resources of the country under the new system, he showed me the map of the New Orleans and Jackson Railway, and, running his finger up the eastern side of the Mississippi, said,—"We have land there along the railway track for ten thousand families. Your Scotch small farmers, with a little capital and personal acquaintance with farm work, are just the men we want, and the men that would soon find themselves in excellent positions here."

Previous to my leaving New Orleans, the General gave me a kind note to the railway officials along his line, in case I should go North that way. This I was unable to do; but afterwards, having occasion to travel

[1] The battle of Shiloh, named after a church, is the same known by the Federals as the battle of Pittsburg Landing. It has been noted as a curious fact that the North, where possible, named its battles from natural, the South from artificial objects. The North named the battle of Bull Run from a brook: the South called it the battle of Manassas, from the adjacent railway station. The Northern battle of Antietam, named from another brook, is the Southern battle of Sharpsburg, named from the village. The Northern battle of the Chickahominy, named after the river, is the Southern battle of Cold Harbour, named after a tavern. In like manner, the Northern armies were named from the rivers, as the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of the Cumberland; while the Southern Armies were named from the artificial divisions of the country—the Army of Tennessee, the Army of Northern Virginia, and so on.

through part of Tennessee by rail, and finding the conductor—from whom I particularly wanted some information—very surly, I thought next time he came round I would try the effect of Beauregard's note. When the man read the note, he looked at me, and read it again; then, folding it up very carefully, he fired a shot of tobacco-juice aside, and said impressively, "A friend, sir, of General Beauregard's is a friend of mine." He sat down beside me, and began to tell me that he had fought under Beauregard himself at the battle of Corinth. He gave me all the information I wanted; but being evidently anxious to show his respect for his old General in some more tangible way, he went and brought me some choice cigars, which he pressed me to take. It was a little incident, but it is one of a thousand illustrations I had of the feelings which the people cherish for their fallen chiefs.

X.

ODD CUSTOMS.

THERE are some odd practices which, in the vulgar notions about America, obtain no doubt absurd prominence, but which nevertheless do prevail more or less all over the States, and specially in the South and West. One of these is the practice of sitting with the feet thrown up on the nearest elevation. Walking about in New Orleans one day, my eye was arrested by the strange spectacle of twenty or thirty pairs of boots sticking out skywards over the gilded balcony of one of the principal hotels. They turned out to be the boots of twenty or thirty gentlemen sitting up in the balcony, who, with their feet over the rail, and their chairs tipped back, were smoking their cigars and reading the evening papers. Even in the House of Representatives at Washington, one of the first objects that attracted my attention on entering was a pair of large boots exhibiting their soles on one of the desks immediately in front of the Speaker's chair. On passing further in, I obtained a view of the honourable gentleman to whom the boots belonged, and who, leaning back in his chair, with folded arms, had thrown his feet upon his desk as the posture most conducive to ease and meditation. Here and there, in that large and fine assembly, some other member could be seen in the same strange attitude.

When I remarked this to Mr. Colfax, then speaker of the House, who was with me, he said,—"You would think that unmannerly in England. But your members sit down in the House of Commons with their hats on. We should consider that unmannerly here."

The negroes very naturally imitate their old masters; and, in the mixed Conventions in the South, it was a ludicrous picture of the revolution that has taken place, to see here and there, between two white members, a coal-black gentleman reclining easily in his chair, with his arms folded, and his large feet thrown luxuriously over his desk.

It is only one feature of the ease and absence of formality that strikes a stranger oddly about most Americans. Even their representative kings and noblemen hedge themselves round with no divinity. Their outgoings and incomings are generally free from all pomp and circumstance. You go up to the White House to see the President in any kind of dress you please, give your card to the usher, who wears no livery of any kind, and wait your turn. The President, who is dressed quite as plainly as you are, receives you without any fuss, hears what you have to say, perhaps offers you a cigar if he thinks you a nice fellow, and shakes hands with you before you go. All public men in America are more accessible than with us; and their unvarying courtesy, in spite of the extent to which they must be bored by visitors, continually astonished me.

In some circles, especially in the great centres of civilisation, style and etiquette prevail just as in refined circles here; and, as a people, the Americans dress better than we do. But they like to assert their freedom; and the contempt they often show for what

we call "appearances," strikes a stranger very oddly. Even in New York, I remember meeting a D.D. and magazine editor leaving his office with a large basket over his arm, such as a servant uses here for marketing. At dinner-parties you often find gentlemen coming without any regard to uniformity of attire, and at one party in the house of a wealthy politician, I remember our host receiving the company in his shooting-coat. At Montgomery, Alabama, when visiting the State House where the Confederate Government held its first sittings, we were introduced to the Secretary of State, who was hard at work at his desk, and who received us cordially in his shirt-sleeves. One of the heads of departments at Des Moines, in the State of Iowa, welcomed us in exactly the same costume. The day was warm, and it was more comfortable to be without one's coat. Why then should he keep it on? It was the Republican idea in its rough form. The man was there—the Secretary of State was there—coat or no coat made no difference in his ability to do his work. The coat was nothing; the man was everything.

All official costumes or liveries are unpopular in the States. They seem to be regarded as menial and unrepublican. Even the railway guards and porters dress just like other people. The conductor occasionally wears a little band round his cap, or a little silver brooch fastened on his coat, that you may know him; but it is only to prevent confusion, and let you see that you are giving your ticket to the right man. Ministers dress like laymen, very rarely wearing a white tie, either in the pulpit or out of it. As for pulpit-gowns, I don't remember having seen such a

thing in the United States, except in Episcopal churches. The common practice is for the minister to walk up to the pulpit in his overcoat, and take it off there at his leisure—sometimes taking off his overshoes there also. At public meetings even greater license is sometimes claimed. Smith, the late Governor of Virginia, began a speech on one occasion with his overcoat and muffler both on. Finding himself getting too warm, he threw them off and proceeded. When the vehemence of his delivery began to bring out a perspiration upon him, he said,—"If the audience will allow me, I will take off my coat,"—which he did. Warming still more over his subject, he next threw off his collar, unbuttoned the neck of his shirt, rolled up his sleeves, and in this state delivered a peroration that brought down the house.

When I remarked to a friend in the Old Dominion that it was strange to see so much absence of formality, he said,—"You will find more of that sort of thing in the Carolinas." Failing to see much of it even there, I mentioned the fact to a young lawyer at Raleigh.

"Oh!" said he, "if it is ancient forms you want, come up to the Supreme Court to-morrow morning, and see it opened in the old Norman style."

I was there before the hour, and found the judges, attorneys, and clients all talking familiarly together round the stove. The Marshall, Mr. Litchford, vulgarly known as "Old Litchford," whose business it is to open the Court, was also there, dressed like a respectable working-man, without any badge of office. Litchford, by the way, was the identical tailor to whom Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States, was apprenticed in Raleigh when he was a tailor-lad.

When nine o'clock arrived, the Judges took their seats upon the Bench, and the Chief Justice ordered the Marshall to open the Court. Whereupon old Litchford, rolling his quid into his cheek, and squirting, cried, —"O yez! O yez! this Supreme Court is now opened; God bless the State and this honourable Court!" and wound up with another squirt by way of peroration. The Supreme Court of North Carolina was thus re-opened in the old Norman style. It was comical enough, but then the Supreme Court was not the less Supreme, nor were the lawyers less able or less eminent men on that account. I daresay many of our forms appear just as absurd to the Americans.

Mr. Vance, ex-governor of the same State, said jocosely, when this subject was mooted,—"Don't go away with the notion that we discard forms. Judge ——, sir, is as great a stickler for forms as any man in your country. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The Judge told him to hold up his right hand.

"Can't do it, sir," said the man.

"Why not?"

"Got a shot in that arm, sir."

"Then hold up your left."

The man said he had got a shot in that arm too.

"Then," said the Judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this Court by law, unless he holds up something!"

Whittling is another odd practice still common enough with some Americans when they have nothing better to do, or have any nervous energy to work off. The ex-governor just referred to, when I first saw him in a

friend's office, was amusing himself, as he talked to his friend notching the corner of the rude chair with his whittling knife. Bourienne records the same thing of Napoleon, so let us suppose that it is a mark of genius.

I remember, at the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterians at Albany, observing Dr. Charles Hodge, the well-known American theologian, sitting in the sofa of honour in rear of the platform, intent, during the greater part of a debate, in cutting the top of a stick into what appeared to be intended for a dog's head. They tell the story of a young American, who, being poor, found great difficulty in overcoming the objection of his inamorata's father to the match. One day he took his minister with him to testify to his character and urge his suit. While the minister did so, the excited youth sat nervously whittling the top of his stick. The old gentleman watched him, and at last got up and said,—"No, sir, you shan't have my daughter. I have watched you whittling that stick, and if you had made a man's head of it, or a dog's head, or the likeness of any mortal thing in heaven above or in the earth beneath, I'd have said, 'Take the girl;' but a man that whittles a stick for fifteen minutes and makes nothing of it, ain't worth a ten-cent cuss."

A much less agreeable and at the same time a much more common habit in America, is the chewing and spitting of tobacco. This practice prevails more or less all over the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Mexican Gulf. Happily it is disappearing in New England, and from amongst the classes of highest refinement all over the States. But the extent to which it still prevails in some parts of the South and West would

scarcely be credited. You see people chewing and spitting in the streets, in the stores, in the hotels, especially around the stove, and in every ferryboat, steamboat, and railway car. I remember, on the Charlotte Road, a man getting out at a way-station, where his wife was meeting him. He appeared to be delighted to see her, and stepping up, rolled his quid into his "off cheek," gave a diagonal squirt, to prepare for the enjoyment, and then kissed her. There was a juiciness about the transaction that keeps it very fresh in my memory. Even in New England you see the floors of railway cars traversed with heavy splashes of tobacco juice, which have been projected with inadequate force in the direction of some distant spittoon; and at other times filthy with puddles of the same fluid, gradually thickening and expanding between the feet of assiduous chawers. I can still recall the intense gratification with which I beheld the man who sat next me letting fall his clean copy of *Harper's Monthly* into the puddle he had been making between his feet and mine.

It is not only the commoner classes that indulge in this offensive habit. I remember one of the most eminent ministers in South Carolina, with whom I had a warm discussion at his own fireside on the subject of slavery, pulling a knife out of one pocket, a cake of tobacco out of another, cutting a plug for himself, and beginning to chew and spit vigorously, as if to work off the extra excitement, and keep himself cool enough for argument. I remember the Governor of another Southern State explaining to me the strange relation in which he stood to the Military Department, and nailing down each statement with an emphatic squirt into the adjacent spittoon. I remember still more

vividly—the incongruity was so ludicrous to one unaccustomed to the fashion of the country—a Southern poet reading me some of his verses, with a large plug of tobacco in his mouth; and every now and then, when his mouth became too full, stopping in the middle of some beautiful line to squirt another mouthful of tobacco juice towards the grate. In Courts of Justice you sometimes see the officer give a squirt, and call up the next witness, the witness take up the Bible, and give a squirt before kissing it; and the Mayor squirting in the spittoon at his feet before proceeding to put the man upon his oath. All this is so much a thing of custom that the people themselves are almost unconscious of it, and probably will not believe how conspicuous it is to a stranger. It seems to them no more offensive than smoking appears to us, or snuffing did to our grandfathers.

It is a partial approximation to our own views of the practice that it is considered desirable to have the expectorated juice discharged into spittoons and carried forth from the sight of men. In many of the railway cars, placards are stuck up requesting particularly that gentlemen will spit *in* the spittoons. In deference to which request I observed that gentlemen spat in the direction of the spittoons, but not always with the success which one could have desired. On one line the check-tickets which passengers get to stick in their hats had the following admonition on the back :—

> Those who *expect-to-rate* as gentlemen, will not *expectorate* on the floor!

Spittoons are everywhere. They occupy an honoured

place at the White House. They cover the floors of both Houses of Congress, and the floors of all the Legislative Halls throughout the country. They abound in steamboat saloons and cabins, in railway cars, in stores, offices, private houses, colleges, and even in places of public worship. I was only surprised that the national principle had not introduced one with a chawed-up plug of tobacco in it under the beak of the American eagle, with the view of properly indicating its nationality.

The increasing refinement of the country, however, is setting its face against this disgusting practice.

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, but it is said that ladies in some parts of the South use tobacco also. Not in the public and vulgar way common amongst the men, but in the form of snuff, into which a little stick of fibrous wood is dipped and then chewed. The practice is known in North Carolina by the name of "dipping." It is said to keep the teeth beautiful and white. I sometimes saw a negro woman with the dipping stick between her lips; but white ladies are not disposed to own the soft impeachment, and reports vary as to the prevalence of the practice.

Another custom which is queer enough at a proper distance is that of carrying arms. Such a thing is scarcely known in New England or the settled Northern States, but in some parts of the South and South-west it seemed to me that almost everybody carried some murderous weapon about with him. I remember one day, in Alabama, getting into conversation in the cars with a mild-looking gentleman who sat opposite, and expressing my surprise at this practice.

"I guess," said he, "it's safer. I always carry seven shots about with me myself."

The mild-looking gentleman, as he spoke, drew up a corner of his vest and gave me a glimpse of a revolver that was stuck into his trousers' pocket.

I found he was connected with the Government operations for completing the national cemeteries; so that he might be, or might suppose himself to be, more in danger than ordinary men. The disturbed state of the country at the time probably caused an unusually large number to go about armed, but the practice seems to have been always common over a great part of the South, as well as along the Western frontiers, where the unsettled state of society and the inaccessibility of proper Courts of Justice, throw upon every man the duty of self-defence. I cannot say that, even in the worst parts, I encountered any of those dangerous characters who are said to pick their teeth with bowie-knives; but in liquor-saloons and gambling-houses (which the reader will not mistake my motive in visiting) I have seen a man change his revolver to a more convenient pocket, or unbuckle it and lay it under his elbow, as if to give fair warning that he was not to be trifled with. People who frequent such places must, of course, take their chance, and are themselves to blame, if they get into a brawl at last, and are cut up with a bowie-knife, or shot. But I am disposed to estimate as very slight the danger which any man runs, even in the worst parts of the South-west, who is engaged in honest work and attends to his own business. At New Orleans, which had a bad character for murder and outrage before the war, I was spending an evening with Mr. M'Coard, a Scotchman, who has been there for the greater part of his life. When I spoke to him

about this practice of carrying arms, he put his finger into his waistcoat pocket and brought forth a small penknife with one of the blades broken.

"This," said he, "is the only weapon I have ever carried, and I have been here for thirty years, and have often had occasion to pass at night through the worst parts of this city. But, then, I attended to my own business, and interfered with nobody else."[1]

[1] Let me add a word here about the alleged dangerous intolerance of the Southern people, of which I had often read in books, and of which I had several times been warned in the North. If it is common now, as it seems to have been in the days and on the subject of slavery, I saw very little of it; and even when discussing questions on which my views were entirely at variance with theirs, I found myself always listened to with patience, and treated with the most perfect courtesy.

I confess to having doubts whether the same consideration would always have been shown me had I come from New England instead of Scotland. The feeling against Northern measures, Northern institutions, and Northern people, was very strong, and seemed to have been imbibed even by the children. "O God, bless our folks," prayed one little Southern child, at her mother's knee, "but don't you, God, be going and blessing the Yankees!" Northern capitalists trying to settle in the South, were getting the cold shoulder given them; and Northern officers were, as a rule, excluded from Southern society. I feel bound to say that, as far as my observation went, this antipathy was almost entirely on the Southern side. In the North, I heard almost nothing expressed but compassion for the South in her desolation, regret that the war had become necessary, and sincere desire (the war being over and the new principles established) to live with the Southern people on terms of cordial friendship. Of course the circumstances of North and South after the war have much to do with this difference of feeling. Magnanimity and kindness are virtues much easier of practice to the victor than to the vanquished. But Southern feeling is not the less to be deplored, and it is pleasant to see that in many quarters it is changing. I remember, in the hotel at Raleigh, hearing a long and amicable discussion carried on between old Federal and Confederate officers who, three years before, had been seeking each others' lives on the field of battle. And now that slavery, the great wall of partition, is thrown down, and intercourse between North and South is daily increasing, it may be confidently anticipated that the two peoples, coming to know each other better, will come to love and honour and respect each other more.

X.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

"ARE you going as far as the Mississippi River?" a New York friend asked me before I began my Southern tour.

I said it was my hope to get as far as that at least.

"Then take my advice," he said, "and don't go aboard a Mississippi steamer."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll run the risk of going heavenwards faster than you want," he replied; "these steamers have an ugly habit of blowing up."[1]

"Do you intend sailing on the Mississippi?" asked another friend when I had got to Philadelphia.

I told him that very likely I should.

"Because, if you do," he said, "I would recommend you to take a berth as far aft as possible."

"For what reason?"

"Because if there's a blow-up," he said, "you have a better chance of getting ashore."

Similar advices were given by so many friends in the Eastern States, some of them in joke, others manifestly

[1] The correspondent of a Western paper, who had been blown up on the Mississippi, published shortly afterwards a description of the heavenly land to which, he said, he had been blown. When asked how he had got down again, he replied,—"I greased my pants and slid down on a rainbow."

in earnest, that when at New Orleans I *did* go aboard a Mississippi steamer on my way to Vicksburg, the possibility of an explosion was sufficiently present to my mind to make me ask the clerk as a particular favour to let me have a berth as far aft as he could.

"I reckon," he said, as he passed me the book to enter my name, "most of the aft berths are taken up; but I'll give you the farthest aft there is vacant."

I thanked him with great cordiality, and, on his giving me my key, went off in good spirits to see where my cabin was. I confess to a very distinct subsidence in my feelings of gratitude and satisfaction when I found that the aft berths had been so far taken up that mine was the one exactly over the boiler-pipes. The steamer, however, looked so magnificent, with her deck-cabins towering into the sky, and her vast saloon sparkling with white and gold, that I felt as if the explosion of so majestic a structure was not a thing to be imagined.

When the engines began to work and the floating palace moved out into the river, I felt this confidence beginning to give way. I don't know whether her being a high-pressure steamboat had anything to do with it, but instead of making the usual noise of machinery, she began to draw huge soft breaths that seemed to inflate her from stem to stern; and while it sent her speeding on with her airy bulk over the smooth water, gave at the same time a light tremulous jigging motion to everything, as if the mighty fabric were constructed of pasteboard.

Nor was this the last source of uneasiness. When night came on I retired to my cabin. It was a beautiful little room—one of a hundred such—all white and

gold, with muslin curtains; marble washstand, and a mirror with resplendent frame. But a skeleton presided at this feast of upholstery. Over the mirror was fastened a neatly printed card conveying the following little piece of information :—

> Passengers will find
> LIFE-BELTS
> under their berths.
> The doors can also be lifted
> easily off their hinges, and the
> MATTRESSES
> make good life-preservers.

I confess that I did not go to bed any easier in mind after reading that. It was no doubt well to know that, if occasion called for it, a life-belt was within arm's-length; also that the door could be lifted easily off its hinges; but the possibility of having to make a run down the Mississippi River in the middle of the night on the back of a cabin-door, was not the most cheerful thought with which to lull one's-self to repose. I have said that my berth was immediately over the boiler-pipes. The steam in these vessels is not blown off near the top of the funnel, as in ours, but is blown out through the side. The consequence was, that whenever during the night the steamer had to stop at any place, I was first of all startled by the hollow shriek of a steam-whistle, which was instantly succeeded by a horrible sound as of a volcano opening under my berth, and a roar of steam, which seemed bellowing on me to spring up, unhinge the cabin-door, and prepare for the worst.

The first night accustomed me to all this; and after-

wards, in the different Mississippi steamers of which I had experience, I slept as comfortably as in my own bed at home, especially when I got a little farther away from the boiler-pipes.

Apart from the danger of explosion, which, after all, is much less than at first it seems, these steamers are admirably contrived for comfort. That one from New Orleans to Vicksburg—the "Robert E. Lee"—was the largest and finest I saw on any American river except the St. Lawrence and the Hudson. Her accommodation was immense; her gorgeous saloon, extending without a break from end to end of the steamer (for the machinery is all on the lower deck), was richly carpeted, and had tables, reading-desks, and luxurious lounges without number. The very spittoons were richly silvered. The mode of building up these steamers, terrace above terrace, gives the choice of three open decks to walk upon; and every cabin passenger has a bedroom to himself. Each room is fitted up with two beds, but, except from choice, two persons are never "roomed" together unless the steamer is crowded. The greater part of the saloon aft of the centre tables is fitted up in even more luxurious style, and is reserved for ladies, and for gentlemen who have ladies with them.

The steamers on the Hudson River are still more magnificent, and at the same time safer and more substantial. Their saloons are like lofty glittering arcades, with three or four airy galleries on both sides—each gallery, with its long line of cabin-doors, painted in white and gold.

The fare on these steamers is almost as sumptuous as at the hotels, an extraordinary variety of dishes being provided at every meal. The charge is about five dol-

lars a day—say twelve to fifteen shillings of our money—and this includes everything, passage-money, bedroom, meals, and service. River travelling in America, in these first-class steamers, free as it is from all danger of storm and sea-sickness, is the most delicious and luxurious kind of travelling of which I have ever had experience.

The greatest want on the Mississippi is the want of scenery. Till you get up twelve or fifteen hundred miles from the Gulf, there is almost no variety. This may be said to be a feature of American scenery generally. It is told of some plaid-weaver, that he projected a tartan of so vast a check that it would have required four Highland regiments to be dressed in it to let the entire pattern be seen. American scenery is on that kind of scale. You sometimes travel hundreds of miles before you see any change or get a glimmering of the general pattern. There are, of course, exceptions. Splendid river scenery is got on the Hudson, which is the Rhine of the United States; magnificent landscapes are also got along the Blue Ridge and up the Valley of Virginia; and in California, which I did not get across to see, the Yo Semito Valley is acquiring the reputation amongst travellers of being unsurpassed in grandeur by any scenery in the world. And of course there are particular sights, such as Niagara, and the Kentucky Caves, and the Natural Bridge, that rank among the wonders of the world. But all this is exceptional. America, over the greater part of her immense area, is flat and tame. Even some of her mountain ranges rise so imperceptibly, that they lose the ordinary appearance of mountains. A gentleman who had come over the Rocky Mountains said the only two things he had failed to

discover were mountains and rocks. The main features of American scenery are two, namely, flat forest land and flat prairie land.

On the lower Mississippi the scenery is particularly monotonous. Standing on, the topmost deck or flat roof of the steamer to get the widest view, you behold around you what seems to be a lake. The banks or shores, when the river is full, are a mere rim to the water, and are clothed with wood, over which, especially on the newly deposited lands, where the spontaneous growth of cotton-wood is low, you get glimpses of a vast expanse of forest beyond, melting into blue haze. As you steam swiftly on, the low-lying woods are continually closing in behind and gliding apart in front, revealing reach after reach of river, still separated from the sky by the same low rim of wooded brink. Sometimes, far ahead, you may discern, rising from the flat expanse, a hilly ridge or "bluff." But in two or three hours it has glided to the rear, and is sinking again into the level expanse out of which it rose. Darkness comes and you retire to rest, the steamer speeding on at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour all through the night. In the morning you get up and mount again to your point of observation, only to see the same thing repeating itself—the low alluvial banks along both sides, the expanse of forest, and the reaches of river one after another opening up ahead. And so through that boundless expanse, which is one day to be the home of millions of human families, you move on and on unceasingly.

The river flows in so sinuous a course, and parts its arms so often to take in an island, that from the steamboat the rising or setting sun shifts about in the most

bewildering manner from front to back, and from one side to the other. Sometimes the river makes a vast detour, returning after a sweep of twenty or thirty miles to near the spot from which the detour began. At these points it sooner or later makes a new channel for itself across the neck of land. This is called a shoot, and as soon as it becomes deep enough, steamers and rafts avail themselves of it to shorten the distance. Over great tracks the river flows at a higher level than the land, and is kept in its place only by the banks it has washed up for itself. An overflow or a giving way of this barrier sometimes converts a region as large as an English county into an inland sea.

The Mississippi looked its best at that season, being deepened and broadened by the melting of the winter snows in the far North. The rising of the river seemed everywhere the item of news most interesting to the people; and the telegrams announcing that "At Cincinnati, on the 14th, the river was rising—weather clear," and that "On the 15th, the Arkansas River had risen twenty feet," were read with as much eagerness as a rise in stock would excite in people holding scrip. The rising of the river means, for that part of the continent, the opening up of the North-west and the commencement of the summer trade. At other seasons, especially after a long summer drought, the river is low, and navigation becomes more difficult and dangerous.[1]

[1] It is said that during the war the men from far up country, where they were accustomed to no rise in the level of their inland waters, except after rains or the melting of the snows in the far North, were often bewildered and thrown out of their reckoning when brought down near the coast, where the rivers and sloughs become flooded by the tide-water. One case was that of a Hard-shell Baptist preacher, acting as a captain in the Confederate service, who, with his company, was sent across what he took to be a shallow stream to reconnoitre. Find-

We hear a great deal about the number of accidents on the Mississippi, but the wonder to those who have travelled on it must be, that the accidents are so few as they are. Even where the river is a mile or half-a-mile wide, the channel is often narrow, and is continually shifting. Then there are the "snags." These snags are trees which have dropped into the river and been swept down, till meeting with some obstruction they have stuck, their heavy roots getting embedded in the mud at the bottom, while their trunks, under the influence of the current, are kept pointing down the river. There they remain, slanting up like a spear, ready to transfix any steamer that runs up against them. When they are long enough to protrude from the water they are less dangerous, because visible—at least by day. Even when they come close to the surface, they betray their presence by causing a disturbance in the otherwise smooth flow of the water, as if a gigantic fish were arrowing its way against the current. But some of them keep their heads sufficiently far below not to disturb the smooth current, and yet sufficiently near the surface to strike a steamer passing over. These are the

ing himself in the neighbourhood of a vastly superior force of the enemy, he concealed his men and lay close for several hours. His position, however, became so perilous that he prepared stealthily to withdraw. He was gliding rapidly away with his men, when, coming to the slough, he found, to his horror and amazement, that it was now about ten feet deep! He gazed into the deep water for some time with the look of a man who has got into a world of dangerous enchantments. At length, turning to his men, he said, "My brethering, I have been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years, and was always agin' cussin', but the Yankees is a-coming, and a tremenjus rain somewhar has riz this here creek, so that we can't cross, and I swar for once boys, by the Lord, we've got to stand now and fight like devils."

One of his men, however, was able to direct him to a ford, which they all crossed in safety; the astonished captain getting his first practical lesson on the tides.

hidden monsters that bring most peril into Mississippi navigation. How the pilots are able to detect and evade them so well as they do is to me a mystery; and the wonder is increased tenfold when it is remembered that these vast steamers run through the night as well as through the day. Sometimes I have gone up at night to what may be called the roof of the steamer, on which the pilot-house is reared, and have not only found it impossible, through the darkness, to make out anything distinctly on the river, but even to detect, in the black line of forest visible on both sides against the sky, any break that might have served as a landmark. The Mississippi pilots must have eyes like a cat.

The insatiable desire of every Mississippi captain and pilot to beat every other, adds an element of danger that might well be dispensed with. No steamer is ever allowed to pass another without a struggle. If you are making up upon one ahead, you will presently see denser volumes of smoke begin to issue from her funnels in preparation for the inevitable race. If you look up at the smoke from your own steamer, you will perceive evidence of similar preparations; and if you go to the lower deck where the engines are, you will find the furnace-doors open, and the stokers busy tossing bars of wood into the roaring fires, to work up the motive power to its highest point.

I remember our coming up one day with a steamer that had just come off from a station at the bank where she had been taking in wood. She gave two "toots" with her steam-pipe, which were instantly responded to by our steamer. I asked a gentleman, who had just come on the balcony beside me, what that signal meant?

"It's a race," he said. "I reckon we'll put that craft astern or we'll go up."

Both steamers were already quickening their speed. The long soft breathing of ours had soon changed into a deep panting sound; the shuddering from stem to stern became tremendous; and the passengers of both steamers, crowding to the side, forgot all sense of danger in the furious desire to see their own steamer win. The two were now perilously near one another, and rushing over the water with terrific velocity. The race was of very brief duration. Our steamer drew ahead foot by foot and yard by yard; the interest began to abate; and the other steamer, when she saw there was no hope, gave it up and dropt astern, followed by the exulting cheers of our men, one of whom, with stentorian lungs, derisively offered her a tow-line.

These little excitements help to pass the time, as also do the meals, which emerge into prominence when one has little else to do than lounge and eat, and lounge and eat again. The monotony is further relieved by the numerous stoppages. These steamers burn up their fuel so fast that they have to stop frequently to take in more. One steamer will burn 60 to 80 cords of wood a day, each cord being a pile 8 feet long by 4 high, and 4 across, and costing about $3. Eighty cords of wood is reckoned as equivalent to 800 or 1000 bushels of coal. At certain points on the river, the wood is ready on a raft, which is brought out and lashed to the side of the steamer. This allows her to hold on her course while the fuel is taken in, after which the raft is thrown off to be carried back by the river to its place again. At other points, the wood is piled on the river bank, and the steamer stops along-

side. As time is precious, the taking in of the wood is generally a scene of great stir and excitement. The gangways are no sooner out than a swarm of negroes pour out upon the bank from the lower deck, with exciting cries, and attack the first cord. Those who carry the wood in use one gangway, those who are returning for more use another, all of them trotting at each other's heels, and stimulating each other with shouts. In this way, to use a vulgar expression, they keep the pot boiling till the wood is all aboard, when the steamer instantly moves off. Frequently, also, in the course of the day, stoppages are made at villages and plantations, scattered thinly over the vast expanse. These minor landing-places rarely boast of piers. The banks of the river being low, the steamer simply turns in, brings her cheek against the bank, runs out her gangway, takes in or puts ashore any passengers or goods; and being by this time turned in the right direction by the current, she moves out into the river again and resumes her course. Sometimes she touches at a place where only one or two wooden houses are visible in the clearing, but which a large board stuck across two poles at the landing informs you is "Bowden City," or "New Babylon." Odd as it looks, there is something suggestive in the spectacle of a man squatting in one of these vast solitudes and calling his log cabin a city. It shows his belief in the future of his country. He is walking by faith, not by sight. Already, with prophetic eye, he sees around him the civilisation of which he is only the pioneer—beholds warehouses, and public squares, and miles of busy streets, where, in the meantime, there is nothing but swamp and primeval forest, and his lonely wooden house standing in the clearing.

This looking to the future strikes one everywhere in America. Travelling through that vast Republic, with its States as large as European kingdoms, one seems to hear the whole continent filled with the noise of those forty millions of hands busy rearing a throne for the future empire of the world. The scaffolding is up, and everything as yet looks rough, raw, and unfinished. The roads are bad; the railway tracks are rough; even on the best farms and plantations the fields seem but half-reclaimed, and towns, farm-houses, and churches, over half the continent, are built of wood, often handsomely built, beautiful to look upon under their paint and stucco, and decoration, but still frail and improvised. Even the big cities seem but the temporary habitations of the powerful life that has thrown them up, and filled them with noise and traffic. The continent is only being cleared. It is a world of preparation, living not on the memories of the past, but on the visions of its great future. And so Ephraim Bowden, when he has bought a patch of wilderness on the Mississippi, and knocked up his wooden shanty, forthwith sticks two poles and a cross-board at the landing-place, and paints on it the name "Bowden City." Noble, onward-looking Ephraim! God grant that the Father of Waters may not come over his banks some night and convert the "city" into a river bed.

But besides prospective cities, like Mr. Bowden's, you come upon real and actual cities — centres of population forming at intervals along that endless highway of commerce. One night it is Natchez, glittering on its dark ridge, and mingling its lights with the stars. Next day it is Vicksburg, slumbering on its sunny hills. Two days after it is Memphis, the

western capital of Tennessee. Two nights and two days more of swift sailing bring you to the vast city of St. Louis, with its front of seven miles. But even these are mere spots in the interminable expanse.

The extent of the area that has to be traversed in order to get north from the Gulf to the Lakes was brought home to me at that season by the change of climate. As I passed up the Mississippi, stopping here and there to make little excursions east and west to see the country, the season was steadily advancing at each point, but to those passing north it was retrograding. The summer sun was blazing in the sky when we left New Orleans, the swamps were vividly green, and the forests in leaf. As we passed up the river, day by day, and week by week, the hands of the season seemed to be going back. The woods began to grow less green, the leaves folded themselves back into the bud, the buds shrunk back into the naked boughs; and when I reached the shores of Michigan the country was covered with snow.[1]

Few things impress one with the vastness of America more than the length of the river voyages, especially on the Mississippi and her tributaries. From New Orleans you have 200 miles of sailing up country through the region of sugar-planting, before reaching the mouth of

[1] I had the privilege, indeed, of enjoying three springs in that one year. The peach and plum trees were bursting into blossom as I passed south into Georgia. This was the first spring. I got back to winter in Illinois and Ohio; but crossing the country from thence in a south-westerly direction to Virginia, I met the spring again on its way north; and a few weeks later, after enjoying the more advanced season in Virginia and Maryland, I found myself in British America in time to catch the spring once more, in the Canadian woods, preparing them with the utmost despatch for the advent of summer, which, when it does come, comes by Express.

the Red River; and other 600 miles up the Red River to reach Lanesport in Arkansas. From New Orleans up to the mouth of the Ohio you have 1050 miles, and 1000 more up the Ohio to Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. On the Mississippi itself, the sail from New Orleans to St. Anthony, in Minnesota, is over 2000. Or if, after steaming 1200 miles up the Mississippi, you turn off into the red Missouri, the steamer takes you 1500 miles further before stopping at Fort Pierre. On the Missouri alone, from its point of junction with the Mississippi, you can sail 3200 miles inland to Benton, being a longer sail by several hundreds of miles than from Great Britain to America. Is it a wonder that the American speaks proudly of his great country?

XII.

WESTERN NOTES.

If America's river travelling is exceptionally good, her road travelling is exceptionally bad. Probably the worst roads on the face of the civilized earth are the high-roads and by-roads of the United States. I have a vivid recollection of one drive with a planter along, what he called, the "right straight road" from one place to another, where, for half-a-mile at a time, we had to sit with our feet up on the splash-board, while the horse rather swam than waded with the buggy after him. I said this was a frightful road.

"Wall, it *is* damp!" said the planter.

The water was fortunately clear in most places, and my companion pointed once or twice with his whip to what he called "a considerable fish scooting across the road." At one point, where the water seemed to be becoming deeper and muddier, he looked anxiously ahead, and said he hoped "that 'ere bridge was in its place to-day."

I asked him with some concern if there was any possibility of its *not* being there.

"Reckon after the rains it gets adrift sometimes," he replied. "Once I tried this road I met the bridge going the other way, about half-a-mile back of here."

Fortunately on the present occasion we found the bridge in its place.

Another experience recurs to me in this connection. Crossing the Blue Ridge of Virginia, in the early summer of 1868, I came to Goshen, on the way to Lexington. While waiting for the Lexington stage-coach to come round, I asked a man, who was smoking in the verandah of the hotel, what sort of road it was. He didn't know exactly, but "reckoned it was powerful rough." Another man in a slouched hat, who was lounging behind, was of the milder opinion that the road was "not bad but bumpy." I regret that I never met this man again to ascertain what in his opinion was needed to make a road bad as well as bumpy.

We had not left Goshen long before the coach began to jolt tremendously. I asked a boy, who was my fellow-passenger for the first mile or two, why the roads were not kept in better order.

"Oh!" said he, just as a sudden lurch nearly threw him into my lap, "this ain't nuthin'. This is kinder smooth. When you get up past the Furnace there's ruts that deep" (indicating the length of his arm); "and after dark, Joe (the driver) ken't see whar the holes is."

This prediction proved too true. By the time we got past the Furnace the jolting became so incessant and terrific that I had to tie my hat on with a handkerchief, and almost suspend myself over the broad belt that formed a back to the centre seat, to keep myself from being shaken to pieces. At first I was apprehensive that the stage might topple over and roll down into the river; but when darkness came on, and the road became worse, I began to doubt whether, supposing we *did* go

over, I should be able to know any difference till we plopped into the water.

The distance to Lexington is a mere bagatelle—not too much to be got over, on an English road, between tea and supper; and yet, although I was the only passenger, which, no doubt, made the jolting worse, it took four stout horses (not to mention the frantic driver) from half-past six that evening till three o'clock next morning to accomplish the distance—being eight hours and a half to a drive of twenty odd miles. My wonder was that we got to Lexington with bones unbroken and wheels still upon the coach.

There is another road from Lexington to the railway, by Stanton; but the saying at Lexington is, that whichever one you take, you by-and-by wish devoutly you had tried the other.

Another variety of sensation is enjoyed in swampy regions, on what are called "Corduroy roads," which consist of logs or trunks of trees laid transversely and close together, and which are distinguishable as Hickety-crickety or Hunker-chunker roads, according to the thickness of the logs. Corduroy roads, however, have a method and monotony in their madness, and when your bones and teeth have once begun to "dirl," you have nothing new to apprehend, unless any of the logs are missing.

The roads out west, and especially over the open prairie are different from all these. They are often delightful in dry weather, but after rain!—imagine a continent of mud, and you have some idea of what awaits you.

A story is told of a man struggling in his waggon along a heavy prairie-road, and seeing in a vast mud-

slough at the roadside a man's hat. Inferring from its motion that there must be somebody in the mud below it, he shouted, "Hollo, pardner, can I help you out of thar?"

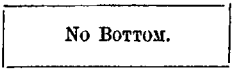
"Never mind," replied a voice from under the hat, "I 've got a powerful horse under me!"

When the traveller on one of these prairie roads finds his own horse floundering up to the girths in mud, and sinking deeper and finding no bottom, he begins to see the point of that story.

In a new country, where the population is thinly scattered over a vast area, one can scarcely wonder at all this. What can people do to their roads on a boundless alluvial prairie, where the clay is from ten to fifteen feet in depth, and where, for twenty miles at a time, not a single tree is to be seen, rocks are nowhere, and stones are as scarce as diamonds?[1] But one does feel aggrieved to find some of the streets in the great cities and centres of population almost as bad. I remember in the City of Memphis stopping at a street corner to try the depth of a mud-hole with my stick. The friend with me recommended care in case my stick got lost in it. He said a wag had once put a stick up behind that hole with the announcement, "ROAD COMMISSIONER GONE DOWN HERE!" In speaking of New York, I referred to the condition of the roads in that city. On New Year's Day, the weather being sleety, many of the principal streets were literally swimming with mud—a peculiar trial to the New Yorkers, who swarm about on

[1] The Western people, possibly owing to the scarcity of real rocks, speak of every little stone as a rock. "Rocking" a person means throwing stones at him. They speak of boys "gathering rocks." In a case before the court at St. Louis, a girl was fined for "throwing rocks" at another.

that day calling at the houses of all their friends, where it is the fashion for the ladies to sit in dress and receive them. The people were all in "rubbers." Even people who drove needed these to make their way from the carriage to the door. One gentleman was seen by a newspaper reporter wading triumphantly along in fishing-boots. "Ye gods! ye gods!" cried the *New York Herald* next morning, "must we endure all this?" In Chicago, the friend whose hospitality I enjoyed said that he had often seen, at the west end of Lake Street in that city, a barrel floated over a mud-hole, with the warning intimation upon it



If a horse got in, it sunk and had to be drawn out with ropes. It was a joke that there was good trout-fishing in some of these holes.

And yet a vast deal of money is spent in many of these cities in keeping the streets in repair; and every kind of paving, asphalting, and macadamizing has been tried. In St. Louis I observed some streets floored with iron gratings, others macadamized, and others paved with wooden bricks laid on a floor of sanded planks, and cemented with asphalt. This is called the Nicholson pavement, and is found in New York, Chicago, and other cities as well as St. Louis. As long as it lasts, it is as safe, smooth, and noiseless a road as could be desired. But the depth of soft clay that underlies many of these cities makes it extremely difficult for any paving to support the heavy traffic. This probably is the reason why street railways are so common in America.

On reaching the city of St. Louis from the south, one begins to feel the swifter and stronger current of Northern life, and get again into the everlasting din of dollars and cents. St. Louis has a population reckoned at nearly a quarter of a million, and though one of the oldest centres of civilisation in the west, having been selected by the French as early as 1764 as a station for the Indian fur trade, it may be said to be really a product of the present generation. Its population was only 2000 in 1810; it had risen to 16,000 in 1840; to 70,000 in 1850; and is at least 240,000 to-day. It is therefore one hundred and twenty times bigger than it was sixty years ago. About one-third of its inhabitants are Germans—frugal, industrious citizens, but mostly rationalistic, and much given to spending their Sundays in the parks, and drinking lager-beer. The Irish, who are also numerous, belong chiefly to the labouring class. The Scotch are few in number, but prosperous. One of them, who had amassed a large fortune, was preparing magnificent botanic gardens in the suburbs for presentation to the city.[1]

[1] Much interest was being excited in St. Louis at the time I was there by experiments that were going on in the smelting of iron. So far as ore goes, Missouri's wealth is boundless: so is her supply of coal. But unfortunately (for her, not for us) the coal is so sulphurous that in the ordinary process of melting the ore into pigs, and afterwards rolling it out into bars, the iron is spoilt. The object of the experiment referred to was the discovery of a method by which the pigging process could be dispensed with, and the iron rolled out into bars from the first melting. It was anticipated that if this experiment succeeded, railroad iron, which costs 40 or 50 dollars a ton from Britain, could be home-made at half that cost—thus taking the American iron-trade out of the hands of this country, and giving it to Missouri. It is certainly aggravating to the Americans, and especially to the people in that State, to have to buy British iron when they have literally mountains of iron-ore beside them. The famous iron mountains—three in number—are within a hundred miles of St. Louis. One of them—known as the

St. Louis is very proud of her public library, and of her schools. Millions of dollars are devoted to educational purposes,—in school lands, buildings, and current expenses. No child in the city needs to be without education. Everything except books is provided free. There is also a Normal school for preparing teachers; but of the two Universities, one is, or was then, at a stand-still for want of funds. I mention this, because it is a representative fact. All over the West classical education is still at a discount. The people have no time for it; they say themselves it must wait its turn.

"We air a smart people, sir," said a man from Omaha, "but we ken't whip creation in everything at once. We air reclaiming the wilderness just now, and we'll begin to produce scholars by-and-by."

In the meantime, a man who can reckon up quickly, raise stock, run a store, and see well round a corner, commands a higher salary than a man who can construe a passage in Euripides, but is ignorant of the art of fleecing either sheep or customers. People are all hastening to make rich while the country offers such facilities for it. They crowd their children into the schools and classes that teach the branches demanded for everyday life,—reading, writing, ciphering, geography, and so on. But Latin brings no dollars; Greek is not quoted in the market; these, therefore, get the go-by. Even in the colleges, very few students have the patience to complete their course. At Iowa State University only 15 had graduated out of 600 students, being less than three per cent. At Harvard, Massachusetts, nearly

Pilot Knob—is a mountain of solid ore, with the iron so pure that I was told a horse-shoe (worthless, of course, but still a hammered horse-shoe) had been made from it without any smelting at all. A great part of the mountain is 80 per cent. of pure iron.

twenty per cent. graduate, being a six times larger proportion. It is the difference between the Old and the New States.[1] Professor Parvin of the Iowa University mentioned, amongst other cases, that of a promising student who left before he had got half through his curriculum. The Professor urged him to remain.

"Why, look here," said the student, unfolding a letter; "here's an offer of $1500 a year, and prospects. You graduated twenty-five years ago, and have only $1400 a year now!"

He said great numbers of the students left in that way to become telegraphic operators, or teachers, or insurance agents, or agents for agricultural stores, or "runners" for Chicago houses,—employments in which they can make as much money without as with a degree, and begin to make it sooner.

Of course a more thorough education is demanded for some purposes. Men have to be reared for the professions; and scientific education is needed for the discovery and development of the material resources

[1] In our own Universities the same differences are discernible. Last year (Session 1868-69) 39 students took their M.A. degree at Aberdeen, out of 661 attending the Arts classes; at St. Andrews, 9 out of 152; at Edinburgh, 53 out of 661; at Glasgow, 25 out of 755. In other words, 12 per cent. graduated at Aberdeen (exceptionally high from other circumstances); 6 per cent. at St. Andrews; and 8 per cent. at Edinburgh; while only 3½ per cent. graduated at Glasgow, which is the commercial capital of Scotland, and tempts many students away into active life before they have completed their curriculum. At Oxford and Cambridge the great majority of the men graduate, but the annual percentage I do not know.

In one point, however, Iowa University is ahead of Harvard. It opens its classes to female students, and allows them to graduate, converting a number of young ladies every year into "Bachelors of Arts." The merit of being first in America to recognise the right of women to University education belongs to Oberlin College, Ohio. For more than thirty years its classes have been open to all competent comers, irrespective of colour or sex.

of the country. But even in these departments the demand there is for practical knowledge, and the price that is paid for it, draw men prematurely into active life, tempting them away from further study in order to make the most of the knowledge they have already attained, and which the country in its present state cries most for. Hence the anomaly noticeable everywhere in the States, but especially in the West—education so universal, and yet scholarship so rare. The wonder is, that, in spite of her circumstances, America should have produced so many men of science, poets, scholars, and theologians, as she already has. The general fact, however, is as stated. America lifts up the whole mass of her population to a higher educational level than ours; but far fewer, comparatively, rise above that. The system is one of lateral extension. Hence, probably, the reason why St. Louis had her numberless schools, wealthy and flourishing; but one of her two colleges closed for want of funds.

Two hundred miles up the river from the great city of Missouri stands Keokuk, "the Gate City" of Iowa. Keokuk started in its career with a great flourish of trumpets, advanced rapidly for a time, and was to have been another St. Louis. But it began to flag, and for ten years has been almost at a stand-still, allowing other cities in the same State to outstrip it, and only beginning now to resume its progress. Its history has a meaning which is of some practical value to business people emigrating from this country. Wherever there is a field for emigration that becomes popular, cities start up, and adventurous clerks and shopkeepers flock thither from the Eastern States, and from this country,

in far larger numbers than are needed. Those who are there first, while everything is rising, and who are worldly-wise enough to sell out before the reaction comes, get away with fortunes.

But most of the merely business men who crowd to these places, and invest in city property, on the supposition that things are always to go on as they have begun, are apt to be disappointed. If better centre-points be found for trade, cities of this kind rapidly sink into mere trading stations. I have a letter from a gentleman who was in Missouri at the time of my visit, who says that last summer he visited a city called New Philadelphia, which had grown rapidly at first, and reared not only churches, brick stores, and market-house, but a college that cost $100,000. In this city, according to his report, not a living soul is now to be found—the nearest inhabitant being a farmer, about quarter of a mile off. Trade has taken a different direction; the people have rushed after it; the deserted buildings are going to ruin, and the only students attending the college are the farmer's pigs, which roam at will through the college grounds, preparing to graduate in pork. New Philadelphia, in the expressive language of America, is, in the meantime, "played out."

Even cities like Keokuk (more fortunate in their site, and with a really great future before them), grow at first with a rapidity so disproportionate to that of the surrounding country, that, after the first rush of life is over, they need years to recover from the effects of overgrowth, and have often a struggle to keep themselves alive till the country makes up to them. In North-east Missouri, the business men in eight counties (not

the farmers, whose case was the very reverse) were classified by a gentleman who had special facilities for information, and the result stood as follows:—Eighty-five per cent. of these business men were just making ends meet; five per cent. were making money; and ten per cent. were going down hill with more or less velocity.

The ledger of one leading merchant showed that he began the year with a capital of $8,000; that he effected sales to the amount of $57,800; and that he had stock, etc., on hand to the value of $12,360, with $4,700 of liabilities. In other words, he had made his living, and ended the year worth $340 less than at the beginning—not much to show for a twelvemonth's labour and interest on his $8000 of original capital.

Business people would, therefore, do well to think twice before seeking a home in the setting sun, and, if they *do* follow that luminary, let them go prepared for pretty much the same kind of struggle they have had here. In Western cities, like St. Louis, there are hundreds of applicants for every situation of the kind they want.

The class of men for whom there is really a demand, and for whom there are fine prospects all over the West, is the class of small farmers, and foremen on farms—men who have saved enough to buy thirty or forty acres of land, and are able to work it.

Perhaps at present the best-paying business of all, west of the Mississippi, is stock-raising. Illinois has done the most of this hitherto, but land there is now becoming too valuable, and the business is being "crowded" farther and farther west. Men who go out far enough to get land cheap, are finding this business richly remuner-

ative; and as the land, almost everywhere, is steadily rising in value, the risk is almost nothing.

From Keokuk I struck out westward by Des Moines to get a glimpse of the country. Iowa is a magnificent agricultural State, with less waste land than any other State in the Union. It has an area of 55,000 square miles, about 30,000 of which consists of far-rolling prairie land, as bare as the rolling sea. The land lies ready for the plough, and is quick in its returns to the good farmer, yielding from forty to eighty bushels of corn to the acre. I saw one farm in the Des Moines Valley, owned by an English lad who had worked upon a farm at home for £20 a year. On going out to Iowa he bought 160 acres of land at $5 (or £1) an acre, with money lent him by his uncle. He set to work at once, was able the first year to pay the whole loan back, and the next year to save $1300. His farm is valued now at $5000, or six times its original price.

Land in that Valley was selling at $10 to $25, and in the western part of the State at $3, in a region which had just been surveyed for a railway. It is curious, in these Western States, to find railways run out into regions where there are no people. Here, when towns are large enough, a railway is opened between them to meet the demands of an existing traffic. In these Western States a railway is run out into the prairie, people run out with it, and towns and traffic are the result.

It is also surprising, in regions which are associated in most people's minds with the Red Indian and the buffalo, to light upon handsome towns not unfrequently ahead of our own in some of the appliances of civilisa-

tion. Even on the farms that are spread out like little pocket-handkerchiefs on the prairie, one sees refinements that would make some of our farmers open their eyes. I remember one day, when crossing the prairie to Iowa city, seeing a man with an umbrella sitting in what looked like a dog-cart, and driving slowly over a field. I said to the friend beside me, "That 's a strange place for a drive?"

"Oh, he 's ploughing!" he said.

"Ploughing?"

"Yes, that 's what we call a buggy-plough. It makes ploughing pleasanter. A woman or a boy could plough with it just as well as that man."

I got a nearer inspection of one of these ploughs afterwards. The shares are fixed beneath the conveyance, and by means of a handle you can adjust them so as to regulate the depth of the furrow. When all is ready, you mount to your cushioned seat, take the reins, and plough your field without needing to put a foot to the ground. Some buggy-ploughs are so constructed to cut four furrows simultaneously,—thus doing the work of four men.

In breaking up the prairie land for the first time, a plough is used similar to our own, and needs three or even five yoke of oxen to draw it.

In Iowa I saw for the first time a prairie on fire. The sight was ludicrously different from what it is generally described to be in sensational romances. Instead of a vast waving plain, across which an ocean of devouring flame was sweeping, with herds of frantic buffaloes flying before it, nothing more alarming was visible than a little crawling streak of fire like a scarlet

thread lying across the nearest undulations,—the ground before it green, the ground behind it black, as if a funeral pall had been drawn over it. The edge of fire was slowly eating its way forward. This was all. Coleridge maintains that if a man runs to see a house on fire, he has a perfect right to hiss the fire if it tamely allows itself to be put out. I felt as if I had a right to hiss that burning prairie. It was a miserable exhibition that nobody would give two cents to see again. It may be different at other seasons and in other regions where the grass is long and dry, and where there are woods, already half kindled by the summer sun. But an Iowa prairie on fire in spring-time looks as described above. The people set it on fire themselves to clear the ground, and give it a nice top-dressing for the new grass. It lets it come up sooner and makes it sweeter for the cattle. The Indians used to fire the prairie in the fall, to clear off the long grass and make it easier to track the game.

The principal sport in Iowa now is duck-shooting. The ducks have their feeding grounds on the prairie, and fly at night to the rivers. The quail, looking like our pheasant, and the prairie chicken—a bird with the habits of our grouse, but larger—were everywhere abundant, but are growing scarce; and being a delicacy in the Eastern States, are bought up for the New York restaurants, which have their agents everywhere for the purpose. That mighty Babylon of America stretches out its hand even to the western prairies to pick up delicacies for its epicurean taste.

The beautiful name of Iowa is said to be a word signifying satisfaction, and to have been given by the

red men when they moved across from the eastern side of the Mississippi. "Iowa!"—it is enough, here let us rest, be this our home. Alas! the poor Indian! He has not long been allowed to rest. The pale-faces (the "long-knives," Yenghese or Yankees) with their railways, street cars, and buggy-ploughs, have "crowded him out." Thirty years ago, the whole of Iowa, except a strip along the shore of the Mississippi, was in possession of two confederated tribes of Indians, known as the Sacs and Foxes. Now, there is hardly an Indian to be seen, except on the reservations; and even these are being bought up one by one, and the Indians pushed farther and farther back. The Americans say that you can't civilize the Indian—that there is no use attempting it; and it is to be feared that this convenient induction has made them somewhat unscrupulous in pushing him off, and appropriating his land.[1]

But Indian civilisation is not a thing impossible. Civilized half-castes are plentiful enough; and the

[1] An old Indian, belonging to one of the nations that were pushed out of Mississippi and Georgia forty years since, spoke of that event with as keen a sense of injustice and wrong as if it had been a thing of yesterday. He said, in detailing the circumstances:—"That land was ours. But the white people began to want it for their cotton and their slaves. We said, 'No; this is our hunting-ground. The bones of our fathers lie here. We will not part with it.' They said they must have it, one way or another. We held a council, but it broke up; nothing could be done. Then the white people passed laws over our heads, that broke our government all to pieces. They took us prisoners for every little debt, and they made debts in order to take us prisoners. In every way they rode over us roughshod. We appealed to the Great Father at Washington. He said, 'I cannot protect you where you are. But you have lands west of the Mississippi, I will remove you there.' This was what they wanted—to get us away and take our land. We held another council. It lasted four days. I was a young man then, but I was one of the council. We said, 'This land is ours. Let us live and die here.' The Secre-

Creeks, Choctaws, and Cherokees, are instances of whole tribes conforming to the usages of civilized life.

I met a full-blooded Chocktaw in the Indian office at Washington, who had come on official business from the Indian country in the west of Arkansas. He was well educated, well mannered, and dressed exactly like a white man. In the course of conversation he invited me to go and see their country when in Arkansas. I said I should like to go, if he would promise to let me away with my scalp on.

"Oh," said he, "scalping is played out. We live now by farming. We have adopted the American form of Government; and our chief has become a Presbyterian minister!"

It has to be admitted, however, that the Indian is very slow to tame. He has more judgment to begin with than the negro; but shows himself not half so susceptible of improvement. And before there is time to civilize him, he is likely to be "improved" from the

tary of War was there, and his mouth was full of promises. But we said, 'The Secretary of War will die; the Great Father at Washington will die; and all this will be repudiated.' The Secretary had bribed one of our chiefs — a half-white and half-Indian—to sign the treaty; and as soon as he got it signed he went away; the traitor also fled, for he knew that we would kill him. Orders came for us now to move. We said, 'No, we have been betrayed.' Then came General Scott, with 6000 men, to drive us off at the point of the bayonet. We fought, but the white man was too strong for us. Then we said, 'We will go.' It took three years to move the nation across the Mississippi. On our way, the cholera took us and swept off our people by thousands. One of our poets and orators looked back from the Western shore of the Mississippi and said, 'If there is a God in heaven, He will reward the Georgians and the Mississippians for this great wrong!' And he has," continued the Indian, alluding to the wreck of these States in the late war. "We did not know how it would be, but it came. God is just. He has given them the same cup to drink that they gave to us."

face of the earth. American civilisation is impatient, and cannot wait for him. People who eat their meals in four minutes and a half, and push railway lines across the prairie at the rate of two miles a day, cannot wait a hundred years to give the Indian time to bury his tomahawk, wash his face, and put on a pair of trousers.

Civilisation is pushing westward and driving the Indian farther and farther towards the setting sun. Even there no land of rest any longer awaits him. The pale-faces are on the shores of the Pacific; the two civilisations are spreading themselves over the continent towards one another, and have already shaken hands across the Rocky Mountains. Along the Indian frontier on both sides there is continual friction and sporadic warfare,—always with the same result. The whites are multiplying and advancing; the Indians are diminishing and withdrawing. Cholera, small-pox, and drink are wiping them out even faster than war. Their passion for drink is something fearful,—so fearful, that in Canada and some of the States the sale of liquor to an Indian has had to be prohibited by special enactments. An Indian will sell his blanket, his gun, anything he has, for whisky. And when once he begins to drink, he never knows when to stop. I was told, however, by a friend in Keokuk, that he had observed when parties of Indians came there enough of them were detailed to keep sober and take charge of the rest, who thereupon proceeded to drink till they were mad.

People who have lived amongst the Indians have a very much lower opinion of them than those who have only made their acquaintance through works of fiction.

A gentleman at Vicksburg, who had been a missionary amongst them for some years, declared that if you gave half of your last loaf to an Indian, he would steal the other half two minutes after if he got the chance. But that if you helped an Indian in distress he would generally do as much or more for you in like circumstances.

The engineer of one of the lake steamers in Western Canada gave me the following pleasing fact from his own experience:—"One day I met a wild Indian in the woods very downcast. The nipple of his fowling-piece had broken. He was far from his people, and, without his gun, he had no means of providing for himself. I screwed the nipple out of mine, found that it fitted exactly; and, as I had others aboard the steamer, I let him have it. He thanked me and went off into the woods. Next morning, before the steamer started, he came on board with some very fine game for me; and he has never let a season pass since without paddling down in his canoe, sometime during our running season, with some little present of game or fish to show that he has not forgotten what I did for him."

Indians are said to remember injuries much longer than kindness, and have probably got more of them to remember.

They are proud also and very easily offended. I remember, while lounging with a friend at the door of a hotel, an Indian woman made her appearance with a basket of native bead-work for sale. The gentleman beside me, without waiting to see what she had, waved her off. The woman stopped, and with a look of magnificent scorn turned away. I was sorry that she

had been hurt, and called on her to come back and show us what she had, but she deigned no response.

An Indian cannot be bargained with like another man. If you want him to carry you across a river, he will shove off in his canoe till an arrangement is made that pleases him; and if, in trying to make an arrangement, you offend him, he will paddle stoically away, and no entreaties or promises even of whisky and tobacco (the two things that tempt an Indian most) will bring him back, or so much as make him seem to be any longer conscious of your presence.

You can very rarely engage Indians for money to be guides or servants. They will go with you as companions, and will not refuse the money given them; but if you do or say anything to offend their pride, and make them think they are regarded as menials, they will leave without a word, and without the slightest regard to the difficulties of your position. If you ask them to clean your boots, they will decline without any indication of being offended, but in the morning you find them gone. But this trait, as we have seen elsewhere, is to be found amongst others in America as well as amongst the Indians.

Professor Bell of Kingston, in Canada, who has seen much of the Indians in the course of his geological surveys in the North-west and on the islands of Lake Huron, gave me an amusing incident illustrative of another feature of their character allied to the foregoing, namely, their extreme sensitiveness to ridicule, —which, however, in this case, defeated its own end. The photographer, accompanying the party, was anxious to get some Indian groups. Near one village, where he erected his camera, the Indians, always curious, began

to gather round in great numbers. The photographer tried to get a group of them arranged in front; but as often as they saw him put his head under the black cloth and begin to adjust the focus, they drew aside out of range, thinking that it was some new kind of gun which he was about to discharge. When one of the chiefs appeared on the ground the photographer told him what he wanted, and, in order to satisfy him, gave him a look through the camera. The picture floating on the glass delighted the chief, but he noticed that everything was upside down. This amused him at first, till it occurred to him that the white man wanted to take the Indians in this way, to make them look ridiculous. However, he told his people that there was no powder in the thing, and explained what he had seen. The photographer then prepared to take the picture; but what was his surprise, on adjusting his focus, to see the Indians beginning to stand on their heads, evidently delighted that they had discovered how to baffle the white man, and be taken right end up. The photographer told the chief it was quite impossible to take them with their legs waving in the air in that style. They were therefore persuaded to sit on the grass, but insisted on holding their legs up as high as they could, in which position they were taken.

The chief himself was afterwards taken at his own request, standing on his head, with two Indians holding his legs to steady him. I have beside me a copy of this extraordinary photograph, which the Professor gave me as a curiosity.

Such Indians as I met in Canada spoke in a far more friendly way of the British than those in the West spoke of the Americans. It is pleasant to think, as it seems

everywhere admitted, that we have managed to keep on better terms with the Indians than the States have done. But whatever credit is due to us for this, a very important difference in the situation ought not to be overlooked. The greater portion of British America, peopled by the Indians, is a region unattractive to emigrants, and specially valuable for its furs. The Indians, therefore, are not much in our way, and we need them to hunt for us and supply our markets; whereas, in the Western States, the Indians lie across the path of civilisation, and what America wants is their land—a want involving her in negotiations of much greater difficulty.

XIII.

THE LIGHTNING CITY.

RETURNING from the West by the southern shores of Lake Michigan and Lake Erie, I spent a few days in Chicago—pronounced "Shikahgo." The growth of this city is one of the most amazing things in the history of modern civilisation. Forty years ago, the Indians roamed over the districts which are now covered with busy streets. As recently as 1830, the commercial strength of the place, then a mere Government outpost, consisted of 4 tavern-keepers, 1 merchant, 1 butcher, and 4 Indian traders, who carried on their business in log-huts. Chicago now has 300,000 of a population—has streets seven or eight miles long—has street railways traversing the city in all directions, carrying annually 7,000,000 passengers. The log-huts have made way for magnificent warehouses and palaces of marble; the little traders have become great merchants, some of them worth millions of dollars, and doing business on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. Farwell, who began as a poor clerk, is worth $2,000,000, and does dry-goods business to the amount of $8,000,000 a year. Field, Leiter, and Co.'s sales amount annually to $12,000,000, and have sometimes reached $80,000 in a single day.[1]

[1] In New York, A. T. Stewart's sales for the year amount to double, and Claflin's to treble, that sum,—A. T. Stewart's reaching $25,000,000 and Claflin's $36,000,000. These, I suppose, are the biggest dry-goods businesses in America.

The progress of Chicago in the grain and lumber trade has been even more amazing, and has already made her the greatest grain and lumber-market in the world. In 1831, three vessels were all that she attracted during the year. Now, 9000 vessels and propellers swarm annually to her port; and her lake tonnage has reached the enormous figure of two and a quarter millions of tons in clearances alone. In 1838, she made her first shipment of wheat, amounting to only 78 bushels; the year I was there she had shipped 66,000,000 bushels of flour and grain of all kinds, while her receipts in lumber amounted to 730,000,000 feet, not counting 124,000,000 pieces of lath, and 400,000,000 shingles. This trade was largely in excess of preceding years, and was advancing in the same proportion. The railway across the Rocky Mountains, which places her now on the great highway between the Atlantic and Pacific, is likely still more to accelerate her progress.

It was early morning when I entered Chicago from the Rocky Island road, and the great city was just wakening into life for the day. The first thing that attracted my attention when driving from the station to one of the hotels, was the sight of a two-storey house moving up the street before us. I pointed it out in amazement to the driver.

"Did you never see a house moving before?" said he unconcernedly.

"No. Do your houses move about like that?"

"Wall," he said, "there 's always some of them on the move."

Which turned out to be the fact. Never a day passed during my stay in the city that I did not meet

one or more houses shifting their quarters. One day I met nine. Going out Great Madison Street in the horse-cars we had to stop twice to let houses get across. All these were frame houses, and in some of them I could see the people sitting at the windows. One of those crossing Madison Street was a double shop—cigars at one end, confectionery at the other, and as it moved along the shopkeeper stood leaning against the door-post smoking a cigar. The way in which these houses are moved is this:—After being screwed up to let a platform with wheels or rollers be placed underneath, they are drawn along by means of a windlass, fixed on the street at some distance ahead, and turned by a horse. When the house has been drawn near the windlass, this machine is shifted forward, fixed, and set in motion again.

But it is not only frame houses that are moved. Great blocks of masonry in some parts of the city have been lifted up from four to fourteen feet. The Brigg's House, a gigantic hotel, five storeys high, solid masonry, weighing 22,000 tons, was raised four and a half feet, and new foundations built in below. The people were in it all the time, coming and going, eating and sleeping—the whole business of the hotel proceeding without interruption. The Tremont House, another large hotel, was lifted in the same way. The work was done so smoothly and so gradually, by 500 or 600 men working in covered trenches below, that Mr. Beecher, who was a guest in the hotel at the time, said the only personal knowledge he had of the hotel being in process of elevation, was derived from the fact that the broad flight of stairs from the street seemed to be getting steeper, and that the lower windows, which were

on a level with his face when he arrived, were three or four feet higher when he went away.

The process of lifting these blocks is ingenious, and yet simple enough. The foundations are laid bare, and the trenches, if necessary, concealed by awnings. Logs are laid along the foundations, inside and out; holes cut at short intervals, and transverse logs passed through, with jackscrews beneath. This being done all round, several hundreds of workmen flood the trenches within and without, put their levers in the jackscrews, and at a given signal turn all the screws simultaneously, gradually pressing the transverse logs up, till the building rests upon them. As the screwing goes on, the whole mass of masonry moves up hairbreadth by hairbreadth. New logs are continually inserted as the space admits of it; and so the building rises in the air day by day till it stands on this log-foundation at an elevation five, ten, or fifteen feet higher than it did at first. In the meantime, the new stone foundation is being built in the interstices, and is ready, when the building has been screwed up to the height desired, to receive its weight on the slackening of the screws. The log-foundation is then, bit by bit, drawn out, and stone substituted; so that, by the time the wood is entirely removed, the building stands on its new stone foundation as on a rock, without a joint dislocated, or its stone, plaster, or furniture disturbed.

The stone foundation is generally in the form of an under-storey. Sometimes a dwelling-house is lifted, and shops put in below. I was told of a congregation in the city which, being in want of money, had their church lifted so as to allow of the insertion of shops

below, got these let, and speedily relieved the church from its embarrassments.

In other cases large blocks of building—warehouses and the like—have not only been lifted, but moved back to widen the street. The process in that case is the same, except that the log-foundation is made more in the form of a sliding platform,—like that from which a ship is launched, but of course with the incline less, and the motion so gradual as to be imperceptible except from day to day.

The reason for all this house-lifting in Chicago is that the city was found to be on too low a level, exposing it to inundation from the inland ocean, along whose flat shore it lies, and also making proper drainage impossible. The people had therefore to choose between three things—(1.) to submit to these inconveniences, which must yearly become more disastrous, or (2.) to pull down their city, raise the level, and rebuild, or (3.) to contrive machinery that would lift the city, and let the new level be drawn underneath. The last expedient was adopted, and ever since then the city has been in process of elevation. The machinery thus called into existence makes house-moving so easy that the Chicago people think nothing of it. If a man with his frame-house and cigar-shop at one corner finds business dull, he moves house and all away to some other street, where he thinks it will be brisker. The reason, however, why so many frame-houses are continually on the move at present, is, that the ground is wanted for stone-buildings and warehouses; and it is found cheaper to move the wooden houses away to the suburbs than to pull them down and have to re-erect them.

House-moving is occasionally to be seen in other

parts of America; but Chicago, owing to its circumstances, has been the great nursery-ground and arena for it. Even there it will become less common by-and-by, as the city is now for the most part graded, and new houses are built on the new level. But house-moving is only one of the wonders of that great city. Her elevators amazed me almost as much. They also are the product of ingenuity taxed by new circumstances. The amount of grain that has to be taken up and re-shipped at Chicago made the ordinary method of lading and unlading cars and ships too slow. Accordingly, gigantic buildings were erected along the wharves, provided with machinery that plunges its hands down into the ships and barges that come alongside, and empties them with a rapidity otherwise unattainable.

I went one day to see the elevators at work in one of Armour, Dole, and Co.'s granaries,—a stupendous building, 110 feet high, presenting the appearance of a mountain boxed up for transit. The interior, on the ground-floor, was like a railway terminus, with trains running in and out. We had to ascend what seemed a mile of stairs, through storey after storey, to get to the top, where, in what might be called the attics of the building, the huge machinery was working. The next flat below the machinery was the one to which the grain was lifted by the elevators, to be weighed and shot into the store, or down into railway cars or ships. From this storey, when a ship comes alongside the granary, an elevator, working on the principle of our river-dredging machines, but with the buckets small and touched with Chicago lightning, is sent down into her hold; and instantly, on steam being turned on, begins clutching the grain with its myriad hands, and

flying up with it to the top of the granary, pouring into a huge vat or "scale-hopper." This receptable holds 500 bushels at a time, and immediately on receiving that weight opens below, discharging the 500 bushels into the granary, and instantly closes again to receive more. In this way the grain weighs itself on its passage from the ship to the store,—machinery lifting it, machinery weighing it, and machinery storing it.

When the grain is not to be stored, but transferred from ships to railway cars, the cars enter the building, and the ship comes alongside. The elevator stretches down into the ship's hold and runs the grain up into the scale-hopper, which, instead of emptying it into the store, discharges it into a spout, which shoots it down into the cars. In this way, with incredible rapidity, train after train is loaded and sent off.

In that granary there were ten elevators, each capable of running up 4000 bushels an hour—the ten being thus able to gather up and store the grain at the rate of 40,000 bushels an hour, if all working at once. There were 100,000 bushels stored in the bins at the time of my visit, and capacity for 700,000 more. A new granary was being built by the same firm close beside the one described, and was almost ready to begin work. It was on a still more gigantic scale—being provided with fifteen elevators, ten for receiving and five for shipping—and being capacious enough to hold a million and a quarter bushels.

Chicago is famous also for her application of steam-power in the conversion of pigs into pork. She has so many hundreds of thousands to slaughter every year that she has no time to kill and cure them in the old fashion. She requires capacious buildings, divided into

different storeys and compartments, in each of which the hogs are passed through a different process. At any of these establishments you may see, almost incessantly at the busy season, a stream of pigs pouring in along a gangway, little imagining what awaits them. Every pig the instant it gets within the building receives a stunning blow; is clutched by the snout; stuck; run by machinery up to the top of the building; plunged into a long tank of hot water; shot from hand to hand and scraped; hooked up and run on by machinery, ripped down, cut into parts, dressed and salted, and all this with such rapidity that within twelve minutes from the time when it was an intelligent pig on the gangway, it is converted into pork, packed in barrels, and ready for shipment. They tell about an ingenious Yankee inventing a machine, which was warranted, when wound up and set in motion, to chase a pig over a ten-acre lot, chop him into sausages, work his bristles into shoe-brushes, and manufacture his tail into a cork-screw. *That* machine I am not prepared to vouch for; but the machinery in those pig-killing establishments in Chicago any one visiting the city at the killing season can see at work for himself. The number of pigs killed in some of them is almost fabulous. One of the two I saw kills 70,000 pigs per annum, besides myriads of sheep, which, during the busy season in autumn, are slaughtered at the rate of 2000 a day. In that single year there were killed and packed in Chicago 26,000 cattle and 670,000 hogs, reaching about four times the weight of her population. Cincinnati was long known as the Porkopolis, or head-centre of pig-killing in the West; but Chicago drew a-head about six years ago, and seems likely to distance all competitors.

Chicago is almost as great a city for worldliness and wickedness as for trade. What she does she does with all her might. Her good people are very good, her bad people are very bad. Everything works at high pressure. The first thing that strikes a stranger is the universal rush for wealth. Chicago is a young New York. The deep-mouthed roar of the Empire City becomes a Babel of shrill voices in the West, but the universal cry is the same—"Dollars and cents, dollars and cents!" You hear it in the street, you hear it in the market, you hear it in the store, you hear it in the cars, you hear it in the house. People run about saying that Smith has made $10,000 by that transaction: that grain is up, and that Brown is hauling in millions. If you ask whose church that is, your friend tells you, and adds that it cost $30,000. If you refer to a marriage, you are told that it is a fine match—that the man is worth half-a-million. Your companions at the boarding-house table talk excitedly of the immense sales being effected by Clutch and Cut. The young lady who goes with you to the evening lecture looks pensive, and when you ask her the reason, raises her sad eyes to heaven, heaves a sigh, and tells you that P.R.R. stock is down 2½ per cent. Dollars and cents! it is the voice of prayer in the morning; it is the voice of thanksgiving at night. There seems no God but gold, and cent per cent is his profit.

In this scramble for money, principle is too often run to the wall, knocked over and trampled under foot. Respectability is gauged by dollars, so even is Christianity. What a godly congregation that must be which builds its church of jolliette marble, salaries its minister at $5000 a year, draws $10 a piece for the

back-seats, and has nobody in it worth less than $2000 ![1] If a man makes money, it seems to matter little how he makes it. Even in the case of a downright swindle, the criminal, in public estimation, seems to be the man who has allowed himself to be swindled. The other man may be called a great rogue, but is admired for his smartness, and when a keen stroke of business has to be done, people say, "Go to him, sir; one of the smartest men in the country, sir."

Chicago, in this respect, is only a reflex of New York, and both of them are only strongly coloured pictures of the commercial world of America.

Chicago is notorious also for its fast life and its immorality. One of its own citizens said, "It is a second Corinth." [2] One surface evidence of what goes on

[1] When Dr. Ormiston of Hamilton, one of the most eloquent ministers in America, was called to Chicago, he said,—"Double the area of your church and let the poor in free, and I will come." But that was too vulgar a Christianity for El Dorado.

[2] There is one form of vice, almost unknown in this country, so prevalent in Chicago—so prevalent indeed in certain circles of society all over the North—that it is difficult to avoid allusion to it, though I would fain keep it out of the text. I mean the practice among women of resorting to medical aid to avoid the trials and responsibilities of maternity. It is impossible for any one to travel in the States without becoming aware of the frightful prevalence of this practice. The papers swarm with advertisements of the requisite medicines; and books and pamphlets giving instruction in this diabolical art are openly advertised and sold. The almost total absence of children within the circles referred to cannot possibly escape notice; and if you remark it privately to any one the same explanation is invariably given. A medical man in one of the large cities of the North enumerated thirty practitioners in that one city who, to his own knowledge, devoted themselves to this species of murder. In all these cities there are establishments called by such names as "Invalids' Retreats," but well enough known to be reserved almost exclusively for cases of this description. One of the most magnificent houses in Fifth Avenue, New York, is a place of this kind. You see on a side-door a silver plate marked "Office," and ladies are not ashamed to drive

beneath is the commonness of divorce. The marriage-tie seems more easily dissolved in that State of Illinois than a business partnership. Some of the lawyers bid for such cases. I noticed one advertisement by a Chicago law-firm, stating that it had already obtained upwards of 300 divorces, and charged nothing except when a decree was obtained. In order to satisfy the law, the practice is for one of the parties, say the wife, to get a bill drawn up claiming divorce on the ground of her husband's drunken habits, incompatibility of temper, etc. If the husband is willing that the divorce should be effected, he simply "confesses" the bill—

up to it in their carriages. The practice is not confined to those who wish to hide their sin; it is resorted to by tens of thousands of married ladies to prevent interruptions in a life of gaiety, and to escape the trouble of bringing up a family, —no doubt a greater difficulty in America than here. This vice has extended itself so widely, and is producing, in co-operation with other causes, such disastrous results—in some places absolutely stopping the increase of the native American population—that medical men and ministers of the gospel have had to issue earnest appeals on the subject. One of the most eminent clergymen in New England recently published a volume, entitled *The Serpent in the Dove's Nest*, in which, as his vindication for dealing with a subject so repulsive to him, he declares his belief that scarcely a woman in America will read that book who does not know some one in the circle of her friends who is practising this iniquity. What foreigner would venture to make a charge so fearfully comprehensive as that? This state of things not only lowers the moral tone of society, but makes it look with less horror than it ought on the crime of infanticide. A case exceptional, but still frightfully significant in some respects, occurred in Chicago the winter before last. In a boarding-house in the city, the landlady one morning heard the crying of a baby in the room occupied by two of her married boarders. When the husband went out, the landlady went in to see the infant, and ask if she could do anything for it. She saw the baby lying on the quilt dead. The mother said that its father had killed it. In the evening the father returned, wrapt the dead infant in a newspaper, and threw it over the bridge. The matter was talked about, there was a preliminary examination before a magistrate, but the case dropped and nothing more was done.

whether there be any truth in it or not—whereupon the decree is granted, the two are divorced, and the husband can marry another woman, and the wife another man, the hour after if they please. One lady, well known in Chicago, was living with her eighth husband, most if not all the others being still alive. I am happy to add that this was not considered respectable even in Chicago.

Another case which excited talk, merely on account of its oddity, was that of a doctor and his wife living in Wabash Avenue (the Belgravia of Chicago), who fell out with one another. The lady got a bill of divorce and served it on her husband, who, consenting to separation, confessed the bill. Thereupon the lady married a gentleman whom they had in the house as a boarder. The doctor did not leave the house, but merely changed into the boarder's room and became the boarder, while the boarder took the doctor's place and became the husband—all three living under the same roof as before.

A still more extraordinary case occurred in the same city in 1865:—A sewing girl had married a soldier, who did not return in the same train with the rest of the Chicago troops at the close of the war. Thereupon this girl got a bill of divorce, wishing, as the saying is, "to take up with another man." Her husband returned in a day or two and passed the night with her. Next day she served the bill upon him; he (probably wishing to "take up" with some other woman) "confessed" the bill, and the decree was got. Thereupon the girl and her mother, accompanied both by the husband that was and by the husband that was to be, went to the magistrate's office and got the new marriage effected. They all dined merrily together; after which the mother-in-law

and the happy pair accompanied the divorced husband to the railway station to see him off to his home! As Miss Edgeworth used to say, when a story was very hard to swallow, "This is a fact." But such cases ought never to be told without this appendix, that they are only found amongst a class of people who live unsettled lives, and are not considered respectable. Still divorces are common amongst other classes, and public morality is undoubtedly tainted with this deep "heresy of life."

In 1865, the number of divorces applied for in Chicago was 275, of which 274 were granted. In 1866 there were 327 applied for, and 209 granted. In 1867 there were 311 applied for, being about five per cent. of the marriages; that is, for every twenty marriages there was one divorce. I referred formerly to the greater sacredness of the marriage-tie in the South. While the single city of Chicago in one year granted 274 divorces, and the State of Connecticut decreed 1316 in the five years ending May 1, 1865, South Carolina has never granted a divorce at all since the organization of her State government in 1776.[1]

[1] Last year advantage was taken of Mr. Beecher's performance of the marriage ceremony between Mr. Richardson and Mrs. M'Farland in New York, to charge him with loose views on the subject of divorce. Mr. Beecher's real fault in that case seems to have been, that he allowed himself to be led by a chivalrous feeling, and by over-confidence in his friends, to act on insufficient evidence. But the charge brought against him, of indorsing what he himself calls "the pernicious heresy of free love," could only have been made by persons utterly ignorant of his views, or persons determined to misrepresent them. Probably no man in America has done more than he has to uphold the sacredness of marriage; and his views on the subject are far more rigid than those commonly held. In a recent article on "The Christian Law of Marriage," published in his own paper (*The Christian Union*), he says,—

"We learn in Mark that, after Christ had answered the Pharisees, his disciples asked him again of the same matter in the house. And then he thus reversed the positions of the two actors: '*If a woman*

But if Chicago draws to a head some of the worst vices that pervade American society, she develops the antidote with almost equal rapidity, and has already a powerful Christian element labouring with untiring zeal to evangelize the masses, and elevate the moral tone of society.

The growth of her churches, charities, and Sunday-schools, is almost as astonishing as the increase of her trade. Thirty-six years ago, there was only one building in Chicago for religious purposes,—a little wooden chapel erected by a handful of Methodists in 1834, and brought across the river on screws—being the first case of house-moving in the city which has since achieved such wonders in that department. Now there are 130 churches, erected and supported by voluntary contributions, valued at $8,000,000, and attended every Sunday by over 100,000 people; while 40,000 children are being taught in their Sunday-schools. Charities are

shall *put away her husband, and be married to another*, SHE COMMITTETH ADULTERY.'

"We do not believe that this means that a woman has no right to ask society to step between her and her husband if his conduct is unbearable. This is another thing from being discontented with her marriage relation because she wants to marry another man. Her husband may be so cruel that her life is embittered, or even in danger. He may be such a profligate that she cannot believe that it is her duty to live in his company. He may be such a spendthrift that she is deprived of the necessaries of life for herself and her children. Some women have carried such crosses to the gate of heaven. But they should do it of their own choice, not by legal compulsion. The *separations* which the courts grant are, therefore, allowable. But they should not (indeed they *cannot*) annul the marriage of the two persons. *Neither is free to marry again while the other is living.* Separation is one thing, divorce is another. This, as we understand it, is the Christian law of marriage."

He holds that, for no other cause but that of adultery, is a woman free to marry again. And he says, that it was only on the assurance given him that this cause existed in the case of M'Farland, that he consented to perform the marriage ceremony between the divorced wife and Mr. Richardson.

also numerous, and generally well-supported. There are several hospitals, a Soldiers' Home, a (fresh-water) Sailors' Home, a Home for the Friendless, two Orphan Asylums, a Nursery and Half-Orphan Asylum, an Erring Woman's Refuge, an Old Ladies' Home, Reform and Industrial Schools, and a voluntary City Relief Society that looks after the destitute. There is also a Young Men's Christian Association—one of the finest and most active I have seen anywhere. Of its 1400 members, more than 500 were occupying themselves more or less in Christian work; 8000 families were being visited monthly, 400,000 bibles, tracts, papers, and books of various kinds, were distributed that year, and situations were found for 3300 persons out of work. It had also built a magnificent hall, at a cost of $200,000, with handsome library, lecture-rooms, amusement-rooms, reading-rooms, etc., where young men could at any time spend an enjoyable and profitable evening.

Every great city in America can show similar, and some of them even greater, evidence of Christian activity. But the wonder in Chicago is that these agencies for good should have developed with such rapidity, and in the midst of such a scramble for gold, and such temptations to vice. Christianity in such a city becomes fast like everything else. When the costly hall of the Young Men's Christian Association went on fire in 1867, the secretary and other officials, as soon as they found that the building was doomed, ran about amongst the Christian merchants in the city for subscriptions. "Our hall is burning, sir; the engines are at work, but there is no hope. We shall want a new one. Let us have money enough to begin

at once." Thousands upon thousands of dollars were subscribed without a moment's hesitation; and it is said that before the fire was out money enough had been raised to build a new hall in a style of even greater magnificence than the first. This is only a specimen of the lightning Christianity of Chicago.

The man who may be called *par excellence* the Lightning Christian of the city, is Mr. Moodie, the secretary of the association referred to, and a man whose name is a household word in connection with missionary work. I went to one of his mission-schools, and have rarely beheld such a scene of high-pressure evangelization. It made me think irresistibly of those breathing steam-boats on the Mississippi, that must either go fast or burst. Mr. Moodie himself effervesced about the school the whole time, seeing that everybody was at work, throwing in a word where he thought it necessary, and inspiring every one with his own enthusiasm.

As soon as the classes had been going on for the specified number of minutes, he mounted the platform, rang a bell, and addressed the children. He is a keen, dark-eyed man, with a somewhat squeaky voice, but with thorough earnestness of manner and delivery. His remarks were few but pointed, and full of interrogation, keeping the children on their mettle. It is one of his first principles never, in any of the exercises, in schools or meetings, to allow the interest or attention of the audience to flag for an instant. At a great religious convention held at Chicago, to which 500 delegates came from all parts of the country, he got a resolution passed that no one was to be allowed more than three minutes for his speech. The result was that an immense number got an opportunity of speak-

ing, and an admirable check was put on the American tendency to copious and flowery oratory. Every man had to dash *in medias res* at once, say what he had to say without loss of words, and leave out all minor points to get time for the points of most importance.[1]

[1] Here are a few specimens of the three-minute speeches on the questions of "How to reach the poor, and how to make religious services more effective;"—

MR. MOODIE'S SPEECH.

"We don't make our services interesting enough so as to get unconverted people to come. We don't expect them to come—would be mortified if they did. To make them interesting and profitable, ask the question—How shall we make them more interesting? and then ask some man that never takes a part how he would do it. You will wake him up. If you can't talk, read a verse of Scripture, and let God speak. Bring up the question—What more can we do in our district? *Get those who never do anything to say what they think ought to be done, and then ask them if they are doing it.* Don't get in a rut. I abominate ruts. Perhaps I dread them too much, but there is nothing I fear more."

REV. MR. WYNN'S SPEECH.

"You must preach truth as though it were truth. We must throw aside our manuscripts. The gift at Pentecost was a gift of tongues and not of pens. I heard of a man once who was asked by his wife to scold the hired girl. He said he would write out a scold. (Laughter.) He wrote it out, and the wife read it, but it did not produce any perceptible effect. She threw aside the manuscript, and went at it in the good old-fashioned way. And then the cook began to think she meant something. In the pulpit we ought to take heed of the example of our political brethren. What effect would a political speech have if it were read?"

MR. WM. REYNOLD'S SPEECH.

"No one can deny that churches are losing favour with the masses. That which convinced John that Christ had come was that to the poor the Gospel was preached. Where is this done now? We are troubled with a respectable Christianity. We have our houses of worship made into houses of merchandise. A seat in God's house is a matter of bargain and sale. If Christ were here again upon earth, I think that He would take the same instrument that He once used, and again clear out His house. (Laughter.) When I was in Europe, where caste is acknowledged, yet I saw that the rich and poor, titled and untitled, were alike equal after they entered the sanctuary. It ought to be so here. It is said that the expenses of a church can be raised in no other way than by pew-rents. I belonged to a church in Peoria that could by pew-renting barely raise $1600. I now belong to a mission where we have free seats, and raise that amount easily, and we do it by each one paying 50 cents a week. It isn't hard to pay that amount. We fail to reach the poor on account of dress. We dress as if the church was a place to display the latest fashions and styles of bonnets. Our ministers too are getting ambitious, and have a hankering after city churches, and are unwilling to preach in poor churches. The reason why we do not reach

Though earnest in his piety, and full of religious talk, Mr. Moodie has no patience with mere cant, and wants everybody to prove his sincerity by his acts. At one meeting on behalf of a struggling charity, a wealthy layman, loud in his religious professions, offered up a prayer that the Lord would move the hearts of the people to contribute the aid required. Mr. Moodie rose and said that what the charity wanted was only $2000, and that he considered it absurd for a man worth half-a-million to get up and ask the Lord to do anything in the matter when he could himself with a mere stroke of his pen do all that was needed and ten times more, and never feel the difference.

The first thing Mr. Moodie does with those whom he succeeds in bringing under Christian influences is to turn them to account in pushing on the work. No place is too bad, no class too hardened to be despaired of. He sometimes takes a choir of well-trained children with him to the low drinking-saloons to help him in wooing the drunkards and gamblers away to the meetings. On one such occasion which was described to me, he entered one of these dens with his choir, and said,—"Have a song, gentlemen?" No objection was offered, and the children sang a patriotic song in fine style, eliciting great applause. Mr. Moodie then started them with a hymn, and went round, while they sang, distributing tracts. When the hymn

the poor is that the poor are not welcome."

REV. MR. WINES' SPEECH.

"A poor but respectably dressed and feeble old woman went into a city church. She walked up the aisle, and no one gave her a seat. The pastor saw her, and interrupting the services came down from the pulpit, politely offered her his arm, and gave her a seat in his own pew. (Applause.) People were not allowed to stand in the aisles after that." (Laughter.)

Cries of "Name the man."

Mr. Wines, "Rev. Dr. Tyng." (Loud applause.)

was over, he said,—"We shall now have a word of prayer!"

"No, no!" cried several in alarm, "no prayer here!"

"Oh yes, we'll have a word. Quiet for one moment, gentlemen;" and he offered up a few earnest petitions. Some of the men were touched, and when he invited them to go with him to his meeting and hear more, about half of them rose and went. It is believed that if Pandemonium were accessible, Mr. Moodie would have a mission started there within a week.

There are now thirty-six mission schools under the Sunday-School Union, attended by 6500 poor children and persons reclaimed from vice.

Chicago has also developed her educational system with amazing rapidity. There are plenty of people in Cook County able to remember the time when the only school in Chicago was kept in a log-hut, meant for a bakehouse, and was attended by seven children, who were taught by a discharged soldier of the name of William Cox. Now the city has 373 public school-rooms, with 400 teachers and 30,000 pupils enrolled, maintained at a cost of 650,000 dollars annually. It has also private schools with 18,000 pupils in attendance; a university, a law-school, two business colleges, and three theological seminaries. This is quick work for a city not forty years of age!

XIV.

ANNA DICKINSON.

BOTH in the West and in the East, I had the opportunity of hearing Miss Anna E. Dickinson, one of the women who became celebrated during the war, and who still is (as a public lecturer) one of the best known in the United States. The history of this young lady is something of a romance, though the romance is not of the kind most common with her sex.

When the war broke out in 1861, a young Quaker girl, employed in the Mint at Philadelphia, was dismissed by the Democratic Board of Directors, because, at a young ladies' meeting, she had dared to blaspheme the sacred name of General George B. M'Clellan. Little did the directors imagine with what vehemence the Quaker girl was to make vengeance recoil on the political party in whose interests she had been dismissed. Partly out of strong sympathy with the Republican (and especially the Abolition) party, and partly to support herself and others dependent upon her, she began to deliver public lectures, urging the North to strike at slavery as an evil in itself, and as the cause and strength of the rebellion. The beauty and oratorical power of the girl excited interest, but brought her little substantial benefit, and the winter of 1862 found her at Concord (the city of Ralph Waldo Emerson), in compa-

rative poverty, delivering, for ten dollars, the last lecture for which she was engaged for the season.

That lecture, full of pathos and stormful eloquence, turned the tide of her fortunes. The State election was pending, and the military reverses of the North had damaged the hopes of the Republican party. The Secretary of the Central Committee heard Anna Dickinson deliver her lecture, and was so impressed with its power that he said to his coadjutors, "If we could get that girl to deliver this lecture round the State, we might carry the Republican ticket yet." The experiment was thought worth making. Miss Dickinson was engaged, and the campaign arranged for. Others of the party were not so sanguine. The candidate for one district wrote indignantly to the Secretary, "Don't send that d—d woman down here to defeat my election." But when Miss Dickinson began her course, lecturing round the State, drawing enthusiastic audiences, and fanning the embers of Republican sentiment into a flame, the astonished candidate began to deluge the committee with applications for her aid. But the answer was the old answer—

> "If you will not when you may,
> When you will you shall have nay."

The "d—d woman" was not sent down; that candidate was defeated, but the State was carried for the Republicans.

There now got up a *furor* about the eloquent young Quakeress. Leading Republicans in Connecticut, who had begun to despair of carrying their State for Lincoln, sent for Anna Dickinson, who came, saw, and conquered. What could gallant Americans do when a pretty Quakeress had taken the field? Mrs. Stanton says that the fortnight's campaign was one continued ovation. Even

Democrats gave way to the popular enthusiasm, tore off their badges, and substituted the likeness of the Quaker girl. Ministers preached about her; people called her another Joan of Arc, raised by God to carry the Republican ticket. When the State was actually carried for Lincoln by a majority of several hundred votes, Anna Dickinson was hurrahed, serenaded, deluged with bouquets; while the Electoral Committee, more practical in its gratitude, presented her with four hundred dollars for her closing speech, and one hundred dollars for each of the preceding. She was now called for everywhere, and went stirring up the popular enthusiasm in favour of the Government. When she went to speak at Washington, the Hall of Representatives (corresponding with our House of Commons) was voted to her with acclamation; she was led to the Speaker's chair by the Vice-President of the United States, and there, "for an hour and ten minutes," the Quaker girl delivered her arguments and fiery appeals to a vast audience of three thousand legislators, soldiers, and other citizens, amongst whom sat President Lincoln.

In 1865, the successful issue of the war took away one stimulus to her enthusiasm; but there were other unsettled questions in which she was interested, and on which (specially the question of Woman's Rights) she has been lecturing ever since.

The first time I heard her, she appeared upon the platform in a grey dress, with a red ribbon hanging from the brooch at her neck. She faced the vast audience with a fearless eye, and with the air of one who is accustomed to it. She is pretty without being very prepossessing; is rather small in person, but full of nerve and passion; wears her dark clustering hair

cut short; has a bold front; an eye full of dark lightning, an Irish-American tongue, and a tremendous voice that might awaken the dead. Her lecture was on her now favourite subject of Woman's Rights. She entitled it "Idiots and Women"—taking as her text the law that "all people of the age of twenty-one years shall be eligible to office and shall have the right to vote, save only criminals, paupers, idiots, *and women.*" From this text she delivered a violent philippic against the subjection of women and the tyranny of men. "Here is a nation," she cried, "that declares that it gains its power from the consent of the governed, and yet never receives and never asks the consent of one-half the governed! Here is a nation declaring that taxation and representation are inseparable, and yet taxing a woman's property wherever it can be found, but for ever denying woman the right to say how this tax shall be expended!"

And what reason is assigned for this? "Most men," she answered, "can give no better reason than the Bishop gave for believing in the Bible—namely, first, that he *was* a bishop, and second, that he knew nothing about it!"

She waxed wroth over the law's injustice to women. She cited one case of a man in Connecticut who married a woman worth 50,000 dollars in her own right. This man, first of all, paid for his wedding clothes out of his wife's money, and when he died (as he did within a year), willed to his wife the interest of her own money, so long as she remained a widow!

"Some people tell us," she said, "that women influence enough by their beauty. But how about those who have no beauty? Have plain-looking women no

rights? Others say, 'Women's business is to look after the house.' If this is your position, why do you not carry the argument to its logical conclusion, and say to the storekeeper, 'Your business is to sell soft goods, therefore you shall not vote?'"

She had some stinging remarks here and there for the male sex—those at least opposed to female suffrage. "People say that women are silly creatures, not fit to vote. Well, some of them are:" she said, "God Almighty made them so, I suppose, *to match some of the men.*" When she spoke of the laws that have the effect of compelling a woman to choose between a husband or nothing, she said, as Theodore Parker had it, That it was sometimes giving her a choice *between two nothings.*

Her audience, cold and listless at first, occasionally receiving with an audible hiss some unwelcome personality, soon became interested, and began to laugh and applaud, while Miss Dickinson, unaffected by any demonstration, bowled along at a terrific rate, pushing back her hair from her excited face, and pouring forth an unbroken torrent of sarcasm, argument, and appeal.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a woman's preaching was like a dog walking on its hind legs—it did not do it well, but it was a wonder to see it doing it at all. But Anna Dickinson, when in the right mood, lectures with real power; and Dr. Johnson himself would have winced under some of her strokes that night.

At the May anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York, I heard her again unexpectedly. She was not announced to be there, but after several speeches had been delivered, the chairman said, "If my eyes do

not deceive me, I think I see Miss Dickinson in one of the back seats. Will she come up to the platform?" Miss Dickinson did not need much coaxing. She rose at once, walked up to the platform, and, assuming that she had been called on for a speech, took off her hat, laid it on the chairman's desk, and began. From the reference which she by-and-by made to a little card in her hand, it seemed as if she had not been altogether unprepared for the invitation. Her remarks, however, lacked the nerve and fire of her lecture. She "improved" a speech that had gone before in favour of enfranchising black men by demanding the enfranchisement also of black women. This proposal, when public feeling was not prepared to enfranchise even the cultured ladies of the North, seemed such a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Woman's Rights movement that the meeting seemed rather annoyed at its being made.

Miss Dickinson's self-confidence is wonderful. At the Woman's Rights Convention in Chicago, the Rev. Robert Laird Collyer, a prominent Unitarian, denounced the female suffrage movement, recommending women to stay at home and leave politics to their husbands. Miss Dickinson immediately got up in reply, attacked Collyer with great spirit, said that in Massachusetts there were three women to one man, so that on his principle two-thirds of them could have no husbands to represent them; and that 40,000 of the remainder had drunken husbands who did not represent but *mis*-represent them. Mr. Collyer responded, Miss Dickinson replied, and so it went on amidst great excitement, each party speaking four or five times, Mr. Collyer, it was said, coming off second-best.

For her regular lectures Miss Dickinson is much

sought after by Lyceums and other societies throughout the North. I was told that next to John B. Gough she drew the biggest audiences of any public lecturer in the States. She is paid at the rate of from £15 to £30 a night, and is said to be always worth that and more to the society.

XV.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

"YES, sir," said a tall Western man with whom I was one day conversing, "I calculate this is going to be the biggest thing in God's creation." He referred to the new line which was then in rapid process of construction across the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific. Without wholly committing myself to the same position, it seems to me that America, in some of her railway as well as steam-boat comforts, has left the rest of the world behind. On one of these Western lines, I travelled several hundreds of miles in a train where, by the payment of a few extra dollars, I secured a beautiful little parlour and bedroom all to myself. The parlour was furnished with richly-cushioned sofa and chairs, a stove, gilded racks for parcels and books, and a table at which I could sit and write, or have my meals if I chose to order them in. The bedroom was furnished with equal completeness, and the conductor, who awoke me in the morning, brought in my breakfast and the morning papers of the district through which we were passing at the time. It was like a little travelling hotel.

These "drawing-room coaches," "silver-palace cars," and "Pulman cars," as they are variously called, are only found as yet on a few of the longest and most

frequented lines. But almost every train that runs by night in Canada or the States carries a sleeping car, where the payment of an extra dollar secures you a tolerably comfortable curtained berth, in which, when you become accustomed to the noise and the shuddering and jolting of the car, you may sleep as soundly as you would in your own bed at home. Dressing in one of these berths, especially the under one, feels a little like trying to dress under a sofa; but the major part of your toilet can be deferred till you get to the washing and dressing-room, which is always found at one end of the car.

To understand this and many of the other peculiarities of railway travelling in America, it is necessary to remember that the carriages or "cars" are not divided into compartments like ours, with doors at the side. You enter by a door opening from a little platform at the end, and find yourself in what seems a long narrow room with a passage down the middle, and sixteen or twenty little cross sofas on each side. Along the centre, the car is so high that a tall man can walk with his hat on. If you find the one you first enter full, you can step along the passage, and out upon the little platform at the other end, from which you can step (even when the train is at full speed) to the platform of the next car, and so, if you like, thread the whole train.

This construction clears the way for almost all the conveniences that make railway travelling in America so much pleasanter and less fatiguing than here. There is a stove at one end of every car, and a fountain at the other. If you feel cold, you can go and heat yourself at the stove; if you feel thirsty, you can go to the

fountain and have a drink. On many lines, indeed, a boy passes through the train every half-hour with iced water, which is supplied gratis. The same arrangement allows you, if you want a smoke, to pass forward when you please to the smoking car; or, if night comes on, to pass rearward to the sleeping car. It also allows the conductor to pass through and examine or collect the tickets without any stoppage of the train: and allows the "train-boy" to pass to and fro, vending such articles as travellers may be supposed to want.

This last is so conspicuous a feature in railway travelling in America that it deserves special mention. The train is hardly started before the boy comes through selling newspapers. He is generally a sharp lad, who has clearly before his mind two facts. The first is, that if you have forgotten to buy a newspaper before starting, you will, by-and-by, begin to miss one very much, and be willing to pay a little extra rather than want it. The second is that, as the train is now fairly off, he (the boy) enjoys a monopoly, there being no longer any outside competition, and therefore that he can charge just as much as he thinks your paperless condition will tempt you to pay: which he does.

But the boy is aware that humanity has an appetite for other things than news. Accordingly, having disposed of his papers, he by-and-by makes his appearance with a basket of apples, or nuts, or grapes, or whatever happens to be in season. Should he fail to tempt you with these, he returns with maple sugar, or figs, or candy. If you have children, he turns the box of candy round to let them see it. Their little mouths begin to water, they turn their wistful eyes to yours, your parental affections are moved, and you ask

the boy what he charges. The boy magnanimously, and in consideration of your being a parent with the cares of a family devolving upon you, names ten cents, the candy being worth two; and when you have divided the candy amongst the children, throws a smile into the lot without charge, and passes on in quest of other customers.

After a time the same boy, speculating in his inscrutable retirement on the varied wants of human nature, and having come to the conclusion that by this time (your appetite for confections and latest news being satisfied) the desire for general information may be successfully appealed to, re-appears with an armful of books, magazines, or illustrated papers. He passes down the car, throwing one upon the lap of each person as he goes,—but not indiscriminately; he has observed your appearance, and has formed his opinion of what is most likely to excite your interest, and send your hand again into your pocket. Accordingly, upon your knee, for you have your little boy (we shall suppose) upon the other, he drops a picture-book; on your wife's lap, for he has noted her expensive bonnet, he throws a *Magazine of Fashion;* to the curly-headed youth with his hat cocked over his eye he throws an illustrated police paper; to the gentleman with the cheesy hat he administers an agricultural journal; on the lap of the old maiden lady at the door he drops the *Monthly Scandal*, or a copy of *The Mysterious Man*, and so passes through into the next car to drive the same business. And just when the elderly lady has dipped deep enough into the story of *The Mysterious Man* to feel an intense desire to know what becomes of him, and the youth with the hat cocked over his eye has caught sight of

some picture of doubtful propriety between the uncut leaves of the police paper, the boy is back to take away the papers or get the money for them.

In cars constructed in the manner described, there is of course no separation of classes. Some lines, no doubt, have emigrant cars more rudely fitted up, and charging a smaller price, to run newly arrived emigrants out West. On other lines, especially in the South, there are "nigger cars," open, of course, to white people, and often used as smoking cars, but to which all coloured passengers have to confine themselves. The Civil Rights Bill has made such a restriction illegal; but wherever I went the old rule was still practically enforced. On the other hand, there are those luxurious silver-palace cars, which constitute (practically) an American first class, being open to those only who pay an extra price to the conductor. There is also the sleeping-car, and the ladies' car—the latter fitted up with extra accommodation, and reserved for ladies, and for gentlemen who have ladies with them.

But these are all trifling exceptions. In the ordinary cars, which charge about the same as our second class, with superior accommodation, and in which nine-tenths of the people travel, all classes are together. The Irish servant-girl pays the same fare as the Vice-President of the United States, and takes her seat beside him. The hodman has a cushioned seat, a carpet, a rail for his feet, an ornamental rack for his bundle, and a lattice blind to screen his delicate complexion from the sun, just as the bishop's daughter has in the seat before, or the young dandy in the seat behind.

There are inconveniences connected with this state

of things, but they are far fewer than I had been led to expect. You never see an act of rudeness such as might not occur any day in a first-class carriage at home. The only approach to incivility that is at all common arises from the desire of every passenger to keep a whole seat to himself and get you passed on if possible to another. He will seat himself at one side, lay his coat at the other, as if it were engaged (each seat or little sofa being meant for two); and when he sees you or any one else coming through the car in quest of a place, he will turn his face to the window, and become suddenly absorbed in the distant landscape. But when you stop and say, "Is this seat occupied, sir?" he will, as a rule, turn pleasantly, and (the game being up) lift his coat and make room; and, having no further interest in the landscape, will generally get into conversation with you, and make a very agreeable companion. The little preliminary bit of churlishness is common, I suppose, to both countries.

But there is never any annoyance from smoking in America, the way to and from the smoking car being always open. And I have often heard ladies who had gone from this country speak of the indescribable relief it is there, when travelling without a companion, to know that it is impossible for them to be locked up alone in a small compartment with some rude or desperate character. In America, a lady takes her seat in the public car with as much confidence as she would take her seat in the saloon of one of our steamers, or the drawing-room of one of our hotels.

Moreover, while the privacy that is possible in Britain is impossible here, and while this commingling of all classes must, to a certain extent, lower the highest form

of aristocratic refinement, it is one of the ways in which the people, high and low, are being educated for the new form of society to which the world is moving. The high must stoop to help up the low. All down the scale, the work of God incarnating Himself to redeem mankind has to be reproduced. The result in many respects is beneficial to all classes. One notices in these American cars that the millionnaire, finding that the hodman can sit on the same seat and claim equal rights, learns to be accommodating, and to take his seat not as a millionnaire but as a man; while the hodman, finding that he is amongst ladies and gentlemen, and is expected to act like a gentleman himself, becomes polite to an extent which would surprise those who draw their notions of men and manners in America too exclusively from the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Of course men and masses of men are not refined in a day, but the process of education is going on.

American railways provide other facilities besides those already mentioned. Your ticket, for instance, allows you to break your journey anywhere or everywhere along the route. I remember taking a through ticket once from New York to Charleston. It was a formidable-looking ticket, about a foot and a half long, divisible into parts representing different stages of the journey. Armed with this ticket, I began my journey South. I stopped a week at Philadelphia, another at Washington, another at Richmond; a fortnight at Petersburg; a fortnight at Wilmington: spent altogether two months on the way. When I gave up the last piece of the ticket, I said to the conductor,—"How long do these tickets remain good?"

"Nominally a year," he said; "but if you had turned up next year or the year after, we should have passed you on. We hold the ticket good till you get to the end of your journey."

Then the system of checking baggage. This is an unspeakable relief to the encumbered traveller. Everybody knows what a constant source of anxiety luggage is in this country. You have first of all to get a paper label stuck on every box and bag merely to prevent its being carried away to London when you want to go to Liverpool. On reaching your destination you have often to struggle through a frantic crowd of men, women, porters, and cabmen, to find out and identify your different things. And from the frequent similarity of different trunks and portmanteaus to one another, never a day passes without mistakes occurring, and innocent people driving away with other people's things. Or if, to escape all this, you book your luggage, you have to pay for it. In America you are saved all this annoyance and expense by a very simple contrivance. When you take out your ticket, the baggage-clerk looks at it, and affixes a brass medal with a number on it to each of your packages, and gives you the duplicates. These are your "checks." So long as you have these the company takes charge of your luggage and is responsible. You may stop a day here and a day there on your way, but when you reach your destination your things are there waiting you. Nobody, even by assuming your name (which would suffice here) can meddle with these packages without presenting the checks. Nor is it necessary when you want your baggage to go and identify it. The numbers on the duplicate tickets suffice for that. You take your seat

in a hack or hotel-omnibus, and give your checks to the man, who goes and gets your things for you. I had less trouble with my luggage travelling thousands of miles in America over different lines of railway than I have sometimes had here passing from Edinburgh to Glasgow. The Americans cannot understand why we content ourselves with our present system; and I confess my wits are no keener than theirs.

XVI.

THE HUB.

My first visit to Boston, the account of which I have left over till now, that all about that city may go together, was paid in the month of November, just when that great centre of the intellectual life of America was quickening into activity for the winter. The city was in town again, as one gentleman expressed it; the public schools and colleges were open; the literary stars that vanish into space in the summer-time were again clustering over the place in glorious constellation; the lecture courses for which Boston is so famous were all commenced; everything was going on that I was most anxious as a stranger to see. The first thing that caught my eye in the papers on the night of my arrival was a list of lectures to be delivered by Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Curtis, John B. Gough, Charles Sumner, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. I remember how it thrilled me, as I read these advertisements, to feel that I was really in Boston—that city of many a dream.

The Bostonians are very proud of their city. I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who first called it "the Hub"—hub being the central part of a wheel—Boston, by analogy, the central part of God's creation, from which all light radiates, and towards which all eyes of men and angels are turned. It used to be a saying

that a person born in Boston did not need to be born again.[1]

Boston and New York being both great cities—Boston the literary and New York the commercial centre of the States—there exists between them a feeling of secret jealousy, something like that which exists here between Glasgow and Edinburgh. Each one points to the other with pride when the glory of the United States is the topic, but when the question is one of Boston *versus* New York, a strong feeling of jealousy betrays itself. It was a great triumph to New York that season when Cunard withdrew his steamers from Boston. There was infinite crowing over "the hub" in the New York papers; and "the hub" could not conceal its chagrin.

Boston is still the headquarters of Unitarianism. Most of the educated people I met were adherents of this creed; but Unitarianism, while it has succeeded in impregnating the popular faith with some of its ideas, seems to have lost ground as a separate faith. Even in Boston it no longer stands where it did in the days of Buckminster, Ware, and Greenwood. The other creeds are gaining ground, and already claim a large majority of the population. As soon as you leave the city you begin to lose sight of Unitarianism altogether; and in New York, with its three-quarters of a million of souls, only a few hours' run from Boston, the Unitarians, out of 460 Protestant churches, can claim but three! It is too colourless a creed for the masses.

Within its own pale there seems an illimitable

[1] The Americans have a weakness for comical profanity. When Governor Andrews' death was announced that week, following close on the death of two other prominent Bostonians, one gentleman remarked—"What a respectable place heaven is getting to be!"

diversity of opinion. I talked with some Unitarians who held very high views of Christ's divinity and the inspiration of Scripture; others were mere infidels. There is the same diversity in the pulpit. I heard one prominent Unitarian in Boston preach a sermon on "The Life of Christ" that might have passed muster in the most orthodox church in Scotland. Every variety of believer and unbeliever is covered by the same name, from men like Gannet and Rufus Ellis, who represent the old school of reverent Unitarians, down to Mr. Hepworth, who discards the authority of either Old or New Testament, and looks on the Virgin Mary as a woman of doubtful reputation. The only point of agreement seemed to be their common denial of the doctrine of Depravity, the Atonement, and the Trinity. But there is no standard of appeal. Every man is allowed to think for himself.

I heard a great deal in Boston about Theodore Parker, traces of whose influence are found everywhere. His preaching was described to me as quiet, but with a depth of earnestness about it to which no listener could remain insensible. His sarcasm was withering—his language at times daring, even to profanity, making the people shudder. For years the vast Music Hall was crowded Sabbath after Sabbath to hear him. A gentleman who was a frequent attender, said he had sometimes seen the whole audience convulsed with laughter, sometimes bursting into tempests of applause. They used to read the papers before Parker came in, and even during the preliminary exercises; but papers were laid aside when the sermon began. Another gentleman told me that he was once present at a meeting of young men in Parker's house. Parker was giving them a his-

tory of the society he had formed after being expelled from the Unitarian body as too extreme. Some of his people at first wanted communion; but he had discountenanced it, and told them they could take their cake and wine at home. "I think," he said, "it is time for people to give up taking their meals in church." My informant was so shocked at this blasphemy that he left, and never went to hear Parker again.

Parker gets the credit amongst all parties of having been a brave and fearless man, and one of those who fought the battle of Abolitionism at the peril of his life. William Crafts, a coloured man, who is now organizing a scheme for co-operative negro labour in the Southern States, from which he and his wife were then runaway slaves, told me that Parker on one occasion concealed them in his study, and wrote his sermons with loaded pistols on his table, and the gun that his father had used in the revolutionary war standing at his side.

One also hears a great deal in Boston about Choate and Webster ("Dan'l Webster," as they call him), and the Homeric conflicts of those giants in forensic debate. I spoke to people who had heard Choate plead for four or five hours in succession, laying out his case with consummate skill, and holding the court, and the dense audience, spell-bound to the close. Even a people so remarkable for ease and fluency of address as the Americans, stood amazed and confounded at Choate's overwhelming vocabulary. It was said that when Noah Webster's Dictionary was first published, a case was going on in court which was expected to bring from Choate a speech of at least four hours' duration.

A gentleman in conversation with one of the judges happened to remark that the dictionary just published contained thirteen thousand new words.

"Thirteen thousand new words!" cried the judge in consternation. "For God's sake don't tell Choate that till this case is over!"

Choate seemed to be born a special pleader. He lost himself in his case; became as nervous and eager about it as if he were client himself; spoke with intense earnestness, and often pleaded before the jury with tears in his eyes. Well aware, no doubt, of the influence that sympathy has over a man's judgment, he lost no opportunity of prepossessing people in his favour. One gentleman, whose son is now a lawyer, said that on one occasion he introduced his son to Choate in the midst of the crowd, as the people were pouring into court. Choate shook hands kindly, said a few pleasant words, and passed on. He stopped again, however, under one of the pillars, turned round, and waited till the gentleman and his son came up, when he took the young man's hand and said,—"If I can ever be of any service to you, come to me at once. Will you promise?" Had he said this at first it might have been taken as a mere piece of politeness: stopping again to say it, left upon the mind of both father and son a deeper impression of kindness.

Another acquaintance of the eloquent lawyer's mentioned that, when speaking with him one day on the Court-house steps, a working-man passed up, to whom Choate nodded familiarly.

"Who is that?" the gentleman asked.

"I don't know," said Choate. "But he *may* be one of the jury."

Choate's power of moving the sympathies and exciting the enthusiasm of his auditors made him a dangerous antagonist, even for the redoubtable Expounder of the Constitution. But Webster's strength was more real, and depended less than is often supposed upon the scathing fire and terrible power of voice which marked his mightier efforts both at the bar and in the Senate. In a celebrated will case, when Choate and Webster were pitted against each other, Choate made a thrilling speech of two hours' duration, and was followed by Webster, who spoke in his usual sluggish style but got the verdict for his client. A lady who was present was asked next day what she thought of Choate's speech.

"Oh, beautiful! enchanting!" she said with enthusiasm. "I never heard anything like it."

"And Webster's?"

"I was quite disappointed with Webster, after all I had heard about his oratory."

"He put the case very clearly though?"

"Oh yes, he put the case clearly enough."

"You would feel that he had made out the case?"

"Yes. Oh yes."

"You had no doubt, when he sat down, how the jury would decide?"

"None."

"Well, *that's* what we mean by Webster's oratory."

One of the first celebrities whom I heard "orate" in Boston was Charles Sumner, who represents the State of Massachusetts in the Senate, and whose name and position first became familiar to the public here when Brooks of South Carolina assaulted him in Congress for

his hostility to slavery.[1] His lecture at Boston was entitled, "Are we a Nation?" and was an argument, powerfully put, in favour of maintaining the authority of Congress. He is a large, heavy man, dark-eyed and dark-haired, looking much younger than he really is, and wearing his hair a little after the fashion of Disraeli, massed upon the side of his brow. He has a deep, powerful voice, but his oratory did not impress me. He began to gesticulate in a formal manner as soon as he opened his mouth, reminding one of a schoolboy commencing a recitation. His intonations also are artificial. He lifts his voice, keeps it up for a time, and then suddenly, and without any reason in the nature of things (unless it be to let the whole power of his voice be felt) plunges into a deep growling tone. This is characteristic of many public speakers in America. Sumner is regarded in the North as a great orator, and lectures a good deal round the country. Unhappily, he has the reputation of being a great scholar, and considers it necessary to sustain his reputation by loading his speeches, when they admit of it, with classical allusions, and is so fastidious about his *ore rotundo* style, that he often weakens the native force of his thought and argument. When a speech, in consequence, becomes heavy and laboured, the people can only say, "It was classic, sir; it was a classic speech."

But Charles Sumner is a power in the country, and one of the ablest as well as most prominent leaders of the Republican party—would probably, but for his

[1] It is told of Sumner, but is also told of others, making it doubtful who was the real author of the retort, that when challenged to fight with pistols, he replied,—"When I want to die, I can shoot myself."

rugged honesty and self-will, have been the leader of that party long ago.

At Cambridge, a few miles out of Boston, lives the poet Longfellow—one of the men in all America whom I was most anxious to meet, and to whom, before leaving Scotland, I had been provided with introductions. How well I remember that particular forenoon when I took the Cambridge horse-cars and drove out along the Mount Auburn road, feeling as if it were a dream that within half-an-hour I was to see Henry Longfellow face to face. At last the conductor stopped to let me out, and said,—"You take the cross-road here. Mr. Longfellow's house is the third to the left."

I walked down the road very slowly, for anticipation is sweet, and one does not like to hurry over a joy that can never be had but once. My bosom was filled with strange emotion. I was about to see the man who had touched the heart of Christian humanity with his songs —one who had filled my own early life with the music of his dreams. It is always sweet to pay homage to the poet, but to few, either in the New World or in the Old, could I have paid it with so much heart as to Longfellow. How pure his influence upon the world had been! How many hearts his "Psalm of Life," his "Evangeline," and his "Excelsior," had kindled with a nobler enthusiasm! How many toilers in the dark cells of humanity his "Architects of Fate" had awakened to the nobleness and immortality of faithful work! Among the mountains of sorrow how many melancholy wanderers had he cheered! How many a mother's heart, throbbing with anguish over the withered corpse of her child,

had he comforted with his sweet song of "The Reaper and the Flowers!"

The old Craigie House, once the Washington head-quarters, which has been occupied by Longfellow since 1837, and from which, in 1839, he dated his *Hyperion*, was now before me—a large white mansion, standing on a gentle eminence, partially screened from the Mount Auburn road by a grove of elms. A footpath led to it from the gate through the gently sloping lawn. Just as I reached the door, a short-haired terrier came racing round, and began to jump up to my hand and wriggle joyfully about my feet. I had only been in a minute when Longfellow made his appearance. He looked older and more venerable than I had expected to find him—his long clustering hair and shaggy beard white as snow. I was struck, too, with a look of latent sadness in his eyes—an expression which vanishes at times when he is moved to laughter, but steals back into the thoughtful eye, and into every line of the face, as soon as the passing thought is gone. Those lines of Mrs. Browning's often occurred to me when I looked at him:—

> "O, sorrowful great gift,
> Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
> When one life has been found enough for pain."

I heard, however, from some of Longfellow's friends, that the tragic death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, had made a great change in his appearance, and brought a shadow over his life that nothing had ever been able to drive away.

The family were at an early dinner, but Longfellow insisted upon my joining them. The Scotch terrier went in with us, and was still making demonstrations to attract my attention.

"That terrier is intensely national," said Longfellow, with a smile. "I never knew a Scotchman come here but that terrier found him out, and wanted to make friends with him."

After dinner he took me to his study, wheeled a big arm-chair for me to the fireside, and, seating himself in another, with a cigar, began to ask about his literary friends in Scotland. He spoke of Alexander Smith and his *City Poems*, and of Gilfillan's early recognition of their author's genius, and expressed deep regret at Smith's premature death. Aytoun he knew chiefly by his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. Tennyson, he said, was exceedingly popular all over America. He showed me a beautiful copy of the Laureate's works that stood among the books on his study-table. He spoke of George Mac Donald, and of Dr. John Brown, whose "Spare Hours" [*Horæ Subsecivæ*] was much admired. "But he is best known," he said, "by some of his shorter pieces. *Rab and his Friends* is everywhere."

Speaking of international copyright law, he said,—"We have done all we could to get such a law passed. You would gain by it even more than we. The difficulty lies with the lower class of publishers and booksellers here. They cry out against it. But houses like Fields' are strongly in its favour, and have lent all their influence to obtain it. My own idea," he added, "is this:—*Any copyright taken out on the one side should hold on the other; and whenever it expires on the side on which it is taken out it should expire on the other.* This, I think, would cover the whole ground, and would avoid all difficulty arising from the different lengths of time for which copyright is granted in the two countries."

Of newspapers and journals he said,—"Ours are not

equal to yours. We have no such classic writing here as you have in the *Times, Spectator,* and *Saturday Review.* But our standard is rising."

Speaking of the war, he said,—"When the Marquis of Lorne was here, I asked him why the English aristocracy were so exultant over the split of our Union. The Marquis said it was the instinct of caste. He was the first nobleman I met who perceived, or at least confessed the truth. I was surprised to hear the confession even from him."

He looked at some photographs that I happened to have with me. On coming to Cruickshanks', he said, sadly, "How changed he is since I first met him at the door of Dickens's house. It makes me feel old to look at him." He admired a picture of Thomas Carlyle, taken by Elliot and Fry, but was amused beyond measure at the philosopher's appearance in the handsome cloak which the artist had thrown over his shoulders to give effect to the picture, and over which the face of Sartor Resartus appeared, wearing an expression of ludicrously doleful resignation.

Speaking of "Hiawatha" and the Indians, I told Longfellow how much I preferred the Indian of romance to the Indian of reality, as far as my experience of him had gone.

He said, "You see no true specimens now. They are all degenerated by contact with white men and by rum. I doubt if there is a pure uncontaminated Indian left on this continent."

He said that the correct pronunciation of Hiawatha was "Hea-wah-tha."

When I spoke of *Evangeline,* but expressed my doubt if the hexameter would take root in English soil, he said,

—"I don't know; I think it will. It is a measure that suits all themes. It can fly low like a swallow, and at any moment dart skywards. What fine hexameters we have in the Bible,—'*Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.*' And that line,—'*God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet!*' Nothing could be grander or finer than that!"

"When I wrote *Evangeline*," he added, "friends here said, 'It is all very well, but you must take an English metre; that hexameter will never do.' But my thoughts *would* run into hexameter. However, to please them, I translated some passages into heroic measure; but they agreed, when they heard them together, that the hexameter was best." But whatever might be thought of classic measure for new poems, Homer and Virgil ought, if possible, he said, to be preserved in their native hexameter. Attempts to modernize Homer, and put him into English metre, were apt to become absurd. It was like putting a statue in crinoline, or converting Achilles into a modern gentleman.

XVII

HARVARD AND HER TWO HUMORISTS.

A FEW days after my first interview with Longfellow, he was kind enough to take me to hear one of Lowell's lectures at Harvard, where the author of the *Biglow Papers* occupies the Chair of Modern Languages and Literature.[1]

We went first and had a glance through the University Library. Harvard's ambition was to make this an American Bodleian; but the destruction of the library by fire in 1764 was a heavy blow; and the

[1] Harvard University (the Oxford of America) is so called from its founder, the Rev. John Harvard, who in 1636 "donated" £700 towards its support. Lotteries were subsequently chartered to raise sufficient money for the different buildings; but the University has from the first depended mainly on private generosity. Attempts were made long ago to induce Indians to attend its classes, and prepare themselves for civilizing their fellow-aborigines. But the red man was too fond of the trail and the war-path, and only one ever took a degree at Harvard. Of late years the standard of graduation in this University has been rising; and the degrees of Harvard and Yale are now equal in value to almost any that can be obtained on this side of the Atlantic. Harvard has 34 professors, 20 tutors, about 400 under-graduates, and upwards of 800 students altogether attending the classes. Difference of creed is made no ground of exclusion from any honour, even the highest. Amongst the professors, one is a Swedenborgian, another a Unitarian, another a Universalist, another a Presbyterian, and so on. But Longfellow said they all worked pleasantly together. The academical year is divided into two terms, with seven weeks' vacation in summer and six in winter.

number of books since collected does not exceed 150,000. I noticed several old donations from Scotland, and the librarian said he was anxious to see more of the Scottish element, and wished that Scottish authors and publishers knew the desire of Harvard that everything published in this country should put in an appearance there—a desire which I am glad of this opportunity of making to some extent known. As for the kind of books wanted, Harvard is omnivorous. "I should be glad," the librarian said, "if every Scotchman who puts an idea or half an idea in print would send it to this library." To illustrate the importance that might attach to even the pettiest publication, he told me a story (which I hope was not apocryphal) about some man who would have lost a large fortune, had it not been that a funeral sermon preserved at Harvard enabled him to supply a missing link in the chain of evidence.

On leaving the library, and crossing the grassy square towards Lowell's class-room, we saw, rambling towards the same point from the other side, an undersized gentleman in a Highland cloak, carrying a portfolio under his arm. It turned out to be the author of the *Biglow Papers* himself.

We accompanied him to his class-room, where 100 to 150 students were assembled, most of them keen, dark-eyed youths, and many of them wearing double eye-glasses—a phenomenon about New England (and especially about Boston) ladies and gentlemen which I never got to the bottom of.

Lowell stepped up to the platform, opened his portfolio on the desk, and without ceremony began his lecture. American professors, like American ministers,

abjure gowns. Lowell, in plain shooting-coat and light speckled necktie; long curling brown hair, parted in the middle; corner of white handkerchief sticking out of his breast-pocket, stood leaning with his elbows on his desk and one leg bent back and swaying itself easily on the point of his boot as he went on.

He read in a pleasant, quiet, gentlemanly way, and enlivened his lecture with continual sallies of wit, that threatened at times to disturb the decorum of the class. The main topic related to the poetry of the Troubadours: but the introduction had some remarks on the Saxons —"of whom, however," said he, "as was said of the gods, 'the less we have to do with them the better.'" He described them as a sturdy people, "sound of stomach," "with no danger of liver complaint"—a shrewd people, "endowed with an acute sense of the side on which the bread was buttered"—"fine farmers, settling on the land and sticking like alluvial deposits in the levels"—practical men "with no notion that two and two ever make five." "The solidity of these people," he said, "makes them terrible when fairly moved." "But there could be no poet in a million such. Poetry is not made of such materials—of minds in which the everlasting question is, 'What is this good for?'—a question which would puzzle the rose and be answered triumphantly by the cabbage."

When he came to speak of the old Metrical Romances, he said, describing the career of one of their knight-errants,—"It was delightful. No bills to pay. Hero never brought to a stand-still for want of cash." "Then there are the giants who are admitted to all the rights of citizenship, and serve as anvils for knights, who sometimes belabour them for three days in succession,

and stop, not for want of breath on the part of the combatants, but of the minstrel, who, when he found himself or his audience becoming exhausted, managed to make the giant's head loose on his shoulders."

In these glorious days of Metrical Romance, said the professor, "you have a fine time of it, living in your castle on the top of a rock, enjoying a sort of independence, such as a man enjoys in jail." Your horse, too, is a wonderful animal, "whose skeleton Professor Owen would have given his ears for." You have a summary way of dealing with your subjects. "If they are infidels you take all their heads off and bring them to more serious views." Finally, at the end of a glorious career, "you die deeply regretted by your subjects, if there are any of them left with their heads on."

Enlivening his lecture with little sparkling bits of fun of this sort, he went on for nearly an hour, in quiet, easy style, rarely looking up from his manuscript; his hands looped behind his back, or fingering the edges of his desk, raising the lid half an inch and letting it softly down again. At the comical bits there was a "pawky" look in his face and a comical twinkle of the eye, as if he were enjoying the fun just as much as we.

Lowell is descended from a family that is very old for New England. His grandfather, John Lowell, was a prominent man in the days of the Revolution, and was appointed by Washington to be Judge of the District Court of Massachusetts. He afterwards became Chief Justice of the First Circuit under the Presidency of John Adams. The poet's father, the Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, graduated at Harvard in 1800, and spent some years in Europe, two of them at the Edinburgh University. The poet himself was born in Cambridge,

where he now lives, and studied at the University of which he is now a professor. He published a volume of poetry in 1841; tried in 1843 the editing of a paper, for which Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Lowell himself wrote, but which, being too good for general appreciation, came out but thrice, and then died,—

> "Wandering backward as in scorn,
> Waiting an Æon to be born."

In 1844 Lowell published another volume of poetry, containing many pieces of exquisite beauty; but the productions that first made him celebrated were his inimitable *Biglow Papers*, written against the Mexican war and slavery, and published in 1848.

The very first of these threw the public into convulsions of laughter, and hit the mark so well, that James Russell Lowell from that day was known as a power in the country. On one occasion, with half-a-dozen of these humorously sarcastic verses, he turned the State election, securing a peace man as Governor of Massachusetts, by making the war candidate and his talented right-hand man, John P. Robinson, the laughing-stock of the whole country. Here was his sketch of Cushing, the war candidate:—

> "General C. is a dreffle smart man;
> He 's been on all sides that give places or pelf;
> But consistency still being part of his plan,
> He 's been true to *one* party—an' that is himself.
> So John P.
> Robinson he
> Sez he shall vote for General C."

Contrasting the General's notions with the peace principles that reigned in the quiet rural districts of New England, he goes on to say,—

"We were gittin on nicely up here to our village,
With good old ideas o' wut 's right an' wut aint;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
That th' Apostles rigged out in their swallow-tail coats
An' marched round in front of a drum and a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

John Bright's reference to the *Biglow Papers* in a Parliamentary debate during the American war created an immediate demand for them in this country, and led to their republication. Lowell's verses during the rebellion became less pacific, but not less pungent. Many of the American letters in the London *Daily News*, which stood by the North during the war, were understood to be his.

Since Longfellow's resignation of his Chair at Harvard, some fourteen years ago, Lowell has occupied his place. The two poets live near each other, and are intimate friends.[1] In manner, voice, and appearance,

[1] Longfellow's verses, entitled "The Two Angels," which are not published, I think, in all the English editions of his poems, were occasioned by the coincidence of the birth of a child in his house, and the death of Mrs. Lowell, also in child-birth, on the same day. The poem begins:—

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Pass'd o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke."

Of the angels, "one was crowned with amaranth as with flame, and one with asphodels, like flakes of light." The one that stopped at Longfellow's gate was the angel of light:—

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,

Lowell, like Longfellow, would not be distinguished from a cultured English gentleman. Both of them are indispensable members of what the envious New Yorkers call the Mutual Admiration Society of Boston —the circle that has done so much to give America a classic literature of her own, and that represents a class of the scholarly men whom America will produce in greater numbers when the work of breaking up the boundless prairies and hunting incessantly after the almighty dollar is sufficiently over to afford time for quiet, intellectual growth.

I was glad to hear that the opening of the medical classes would give me an opportunity of hearing Oliver Wendell Holmes deliver the inaugural lecture.[1] Mr.

Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from that hush'd and darken'd room
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

[1] It is a coincidence worthy of note, that America's two greatest humorists—Holmes and Lowell—should have both been born at Cambridge, and should both have graduated at Harvard, where both are now professors. Holmes is best known in this country by his "Autocrat,"—undoubtedly his *chef-d'œuvre*,—but it will be remembered by many that it was his "Old Ironsides" that saved the historic frigate *Constitution* from being broken up in 1836, when she was taken for that purpose into the navy yard at Charleston. The poem formed part of a "Metrical Essay" delivered before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Society, and began—

"Ay, tear her batter'd ensign down,
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky."

And so on to the grandest verse of all—

"O better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.

"Nail to the mast her tatter'd flag,
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!"

This poem, published in the *Boston Advertiser*, ran like wildfire through the States, aroused the patriotic sentiment of the people, and saved the old ship.

Fields, the publisher, who went with me, took me round to the museum behind the lecture-hall, where we found a number of the literary and scientific men of Boston assembled to accompany Dr. Holmes to the platform. The doctor himself was there, but was altogether a different-looking man from what I had supposed him to be. I had conceived of him, for what reason I know not, possibly from his poetry, as a tall, thin, dark-eyed, brilliant-looking man. This is not, perhaps, the conception one gets from his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table;* but I read his poems first, and first impressions are apt to remain. Holmes is a plain little dapper man, his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning grey now; a trifle of furzy hair under his ears; a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong under lip that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. In conversation, he is animated and cordial—sharp too, taking the word out of one's mouth. When Mr. Fields said, "I sent the boy this—" "Yes; I got them," said Holmes. He told me I should hear some references to Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh in his lecture; also some thoughts he had taken from Dr. Brown's fine essay on Locke and Sydenham. "But you see," he added with a smile, "I always tell when I steal anything!"

Near us, under one of the lofty windows, two men were standing whom I would have travelled many a league to meet. One of them was Professor Louis Agassiz—big, massive, genial-looking; the rich healthy colour on his broad face still telling of the Old World from which he came—altogether a man who, but for his dark, keen eyes, would look more like a jovial English squire than a devotee of science. Beside

him stood a man of strangely different build—a gaunt, long-limbed man, dressed in a high-collared surtout—his piquant New England face peering down over the old-fashioned black kerchief that swathed his long, thin neck. It was Emerson, the glorious transcendentalist of Concord. He stood in an easy, contemplative attitude, with his hands loosely folded in front, and his head slightly inclined. He has the queerest New England face, with thin features, prominent hatchet nose, and a smile of childlike sweetness and simplicity arching the face, and drawing deep curves down the cheek. Eyes, too, full of sparkling geniality, and yet in a moment turning cold, clear, and searching like the eyes of a god. I remember, when introduced to him, how kindly he took my hand, and with that smile still upon his face, peered deep with those calm blue eyes into mine.

When the hour arrived we went into the lecture-room. Let me try to bring up the scene again. The room is crowded to the door—so crowded that many of the students have to sit on the steps leading up between the sections of concentric seats, and stand crushed three or four deep in the passages along the walls. What a sea of pale faces, and dark, thoughtful eyes!

Holmes, Emerson, and Agassiz are cheered loudly as they enter and take their seats. The Principal opens proceedings with a short prayer—the audience remaining seated. Dr. Holmes now gets up, steps forward to the high desk amidst loud cheers, puts his eye-glasses across his nose, arranges his manuscript, and without any prelude begins. The little man, in his dress coat, stands very straight, a little stiff about the neck, as if

he feels that he cannot afford to lose anything of his stature. He reads with a sharp, percussive articulation, is very deliberate and formal at first, but becomes more animated as he goes on. He would even gesticulate if the desk were not so high, for you see the arm that lies on the desk beside his manuscript giving a nervous quiver at emphatic points. The subject of his lecture is the spirit in which medical students should go into their work—now as students, afterwards as practitioners. He warns them against looking on it as a mere lucrative employment. "Don't be like the man who said, 'I suppose I *must* go and earn that d—d guinea!'" He enlivens his lecture with numerous jokes and brilliant sallies of wit, and at every point hitches up his head, looks through his glasses at his audience as he finishes his sentence, and then shuts his mouth pertly with his under lip, as if he said, "There, laugh at that!"

Emerson sits listening, with his arms folded loosely on his breast—that queer smile of his effervescing at every joke into a silent laugh, that runs up into his eyes and quivers at the corners of his eyebrows, like sunlight in the woods. Beside him sits Agassiz, leaning easily back in his chair, trifling with the thick watch-guard that glitters on his capacious white waistcoat, and looking like a man who has just had dinner, and is disposed to take a pleasant view of things.

Holmes is becoming more animated. His arm is in motion now, indulging in mild movements towards the desk, as if he meant to kill a fly, but always repents and doesn't. He shows less mercy on the persons and opinions that he has occasion to criticise. He comes down sharply on "the quacks, with or without diplomas, who think that the chief end of man is to support the

apothecary." He has a passing hit at Carlyle's "Shooting Niagara," and his discovery of the legitimate successor of Jesus Christ in the drill-sergeant. He has also a fling at Dr. Cumming, of London, and "his prediction that the world is to come to an end next year or next week, weather permitting, but very sure that the weather will be unpropitious."

The lecture lasted about an hour, and at its close was applauded again and again—Holmes being a great favourite with the students. I met him afterwards at a dinner given to Longfellow and his literary friends, in congratulation on the completion of the poet's translation of Dante; and hoped there to enjoy one of the Autocrat's after-dinner speeches, which are said to be amongst his most brilliant performances. Longfellow, however, unlike most Americans, shrinks from any kind of public speaking himself, and Mr. Fields came round at dessert to inform us that Longfellow had declared, that if he had to make a speech he should be in torment all the evening, and lose the enjoyment of his dinner. It had, therefore, been resolved that there should be no speeches: so Holmes's power as an *improvisatore* had no opportunity for exercising itself that night.

XVIII.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE first sight I got of the great Abolition orator was in the Music Hall at Boston, where an audience of 3000 people had assembled to hear him lecture on the political situation. He came upon the platform in a light overcoat, which he threw off when he rose to speak. On advancing to the desk, he seemed to find the light upon his eyes, and, as he had no need of it for any notes, he turned it down, laid his arm lightly upon the desk, and began. He is a man of somewhat aristocratic appearance, with not only the perfect ease and self-possession of the practised orator, but the quiet and graceful manners of the gentleman. He is tall and fair-complexioned, with keen grey eyes, and a face in which the prevailing expressions are firmness and scorn, acquired, perhaps, by his having had to face, in the course of his combative life, so much loud-mouthed and empty-headed opposition. I found that I had been led, from the ferocity of his onslaughts on public men and public measures, as reported in the newspapers, to form a false conception of his delivery. There is no fire, no vehemence, no declamation. His sarcasm is like the air from an iceberg—cold, keen, withering. He follows an enemy like an Indian upon the trail. You feel as you listen that he is advancing steadily—that it

is only a question of time. When he comes to strike, his strokes are like galvanic shocks; there is neither noise nor flash, but their force is terrible.

He can sting with a passing touch. The mere words cannot enable a reader to imagine the effect he produced when he referred to something that Mr. Seward said "before he lost his brains," and called President Johnson, for his references to the old doctrine of a white man's government, "the Rip Van Winkle of the nineteenth century." Or the effect which the scorn in his face gave to his allusion to General Grant's provoking reticence. "You had first," he said, "a man with his face heavenward, then you had a man with his face hellward, and now you want a man of whom all that can be said is, that we don't know which way his face is turned."

Phillips' power of exposition and defence is almost as great as his power of attack. He has the gift of stating his case with exquisite clearness, and in such a way as to recommend it to his audience without any appearance of special pleading.

When asked by a friend if he had ever studied the works of any great orator as a model for his style, he said—"No: my style grew out of my training. I have always been the advocate of unpopular movements, and a man who advocates an unpopular movement must do three things: He must state his principle so clearly that it cannot be misunderstood or honestly misrepresented; he must state it so simply that the commonest man in an audience of unlettered men can understand him; and he must indulge in no high-falutin. 'High-falutin may do for a popular man speaking on a popular subject; but an Abolitionist trying

flights of rhetoric would be roared at, where men like ——, on the 4th of July, would be applauded to the echo. I think," he added, "if I have any special power of speaking, it grew first from believing what I advocated, and then from forgetting everything else in an intense desire to make my audience think with me."

One of the speeches I heard him give, was an attack on Congress for its timidity, in not dealing summarily with the obstructive President, and settling the negro question with reference to the spirit rather than the mere letter of the Constitution. Here are one or two of the passages most characteristic of the man and his principles. Speaking of the Federal Constitution, "the compromise of 1789, which suicidally bound up slavery and freedom together," he said,—

"The fathers took a cannon, and filled it half up with powder, then they filled up the remainder with burning coals, and upon the top of these they drove a plug, and hoped it would not burst! . . . Well, it did burst in 1861. . . . Then came the question, 'What is to be done?' The north star of Lincoln's Government was to save the nation in the likeness in which it was created in '89. Mr. Seward declared that he would wage this war to its conclusion, and not cross the barriers of a single State to touch its Constitution. And as a fitting commentary on his word, he sent down George B. M'Clellan [this with indescribable sarcasm] *not* to do it. In other words, the system of the Republican party was to put the pieces of the same cannon together, put in the same powder, the same red-hot coals, and the same plug, and then hope it would not happen again!"

Referring to the crisis in 1862, which compelled the North to think of the negro, he said,—

"We wanted blood and treasure, and when the cloud was blackest we began to ask with bated breath, 'Will the

negro fight?' and we went to France to inquire how their black troops fought in Africa, and to Herodotus to see the historical aspect of the question, and we rummaged science to learn the ethnological position of the race, and then, shutting our eyes and shuddering, we concluded we would risk it. That was statesmanship. . : . And the moment we touched the talisman Justice, the moment we dispersed our doubts, and carried on the war on great American principles, and independent of race, the ship of State righted, and we went from Gettysburg to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Petersburg, and from Petersburg to the crowning victory at Richmond."

In reference to the continued repugnance to the negro and to negro suffrage, he said,—

"You cry out against Africanizing the South. Ah, how nice it would be if the South could be made happy, united again, without that! How blessed to wake up to-morrow, and find every one of these objectionable persons bleached white! But if you could see it, it is the greatest cause of gratitude the American people have to-day, that there are four millions of Africans in the Southern States. But for them the reconstruction of the South in our time would be hopeless. God has given us in the blacks a fulcrum on which to rest the lever to lift up the South into nineteenth century civilisation."

"Our fathers," he said, "did one great work—they came from Europe repudiating all caste, and founded a State in which it was not the rich man, nor the nobleman, that was to bear the sway—it was *the man* himself—man without regard to his accidents. . . . We have that work now to vindicate and complete. . . . We are verging towards the close of an epoch. God has bound this generation to the great duty of eliminating from American politics all ideas of race; and whenever the American magistracy becomes colour-blind, unable to distinguish white from black—when that day comes, the duty of this generation is done and sealed, and this epoch is closed."

Wendell Phillips belongs to a family well known in New England. His ancestor, who went out from this country with the Puritans, was the Rev. George Phillips, a clergyman of the Church of England, who had graduated at Cambridge. His family became possessed of large landed property, and did good service to the cause of learning in New England, by founding and endowing the Colleges of Exeter and Andover. The father of Wendell Phillips was first Mayor of Boston, and is described as a man of courtly manners. His wife, the mother of the orator, was a woman of rare virtues and attainments, and is said to have early trained her children to independence of character, teaching them to do what they felt to be right, whatever might be the opinion of the world. The effect of her training is strikingly manifest in the stern and uncompromising adherence to principle, in spite of ridicule and abuse, which has been one of Wendell Phillips' most prominent characteristics. He inherited, however, his father's aristocratic tendencies, and at Harvard, where he studied, joined the Gentlemen's Club, a rather exclusive society, and was known as the leader of the aristocratic set. His leanings were, therefore, all on the other side from the Abolition movement, which at that time was considered odious and vulgar.

In 1836, William Lloyd Garrison, that dogged and irrepressible antagonist of slavery, was laid hold of by a mob and dragged through the streets of Boston with a halter round his neck. Young Phillips was in the street, and that sight opened his eyes to the repressive and tyrannical spirit of slavery, making him also an Abolitionist. On the 7th of November, in the following year, the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy was shot by a mob while

attempting to defend his anti-slavery printing-press. This was at Alton, in Illinois, the State where Abraham Lincoln, the coming Emancipator, was at that time practising law. When the murder of Mr. Lovejoy became known in the city of Boston, Channing, the noble-hearted, burning with shame for his country, went to the Mayor and succeeded, with difficulty, in getting his sanction to the holding of an indignation meeting in Faneuil Hall.

The meeting was held, and resolutions moved, but the Attorney-General opposed them in a speech of such ability, that when he sat down the popular ardour was cooled. At this juncture, when the whole aim and object of the meeting was in danger of being defeated, a young man, unknown to most of the audience, rose and asked permission to reply. He made a speech so clear and keen, and demolished so completely the argument of the Attorney-General, that the meeting was taken by storm, rewarded the young orator with rapturous applause, and carried the original resolutions.

The young orator was Wendell Phillips, and from that day he was a marked man. Such was the thoroughness of purpose with which he now espoused the Abolition movement, that he relinquished his legal position, because it bound him by oath to support a constitution which furnished a guarantee to slavery. The traditions of his family were all in favour of the Federal compact, but when Wendell Phillips began to feel how powerful a bulwark the Union afforded to slavery, he joined Garrison in denouncing it as a compact with hell. When the war broke out in 1861, and the North began to speak of putting an end to slavery, in order to remove the root of the bitterness and antagonism that had cul-

minated in rebellion, Wendell Phillips began to urge the preservation of the Union as strenuously as he had formerly urged its dissolution. On this ground he has been accused of gross inconsistency; but the charge is based on a forgetfulness of his supreme and controlling purpose. An officer who attacks a position because it is occupied by the enemy, is perfectly consistent in defending the same position when it is occupied by his own troops. Wendell Phillips always attached importance to union, but more importance to the emancipation of the coloured race. He considered that disunion was preferable to complicity with slavery. While, therefore, the Union protected slavery, he was against it; as soon as it turned and began to assail slavery, he was with it. His consistency becomes apparent the moment we look at him in his true character as an Abolitionist. In his career of conflict with the Slave Power, which was carried on for thirty years in the teeth of as gigantic and furious an opposition as ever met a public movement, Wendell Phillips never wavered, never faltered, never swerved. He took up the cause when it could only be advocated at the jeopardy of his life. Along with Theodore Parker, Garrison, and others, he fought the battle year after year under every kind of discouragement and opposition, and, as late as 1861, had to be protected during his speech by a *posse* of police, even in the city of Boston. And now when he has lived to see the slave power in the dust, and slavery banished for ever from the soil of the United States, instead of resting on his laurels, he has gone on with the advocacy of other movements which have brought upon him quite as much ridicule, if not as much wrath—the movements, namely, for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, and

the extension of the suffrage to the coloured people, and to women.

Phillips is a well-read and scholarly man. He was a fellow-student with Charles Sumner at Harvard, and, though Sumner was the more laborious student, Phillips was reckoned the more gifted man. His favourite study from the first was history. His friend Theodore Tilton says, that at college he gave a whole year to the study of the English Revolution of 1640, reading every book, pamphlet, and speech on the subject that he could find, and another year to the history of George the Third and the American Revolution. In light literature he read and re-read Sir Walter Scott with such avidity and enjoyment, that he said himself it was a hard thing to get the Conservative taste out of his mouth and acquire a liking for Radicalism.

He seems, however, to have succeeded not only in getting the taste of Conservatism out of his mouth, but to have acquired an intense detestation of it, and many charge him with personal hatred of its exponents: this he himself disclaims. To a friend who spoke to him about the severity of his attacks on public men, he said,—"I may be severe, but I claim this for myself, that I have never had the slightest feeling of personal animosity towards the men I have criticised. I have looked at them from a moral stand-point; I have criticised them as sinners against a race or against a principle. I have been the object of abuse myself for thirty years, but I have never once uttered a word against a man for any injury done to me personally, or to any one connected with me. As to hostile criticism in itself," he said, "I think, if it is fair, we need it. In a democratic Government like ours, the people—the

masses—are entitled to the whole truth about men who are seeking their confidence and their votes. They are entitled to know the defects of these men as well as their merits, so that if they trust them they may trust them intelligently. If my speeches are examined, it will be found that the faults I have pointed out have been faults of the *public man* affecting the public welfare."

His friends bear out this assertion, and declare him to be at heart a man of great kindness and generosity. One of them gave me the following illustration of his character:—He was travelling in the cars during the lecture season, and got into conversation with a lady who had been lecturing in the same town as himself, having resorted to this work for self-support. When it came out that she had only received five dollars for her lecture, Phillips exclaimed, "Five dollars! That is not right. They paid me fifty; and I hold that a woman has a right to just as much as a man, if she does the work as well. You must allow me to divide with you."

She would not hear of it at first, but Phillips insisted, and put a little roll of dollar-bills into her hand. On examination afterwards, she found that he had given her not the half, but the whole of his fee—fifty dollars. He had probably been aware that she needed it. It adds to the generosity of this act, that the lady was related to the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy.

XIX.

VARIOUS OBSERVATIONS IN BOSTON.

THE Boston ladies are highly educated, and many of them so intellectual that they need to use double eye-glasses when they look at the gross objects of sense around them, but they have never got over the weakness of their sex for shopping. In visiting the larger stores—all places for the sale of goods are called "stores" in America—I was at first astounded at the multitudes of ladies that swarmed in them all. It seemed to me that at this rate merchants must make fortunes in a day. I found, however, that the appearance of trade was often greater than the reality. It is a common practice for ladies to go round the principal stores in any part of the city and make the salesmen turn over all the goods, to see if they can find a prettier shade of cloth, or get the thing a cent or two cheaper. They don't linger over anything—they are American in that; but they must see everything. There are ladies in Boston and New York who go out shopping every other day, often with no idea whatever of making a purchase. You will hear ladies say, "Let us go and see what they have in the stores," and, after two or three hours of activity, during which time they have probably had twenty or thirty people turning over goods for them in different establishments, they will return without having bought

a single cent's worth. Still a vast deal of business is done, and done smartly. The rule, not only in Boston, but almost everywhere in the States, is cash. Store-keepers cannot be troubled with accounts. Of course, if ladies run short of money the things are charged, but the money is paid on delivery.

I was much struck in these large stores with the activity and politeness of the cash-boys. These little fellows are kept flying about, and seem to enter into their work with as much spirit as if they had a principal share in the business. They are taken direct from school, and get two or three dollars a week to begin with. Many of them are the children of poor Irish people, but have been Americanised by the education they get in those public schools that are playing so important a part in American civilisation. A boy to get through must pass examinations at every stage. At the end of his course, if he has passed all these, he gets his written discharge. In many stores a boy will not be engaged unless he can produce this discharge, which is a certificate of his education. This is a practice worthy of imitation, and gives a great leverage to the educational system. The education given in the Boston common schools, just as in those out West, has always a practical bearing, and these boys leave school most proficient in the branches they especially need for success in active life. Their expertness in arithmetic is wonderful. They reckon up like a flash of lightning. "As for geography," said one gentleman, who was showing me through his store, "ask any of these little fellows the smallest place in God's earth, and he will tell you where it is and what they raise there." He pointed out several young salesmen who

had come to his store as cash-boys at $2½ a week, and were now on salaries of from $1000 to $1500 a year.

An admirable contrivance for giving the alarm in case of fire exists in Boston, and has been adopted in many other cities both in the States and in Canada. Wherever a fire is discovered, this system allows of the whole city being made instantly aware of it, and at the same instant summons the fire-engines to the spot. The system may be described in a few sentences. Alarm-boxes, communicating telegraphically with the Central Fire Office, are fixed in the walls all about the city and suburbs. The moment any person discovers a fire he runs to the nearest box, gets the key, and turns the handle. This suffices to set the whole machinery in motion. The instant the handle is turned it causes a bell to ring in the Central Office, and so to ring as to inform the operator at which box the alarm is sprung. In another instant, the alarm is transmitted telegraphically to all the fire-stations, and in twenty seconds more the engines in the division of the city where the fire has broken out are hurrying to the spot, others following if required. The same electric current which strikes the alarms at the fire-stations rings church bells in different parts of the city, which indicate by the number of strokes where the fire is. Everybody is thus made aware in a moment, and by the same signal that announces the fire, whether his house or place of business is in danger. Cards, with all the districts marked, are sold for a penny. Some people curious in such matters, keep a card in their bedrooms, and on an alarm sounding at night, consult the card to see where the fire is. There is a certain

interest in knowing that it is in your friend Smith's district, and exciting yourself with the image of Mr. Smith darting from the attic of his house through a cloud of smoke, and descending a long ladder in his night-shirt.

In Montreal, where the same system is in operation, the chairman of the Fire Committee was good enough to arrange for a false alarm being given to let me see the system at work. The district selected for giving the alarm from was Beaver Hill, known as District No. 37. The alarm was given at exactly fifteen minutes to nine, by the turning of the handle in the box. Almost instantly on the handle being touched, I heard church bells begin to toll, indicating that the alarm had not only reached the Central Office but had been already telegraphed to all the fire-stations. The bells gave three tolls, and after a few seconds' pause, seven more—3 and 7 indicating 37th district. By this time a commotion was discernible at some distance up the street, followed by the appearance of the hose-reel dashing round the corner, exactly one minute and a half from the moment when the alarm was touched. The firemen saw, on coming round the corner, that it was a false alarm; but as they are occasionally tested in this way to keep them in practice, they dashed up, attached the hose to the plug, run out the reel, fixed the nosle, and in fifteen seconds from their appearance at the corner the hose was spouting a column of water into the sky. Within half-a-minute more the reel-hose from the next station was up and spouting in the same way; in another minute and a half a third, and in another minute a fourth. Had the engineer not telegraphed from the alarm-box, for this also can be done, the

whole brigade would have been up in five minutes more.

Before the experiment was over, a great number of people, directed by the church bells, were running into the street to see the conflagration, and one boy arrived in hot haste to get particulars of the fire for one of the afternoon papers.

The fire department at Montreal, which also attends to the watering of the streets, costs the city about £4000 a year. The expense would be greater if engines were necessary; but the water comes from a high level and hose-reels suffice. At Hamilton, Canada West, where the reservoir has been constructed with a prophetic eye to ten times the present population, the water-pressure is so enormous, and batters and slunges a house with such terrific force, that the people said they scarcely knew which to dread most, the fire or the water. In Boston, fire-engines are needed, but Yankee ingenuity is applied to the rapid production of steam so as to let no time be lost. The instant an alarm is telegraphed, every engine-furnace is lighted, and the engine run out. The furnace is so constructed as to utilize to the utmost the draught caused by the swift motion of the engine; the consequence being that as the engine dashes along the street, the furnace glows with intense heat, generating steam with such astonishing rapidity that the machinery is generally ready to begin work the instant the place is reached. Often at night, I used to hear the alarm and see these engines flying like fiery meteors along the street towards the scene of action. The fire-tax is under 1 per cent.

I happened to be in Boston when the State election

took place. The party contest was very keen. The Republican party had rendered itself obnoxious to certain classes of electors by committing itself to prohibition and negro suffrage. The Democrats could therefore appeal to the thirsty part of the population and to the lower classes of Irish voters, who seem everywhere in America to have an ineradicable hatred to the "nigger." A vast and secret organization, only vaguely known to the public by the cabalistic letters "P. L. L.," variously interpreted "Personal Liberty League," and "Public Liquor League," was understood to have expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in undermining the Republican position, and to have pledged 40,000 electors to vote the Democratic ticket and get the grog-shops opened.

When the voting day came I went about the city, and was surprised to find so entire an absence of all outward excitement. But for my previous knowledge of the fact, I should never have imagined that a great party conflict was in progress. Everything in the great city went quietly on as usual, and yet every man in house, store, shop, factory, and in the street, paying two dollars of a poll-tax, was a voter.

Going to one of the polling-places in the heart of the city, I found the locality perfectly quiet, save for an unusual number of carriages and hacks, and a little crowd of people in front of the polling-place. The votes were being taken in a hall a few paces back from the street. There were two doors, both in front, the one for entrance, the other for exit. At the former stood a number of electioneering agents and others, some of them with printed bills in their hands, containing the names of the men nominated by the differ-

ent parties. There was a white bill with a list of the Republican nominees, a blue bill with the Democratic nominees, and a pink bill with a list made up partly of Democrats and partly of Republicans. The first was the straight Republican ticket, the second the straight Democratic, and the third the split ticket. These were being offered to all the electors as they passed in. One man, with his cigar gripped between his back teeth on one side, so as to allow him both to speak and smoke, was standing on the baluster at the side of the entrance steps, calling upon all and sundry to vote the Democratic ticket, with which he was ready to supply them from the bundle in his hand.

"Come, now, gentlemen," he cried, in a voice that would have been a fortune to a travelling showman, "here's your ticket, gentlemen—the genu-ine Simon Pure. Three shares in the Phœnix Gold Company to every man who will vote this ticket. Gentlemen, I am the only one that holds the honest ticket—the genu-ine pure Democratic-Republican up and down split and straight crooked ticket!"

A working man going in to vote took a ticket from him, and with a cigar in his mouth and one hand in his pocket, took a leisurely look at it.

"Yes, sir!" cried the orator, "the straight, honest ticket; good for ten drinks, gentlemen. If you want to keep the grog-shops open all night, vote my ticket."

A German in a light overcoat, passing in through the crowd, was immediately besieged with bills. "Here's the lager-beer ticket," cried the speaker, bending down and thrusting one of his bills into the voter's hands. "Pass in, pass in; every dram-shop shut up to-morrow, if you don't vote this ticket. Ah! how do

you do, sir?"—to a small tailor-looking individual who had just made his appearance, and with whom the orator insisted on shaking hands—"This way, John; you desire the honest, straight up and down, independent ticket—here it is! Yes, sir, this is it!"

On entering the hall I found it crowded with people, and cloudy with tobacco smoke. A little lane was kept for voters passing from the door to the ballot-box—the people forming the lane being for the most part electioneering agents and others specially interested in the election, all of them highly excited. The excitement was confined to the end of the room where the electors passed in. As soon as they gave their votes and passed through, they ceased to be objects of any further interest, and either went away or lounged about for a time, discussing the prospects of the election, and adding their share to the tobacco smoke that filled the room and the tobacco juice that dirtied the floor.

The place was not unlike a railway booking-office, save that, instead of a ticket-box within the rail, there was a counter with desks and slits for the voting-papers. The routine in these polling-places is as follows:—The elector, on entering, passes up to the counter. The clerk asks his name, and checks it off upon the voting-list before him, to make sure that the man is really a voter, and to see that he does not vote twice. This done, the man drops his voting-paper into the ballot-box and passes on.

I observed that most of the voters used the party-coloured tickets that were being distributed at the door, making no concealment of how their votes went. Some of them, however, took their pencils and altered one or more of the names. Paper and envelopes lay ready

for any who might wish to keep their votes secret. I saw no one avail himself of this right while I was in; but the right is recognised, and is deemed of vital importance.

I spoke to one of the men who had tickets for distribution, and got him to show me the list and tell me something about the different candidates.

"Of course," he said, "if there are any men here you don't want, you can scratch them out," and as he spoke he ran my pencil through one or two of the names.

"Who is that you're scratching out?" said a man fiercely, stepping close up.

"I am only explaining our system," said the other.

"Ah! I guess we're pretty well posted up in that," said the man, and turned away.

With this single exception, though there was a good deal of excitement in the room and about the door, everything went on pleasantly, and without the least disturbance or confusion. I only saw one drunk man all the time I remained, and even he was not so drunk as to be either boisterous or incapable of taking care of himself.

There was more excitement in the evening, especially round the newspaper offices, where crowds were gathered to see the bulletins that were continually coming in, announcing the result of the election in other parts of the State. As soon as it was known that the Republican, and therefore the Prohibition party, was defeated, liquor dealers, without waiting for the anticipated change in the law, began at once to open their bars and grog-shops. So instantly is the public decision for good or for evil accepted in America as the practical law of the land.

Meeting Wendell Phillips a day or two after, I asked him what he thought of the vote.

"We have gone back a step this week," he said, "but after a little experience of license or free trade in drink we shall return to prohibition."

I asked him how far it was the case, as was alleged, that the mass of the temperance people were in favour of license.

"So far from that," he replied, "four-fifths of them are prohibitionists, and the remaining fifth are opposed only because they look on this as a purely moral question, and do not wish the law to interfere."

I mentioned that the Mayor had said that a prohibitory law could not be enforced.

"Did he?" said Phillips grimly, "well, if the Mayor cannot execute our laws, we shall try to invent some one who can."

"You think then that this law could be enforced?"

"I will answer your question in this way," he replied; "When you have a set of men like our City Council, who have been elected for the express purpose of *not* enforcing a law, and who make no attempt to enforce it, that is no proof that the law cannot be enforced.

"You will do well," he added, "to remember two things. First of all there is $30,000,000 worth of property in this city of Boston interested in the liquor traffic. This represents, directly or indirectly, about 15,000 votes that can always be counted on in favour of repealing or evading prohibitory laws. With these 15,000 voters mixed up with all parties, and that immense amount of money playing into the hands of the dangerous classes, it has been possible for the last twenty years for that party (in this city, not in the

State) to hold the balance of power. The consequence is that the government of Boston has only been a standing committee of its grog-shops. The Mayor and Aldermen were nominated and supported by the grog-selling interest, on the understanding that they should not see a grog-shop. This, sir, is the result of our city politics, educated by thirty millions of capital. Notice," he said, "another thing. Here the liquor interest is fighting for a license law. Well, in New York they *have* a license law, but they are fighting it down just as the same interest here is fighting down prohibition. What they all want is free trade in drink. What they are opposed to is not mere prohibition, but any check whatever on the sale of liquor."

It was during my first visit to Boston, in November 1868, that Charles Dickens was on his way to America to make a reading-tour through the States. The public excitement had already begun. When I went down one morning to Ticknor and Fields' publishing house, in Tremont Street, I was astonished, and at first alarmed, to find a vast crowd gathered in front of the building. My first impression was that there had either been a fire or a murder, but on making my way into the crowd, and asking a policeman, he said it was Dickens' tickets being sold. I had to get myself smuggled in by a back way, and on going up to Mr. Fields' room found him standing at the window, like the chief of a besieged castle, looking down with a perplexed air upon the mob.

"I never saw anything like this," he said, "since Jenny Lind was here. If I had anticipated such a blockade, I should have arranged for the tickets being

sold elsewhere." All other business, of course, was at a stand-still.

When I left I had to make my way out through the crowd, and many, thinking that I had been in getting a ticket, began to bid liberally.

"Dollar and a half for your ticket!" cried one—(a dollar and a quarter being the price advertised). "Two dollars—two and a half! three dollars!" and so on, till I had made my escape.

But the eagerness for tickets was nothing in Boston to what I found it some weeks later in New York. Tickets, mostly in the hands of speculators, were selling at ten, fifteen, and even twenty dollars. People gathered at the office where tickets were to be sold as early as four o'clock on the winter mornings, though the office was not to be opened till nine. The common practice in New York—a practice we very much want copied here—is, in such cases (as well as at meetings where a crowd collects before the doors are open), for the people to arrange themselves in single file, each new comer taking his place at the back of the last. This prevents crushing, and secures that those who come first get first served, or get first in, as the case may be. It prevents rude men from coming and forcing their way in by brute force past those who have entitled themselves to first entry by being first there. The numbers that gathered, on these cold December mornings to get a good place in the line of ticket-purchasers, were so great that the line sometimes extended from the door of the office away down to the corner, along the cross street, up the next, and away nobody knew where. Sometimes persons who came too late would offer one, two, or three dollars merely for a place in the line.

Others, more sagacious, hired porters on the previous night to take places next the door at three or four in the morning—they themselves coming down at their ease a few minutes before nine, after a comfortable breakfast, and taking their proxies' places, greatly to the envy of the long line of cold and hungry people who had been there in person since five or six.

Dickens was offered $10,000, it is said, to go to Chicago, but declined, and made no arrangements for visiting that city at all. The result was interesting and instructive. The Chicago papers, which had begun to herald the great novelist's approach with a flourish of trumpets, now discovered that the public were under a great hallucination as to his powers; that he had a weak voice and was a very indifferent reader; also, that he had a brother's wife, with a large family, in Chicago, whom he could make happy with a few thousand dollars, but for whom he was heartlessly doing nothing. I found scarcely anybody in that city with a good word to say about him. If he had swindled the Government, or run away with somebody's wife, they could have forgiven him; but to read in other cities than New York and leave Chicago in the cold was an unpardonable rock of offence.

Dickens made a large sum of money by his readings in America; but the speculators must have made more. In Boston they bought up almost all the tickets for the four courses the first morning, and then sold them at twice, thrice, and (in one case that I knew of myself) eight times the original cost. Tickets, however, never rose to the prices realized for Jenny Lind's concerts. Her tickets (also bought up by speculators) were sold in many cases by auction. Knox, a hatter in New

York, bidding against a wealthier man, paid $390 for his ticket. It turned out a profitable investment, apart altogether from the concert. People said, "Let us go and see the hatter that paid $390 to hear Jenny Lind." It was the making of Knox's fortune.

Dickens's presence in America gave an extraordinary impulse to the sale and perusal of his books.[1] On the day after his arrival in New York, only two of the 1900 volumes of his works in the Mercantile Library were left in. His novels were selling by tens of thousands, and were to be had at every stall and in every steamer, ferryboat, and railway car. *Dombey*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *David Copperfield* were selling at 14d.; *Pickwick* at 10d., and *American Notes* at 4d. of our money. There is no international copyright, and reprints of British works can be sold there for little more than the mere price of printing and paper. I bought a beautiful edition of Tennyson's *Poems*, containing the whole of them, for half-a-crown.

[1] The newspapers teemed with paragraphs about him—one of which is worth repeating. On its being reported in Boston that he was not attending church, one paper suggested that he might not be interested in American politics!

XX.

AN EVENING WITH EMERSON.

ACCORDING to arrangement, I met Emerson one evening at the Parker House, to accompany him to Roxbury (a suburb of Boston), to hear one of his public lectures. We walked part of the way along Washington Street, brilliant with its shop-lights, till the horse-cars should overtake us—the philosopher, with characteristic homeliness, carrying his manuscript under his arm, wrapped in a bit of newspaper. When the car came up all the seats were occupied, so we had to stand—no one rising to offer a seat to Emerson, either because in the dim light he was not recognised, or because, in that land of equality and fraternity, one man is as good as another.

Leaving the omnibus at Roxbury, we made our way to the Mechanics' Institution, where the lecture was to be delivered, and found the chairman waiting in the ante-room. On the chairman asking what the subject of lecture was to be, Emerson said he had brought two lectures with him, and would take a look at the audience before deciding which to give.

"Have you a good light falling on the desk?" he inquired; "for if not I must trouble you to get a lamp. I am an old man, and need light."

The hall was so crowded that I had to carry in a

chair for myself over the heads of the people. When Emerson appeared there was some applause; but a Scotchman misses in America the enthusiasm that in this country would greet a man like Emerson.

The chairman having announced the subject for next meeting, said,—"I have now the pleasure of introducing, as the lecturer for this evening, Mr. Emerson." This is the stereotyped form at all such meetings, and the chairman has nothing else to do.

The gaunt man, simple and homely in his appearance, rose, took off his overcoat, laid it across the back of a chair, took his place at the desk, and began to adjust his manuscript, which (made up of sheets and scraps of every size, age, and hue) looked like a handful of invoices taken from a merchant's file.

Let me try to convey an idea of his manner and style. When he stood up, there was still some talking amongst the audience, and movement of people coming in. Emerson stood waiting, with head inclined, and his calm, deep, thoughtful eyes passing dreamily over the sea of faces, till there was perfect silence. Then he began,—"The first lesson of Nature is perpetual ascension." He paused, as if to let the key-note of his lecture be distinctly caught. "There is a doctrine among physicists," he began again, "that a pot of earth may remain a hundred years the same; but put in a seed, and all is changed—not the seed only but every atom of earth. Now, *put a man into the world!*" he cried with sudden energy, "*and see how soon that great pot will be changed!*"

"Man," he resumed, falling back into the old tone, "man brings in the element of Reason. There goes reason to the boiling of an egg, to the fighting of battles,

to the making of an alphabet. It is a long scale from the gorilla to the gentleman—to Plato, to Aristotle, to Shakespeare! But there is always an accelerated march. There are many kinds of men—men of horses and guns, men of scrip and stock, men of dinners and dancing-parties, men with power reaching as far as the pop of a champagne cork, and then they are done. But I want to see men of many thoughts—men like Newton, like Columbus, like Copernicus! Aristocracy means truth and reality—doing what is elsewhere only pretended to be done. The hero must be well-born—must have the force of a hundred men in him. Douglas can throw the bar a farther cast. Cœur de Leon can slay more Saracens. . . . . Heroes are they who can serve themselves at a pinch. Homer's heroes (Achilles, Agamemnon, and the rest) were of this make. Peter the Great would learn to build ships. Napoleon said, —'If there is no gunpowder, I will manufacture it; if no gun-carriages, I will make them; if no bridge, I will construct one.' Truly, a competent man, who, throw him as you will, always fell upon his feet."

Emerson went on thus for an hour and a half—standing at the desk, his thin piquant face full of kindly light, and that "slow wise smile" continually stealing over it. He speaks with great deliberation, and has less fluency of utterance than is common with the Americans; but his hesitation never assumes the form of a stammer, or causes any cessation of sound. He will sometimes dwell upon a word as if gathering his strength and then hurl out the next like a thunderbolt. Once or twice, when he seemed anxious to impress his thought upon the audience, the large hand that hung at his side clenched itself and began to work convulsively,

jerking downwards as if stabbing some one at his knee; then suddenly, just as his thought exploded, the long arm was flung out with the fingers clenched, and the great thumb sticking up like the blade of a broken sword.

Let me give a few of the more memorable passages of his lecture that night, and those most appreciated by the audience :—

"I want the American," he said, "to be dipped in the Styx of universal experience. The youth should learn to row, to fish, to hunt, to camp in the woods, to. work equations. I happened to be at West Point once attending an examination. After the examination was over, I saw a bed rolled up. I said to the cadet, 'Who makes your bed?' He said, 'I do.' 'Who cooks your food?' 'I do.' 'Who blacks your boots?' 'I do.' Here was the capable man, able to do for himself.—The man of science must find out the cause of ill and the cure. We must say—'Mr. Professor of Entomology, can you tell us what insect this is that has been destroying our fruit-trees these eight years? If not, make way for one who can.' . . . In the Swedish shipyards there was a rot in the timber. The King sent for Linnæus to examine it. Linnæus found in it an insect which laid its eggs in April. He said, 'Let the logs be kept submerged from March till May.' It was done, and the rot ceased."

"The fame truly attaches to the man who thinks, not to those who make money of it. The man who thinks is the king; all else are journeymen. The mob cheers the publisher, not the inventor,—they do not see the house in plan. But when it makes ten, twenty, fifty per cent. they say, 'It is the voice of God!'"

"From a ferry-boat one day, a friend pointed out to me how, in houses, convenience has been sacrificed to elegance. I am fond of books, and I suffer in houses from want of light. The chandeliers are hung high—are no better for old eyes than moonshine. There is a want here of common

sense. The English do not fail in this. They are renowned for common sense. Montesquieu thought the true article was not to be found out of that island. . . . In India, the Duke of Wellington sent guides to find a ford for his troops. They said, 'There is none nearer than so many miles above.' The Duke said, 'Here is a town on this side, there is a town on that side, there *must* be a ford here!'—and took his men across. So Lord Palmerston, when he was asked by the city of Edinburgh to proclaim a fast because of the cholera, made reply, 'Clean out your drains!' The English rush to practical measures: they tolerate no flights of oratory: they demand facts ending in a policy and vote.—I like to see the singing and the dancing-master penetrating into the prairie! It is nothing in itself: but *the more piano the less wolf;* the more of dancing-master the less of bear and wilderness. . . . Morality is the object of government—not democracy or monarchy, but *a state of things in which crime shall not pay.*"

One does not listen long to Emerson without feeling that, though an impressive speaker, he is more of a Thinker than an Orator. He is himself interested deeply in his subject; but often his interest seems more that of one looking at his own thought than of one who has to impress his thought upon others. In this one sees the student, the man of books and solitary habits.

In so far as he speaks to the audience, he is curt, aphoristic, oracular. There is no reasoning, no explaining, no bridging the gaps for little feet or unaccustomed limbs; the giant hurls his stepping-stones into the river-bed and strides across, seldom looking back to see if you can follow. Hence the impression he leaves of being fragmentary, incoherent, difficult to follow. "If you blow your nose," said one gentleman, "you may lose him and never be able to pick him up again the whole

night." I think it was the Marquis of Lorne who compared one of Emerson's lectures to a number of propositions written on separate pieces of paper, shaken up in a hat, and read just as they happened to come out!

And yet there is an indescribable power about this man which attracts large audiences wherever he goes, and sends every listener away richer than he came, if only by so many splinters of glittering ore. That night a few in the audience were listless—one or two even asleep—before the philosopher was done; but the mass of the people listened with steady attention to the close, though with what comprehension of the subject it would be difficult to say. As we were dispersing, I asked a man beside me what he thought of the lecture. "Why," said he, "I suppose it 's very fine, because it is Emerson; but darned if I know what it 's been all about." Others were full of enthusiasm about it —having, let us hope, a deeper apprehension of its meaning.

We returned to Boston together, and spent the rest of the evening at the Union Club. Longfellow was there; old Dana, the poet, with his snow-white hair and patriarchal look; Oliver Wendell Holmes, sprightly, nervous, and lively; Lowell, with his classic head, brown curling beard and moustache, and hyacinthine locks; Hayes, the Arctic voyager, small, black-haired, with quick dark eye and resolute face; Agassiz, big, jovial, and ruddy; and Fields, the publisher, with one or two of his partners.

Speaking to Emerson about lecturers in America, he said,—"Gough can draw vast audiences all over the country, and command his price—$200 or $250 a night. Curtis is a fine speaker. Henry Ward Beecher is a

flame of fire. Wendell Phillips is the man who has most power of bringing others at the moment to think with him. People go to hear him who detest his ideas, and come away applauding. I envy Phillips. I have often asked him about his method, but have got nothing satisfactory out of him. Every man should learn when young to arrange his ideas with rapidity, and express them without confusion. It is a rare and most valuable accomplishment."

Speaking of Education in America and this country, he said,—"The Americans read more and are more extensively educated than your people." He scouted the idea that education made people dissatisfied with humble life. "People look," he said, "to what makes bread. A man will rather live as a storekeeper than starve as a doctor."

Of the agitation against the Liquor Laws which was going on in Boston at the time, he said,—"I voted against Prohibition. I never touch the freedom of the individual when it can possibly be helped. No doubt there are men who cannot keep from drink, and when a poor woman comes to a bar-keeper and says,—'My husband is a good, kind man except when he gets drink, and then he becomes a brute; may I vex you not to let him have any;' and still the bar-keeper sells it to him, one feels as if he would like a law to prevent him. But this is only part of the question. We must find some other way of working. I am a fanatic for individual liberty."

Referring to British politics and the Reform Bill which had passed, he said,—"It is a wise step. It has probably averted revolution. Your Government lasts because it has learned to bend when it would otherwise break."

The case of Governor Eyre was exciting attention at the time. Emerson expressed his astonishment that Thomas Carlyle should have taken the Governor under his wing, and wanted to know what was thought of it in this country. He did not believe that men like Tennyson, Ruskin, and Kingsley would have mixed themselves up with the affair had Carlyle not led the way. He thought Carlyle was losing himself.

He asked about Stirling—"the Scotch Hegelian," as he called him. He had read his book. Stirling was an able man, and had good metaphysical insight. His work was "good gymnastics." He spoke of Robertson of Brighton, and was anxious to know what influence his sermons were producing on the popular theology.[1]

Emerson has been a public man now for over forty years. He was ordained pastor of a Unitarian Church in Boston in the year 1829, but resigned his charge two years after, because, like the Quakers, he believed the Lord's Supper to be a thing of inward communion, and to be sensualized by the presentation of actual bread and wine. Four years later he married his second wife and went to reside at Concord, a little

[1] Emerson's own theological position may be inferred from the following passages from his lectures and books:—"Our age is retrospective; it builds the sepulchre of the fathers. Foregoing generations beheld God face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight, and not of tradition: and a religion by revelation to us, and not a history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, . . . why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship." And again:—"Alone in history Christ estimated the greatness of man. Christ said, 'I am divine. Through me God acts: through me speaks. Would you see God, see me; or see *thee* when thou also thinkest as I (the Christ) now think.' Churches are built not on Christ's principles but on His tropes."

town about seventy miles out from Boston. It is said that when his wife wanted the children baptized, Emerson said,—"When we find a man who is as good as they are I shall not object." When Channing went to Concord, Emerson said,—"This is the man," and the children were baptized. He lives in comparative seclusion, thinking and reading. He is a devout student of nature, loves to hold silent communion with her, and draws to those who are engaged in exploring her mysteries. He and Agassiz are great friends. They look at nature from different sides, but the facts and the spiritual meanings of nature reflect and glorify each other. Emerson is often in Boston, and never fails on such occasions to find his way to Fields' publishing house in Tremont Street, which is the great rendezvous for literary men in "the Hub." During the winter he is much engaged in lecturing. But he is now turning an old man, is neither so able nor so willing as he once was to bear the fatigue of travelling, and every season brings with it fears that he will not appear on the platform again. To me his appearance suggested no reason why he should not go on for ten years more, just as he has done for the ten years past. But Americans, when they get to a certain age, especially if they shave smooth as Emerson does, never seem as if they were growing older. Moreover, there is a childlikeness about Emerson that keeps him even younger in nature than he is in appearance. In manner he is quiet, cordial, unaffected, with a freshness of sympathy that makes it impossible not to love as well as admire him. In his society one becomes conscious of his genius without humiliation. It steals round one like the morning light, giving a sense of pure enjoyment.

XXI.

NEW ENGLAND.

TRAVELLING through New England, with its busy centres of population, its white towns and villages, its white churches, and its numberless white farm-houses specking the landscape, the eye is delighted with the evidence of universal comfort and prosperity.

This prosperity is certainly not owing to her soil. I had no idea that the land there was so barren. In some districts the soil looked so thin and the ground so rocky that I began to believe the story about the sheep that had to get their noses sharpened to let them reach the blades of grass between the stones. It was a continual source of wonder to come in such regions upon so many beautiful farm-houses and flourishing villages and towns. But the people are active and thrifty; they labour with their own hands and waste nothing, are great in manufacture, full of ingenuity and resource, and wring not only competence but wealth out of the reluctant hand of nature.

In some places I looked about in vain for any people wearing the appearance of our working and labouring classes at home. At Lawrence, where 35,000 girls are employed in the mills, I saw thousands of them at their looms, but could scarcely realize that this was their daily and hourly avocation. From the neatness of

their attire, from their genteel appearance, their manners, and their thoughtful and intelligent looks, I should have taken them to be young ladies of the middle class who had merely come to try their hands as amateurs. I could not but contrast them with the poor mill-girls in our cities whom we see at meal hours swarming along the streets, bareheaded and often barefooted even in wet and frosty weather. These girls at Lawrence and Lowell earn from eight to ten and a half dollars a week—an average of about thirty shillings—of which they pay about a third for board, in the comfortable houses provided for them. They live well, dress well, and yet accumulate money in the Savings' Bank. As much as 28,500 dollars was banked by the Lawrence girls on one monthly pay-day. They are all educated. Many of them continue to attend evening classes, and some of them take lessons in French and music. They have a library and free reading-room at the mill. I went into one of their libraries, and found a catalogue of 5000 books—1500 of which were out. In the reading-room I found all the principal papers, one of them French. To see these girls coming in thousands from the mills at six o'clock, many of them with books in their hands, you would imagine them to be a congregation of young ladies coming from a meeting. One visitor who went to see this sight waited till the stream was past, and then said, "But where are the mill-girls?"

I was struck with this superiority in the condition and status of the working classes all over New England. Speaking of it one day to a friend in Northampton, Massachusetts, he took me to his window, and said, pointing across the road, "Do you see that white house among the trees?"

I looked, and saw a genteel-looking house, with its green lattices, its verandah adorned with creeping plants, and its orchard.

"That belongs to the blacksmith," said my friend. "He owns his house and occupies it. He shoes my horses, and lives there like a gentleman—as he is."

"Do you see that house beyond?" he continued; "that one with the large portico? There the carpenter stays; and the house and all that ground where you see the trees are his own. If there are any repairs to be attended to about my blinds, or shutters, or woodwork anywhere, he comes and attends to them. He is a working-man, a labourer, and yet a gentleman. Labour here is honourable, and the man who can turn his hand to most things generally gets on best, and at least always *can* get on."

He told me that when a lady friend from the South was on a visit to him, he said he would drive her to Hatfield, and show her where their labourers lived. On the way over he said, "What do you expect to see?" She said she understood the houses were better than most of their negro cabins in the South. "Well," said he, "you shall judge." He drove her across the beautiful Connecticut Valley, and entered Hatfield by a broad street with long rows of elms, and with neat white houses on both sides, surrounded with orchards. The lady called his attention to some of these as they passed, admiring their elegance. "By the way," said he, when they got to the end of the street, "I forgot to tell you that these are the labourers' houses!"

There can be no doubt that the condition of this class is very much better in America than with us, where the vast mass of the agricultural population hold

their houses and farms at the will of another. The smallest farmer in New England is independent. His house and land is his own. He is beholden to no one. He keeps his own horse, his cow, and his pigs; draws the manure over his own fields; plants and reaps his own corn; digs and hoes his own turnips and potatoes. Moreover, he is educated and well-informed, and his children are all at school. He reads the papers; he has the current literature of the day on his table; he knows what Gladstone and Disraeli are about here; he keeps himself well acquainted with home politics; he has a vote and knows what to do with it; and can get up in the township meetings and express himself intelligently if occasion calls for it. These are the men who form the stamina and moral strength of the commonwealth.

The manners of these people would astonish those who have formed their notions of the Americans from the laughable pictures in *Martin Chuzzlewit*—pictures inimitable in themselves, but representing in some respects a state of things as far back in the brief history of America as tattooing is in ours. Of course it has to be remembered that America is a Republic, and that the manners of even the poorest class are framed on the Republican model, and assume equality. The man in America who grooms your horse must not be considered your inferior on that account. He is simply a fellow-citizen who has undertaken to look after your interests in the stable, as a lawyer would undertake to look after your interests in court, or a broker to transact your business in the market. If you forget this, and order the man about in the same tone as you would a dog, he is likely enough to resent the insult exactly as the

lawyer or the broker would, or as you would yourself, if any one employed that tone to you. In such a case, accustomed as you are to the deferential manner and ready obedience of servants at home, you consider the man rude and impertinent. But, on the Republican theory of equality, it is you and not the man who have violated the laws of good-breeding by forgetting that you are speaking to an American citizen, and therefore (by hypothesis) a gentleman.

The tone of command in which many Englishmen are accustomed to address servants is peculiarly obnoxious to Americans; and is one reason for the unpopularity of Englishmen in the States, and the impressions they often receive of American rudeness. No one is readier than an American working man to shock your self-importance and make what is vulgarly called "small potatoes" of you, if you address him in an imperious tone, or assume airs of superiority. But, on the other hand, you rarely meet any one more ready to oblige if his assistance is politely asked. Of course there are rude and vulgar people amongst them as there are amongst ourselves, and of all vulgar people perhaps vulgar Americans are the most unbearable; but the charge of rudeness often brought against the Americans as a people is a calumny.

Their extraordinary politeness to the softer sex has been already referred to. A lady in America may traverse the whole continent alone without the slightest fear of insult or annoyance; and will find special accommodation awaiting her at every point. In the large hotels, she will find a private entrance for ladies, and the handsomest rooms in the whole place reserved for them. In the river steamers she will find herself,

without asking for it, furnished with one of the berths furthest aft, so that in the event of an explosion she may have the best chance of escape. On the railways she will find a ladies' car, furnished more luxuriously than the others; and in ordinary cars or public conveyances of any description, she will find the roughest-looking man ready, without being asked, to rise and give her a seat. If she enters a strange church and stops at any pew she will find not one but all the gentlemen in it insisting upon getting up to let her in. All over the continent, as a general rule, she will find American men her obedient servants.

Perhaps the Americans carry this too far; but it says something for them that, under circumstances hitherto unfavourable to high refinement, and under a form of government which is supposed to convert might into right, the stronger sex should have shown more deference to the weaker than is found in the nations that pride themselves most upon their gallantry and high breeding.

The New Englanders have less suavity of manner than the people of the South, and less frankness than the men of the West, but in many respects they are more refined than either—swear less, drink less, chew less—while they exhibit the same ease of manner and address, the same deference to ladies, and the same open-handed hospitality to strangers.

In acuteness and intellectual force, they probably stand first. Nothing astonishes one more in New England than her busy intellectual life; her schools crowded with minute philosophers; her farms and factories teeming with mechanical invention; Harvard, Yale, and Andover rearing leaders of thought for the

new generation. While the South has been growing cotton and tobacco, and the West has been growing food for half the world, sterile New England has been growing brain. These teeming little States, crowded together in a mere corner of the vast Republic, are still its brain and spiritual centre, from whence the ideas have gone forth that are making America what she is. It was to resist the invasion of New England ideas that the South took arms in 1861. But those ideas flashing from 500,000 Northern bayonets won the day, and are now beginning to mould the South as they have already moulded the Great West.

XXII.

BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.

EVERYBODY has heard of that exhaustive treatise on the Snakes of Iceland, which consists of the following six words:—"There are no snakes in Iceland."

One would imagine, on looking over American newspapers, that the same brief formula might be employed to dispose of the subject of births in America. In that corner of the page sacred in this country to hatches, matches, and despatches, and to which the fair sex turn first, as instinctively as a merchant turns to the markets, the American papers enter deaths and marriages, but no births. I am not prepared to say why. It is a deep subject. Some refer the fact to that prudery which speaks of roosters, and is supposed to speak of gentlemen-cows, and the limbs of a table. A New York friend was rather disposed to account for it in this way,—That the native Americans have no births to record; that the Irish have so many that the papers could not hold them all; and that other nationalities dare not be represented if the Irish are kept out. Whatever the true explanation be, the fact remains.

But if the papers exclude births they make up for the loss of material by expanding the death column with comments upon the life and character of the deceased, and the grief of surviving relatives. The

announcement that Ezekiel Jefferson died on such a day, at such a place, will be followed by several dolorous lines, beginning—

"Alas! poor Zeky's gone at last;
His pain is o'er, his anguish past."

I copied the following one day from the obituary list in the *Philadelphia Ledger* (Jan. 11th, 1868). It is a mere specimen of what appears in thousands of American papers every day:—

"On the 7th instant, Mrs. ——, wife of John ——, in the 57th year of her age.

Our mother is dead, laid in her clay,
Which loudly calls to us to-day,
And bids us all to dry our tears,
For mother rests from all her cares.
Dear mother rest in sweet repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

To which was appended the following verse, which seems to be a favourite, as it occurred thrice in that same obituary list after as many different names:—

"Oh, weep not for her, 'tis unkindness to weep,
Her weary, weak body has fallen asleep;
No more the fond tie of affection she knows;
Oh, weep not; oh! break not that gentle repose.
Gone, but not forgotten."

To a notice of a boy's death was said to be appended the touching remark,—"Our little Jacob has been taken from this earthly garden to bloom in a superior flower-pot above."

The obituary comments sometimes introduced are less poetical than these, but more practical.

The *Christian Index* added to the announcement of the death of a clergyman the following touching and at the same time suggestive piece of information:—"He was

a father in the Church; he supported our distinctive principles warmly; was a faithful reader of the *Index*, and for several years paid for three copies in advance."

Another paper, after the announcement—"On the 17th, John S. B—, much regretted," added, "He was diligent in business, serving the Lord. The large dry goods' store, corner of Main and Walnut Street, was entirely the creation of his industry, and will henceforth be carried on by his bereaved sons." [1]

The funeral customs in America vary in different States and amongst different sects. But in New England the common practice is to have the room in which the body is laid adorned with flowers,—wreaths of which are laid upon the coffin. Many of these are sent by the friends. When the deceased is a child, the body is laid in a casket strewed with flowers within, and the room is adorned more gaily. When the hour for the service has arrived, the family come down-stairs, the friends assemble, look at the body, and talk in whispers. The service is begun by the minister reading a few verses from the Bible and offering up a short prayer, after which he gives an account of the life and death

[1] The following, cut from an American paper, is therefore but a slight improvement upon fact:—"James Bangus, we are sorry to stait, has decesed. He departed this last Mundy. He went 4th without any struggle, and sich is life. To-day, we are as pepper grass; to-morrer, we are kut down like a cowcumber. James kept a nice store, which his wife now waits on. His virchews wos numerous, and his wife inherits them. We are happy to stait to the admiring wurld that he never cheeted, speshully in the wate of makerel, wich wos always nice and smelt sweat, and his survivin wife is the same way. We niver new him to put sand in his suger, though he had a big sand bar in front of his house; nor water in his lickers, tho the Ohio river past his door. Piece tu his remanes. He leves 1 wife, 9 children, 1 kow, 4 horses, a growcer's store, and other quodrupeds to moorn his loss. But in the langwidge off the poit, his loss is thare eturnal gane."

of the deceased, concluding with another short prayer for family and friends. The mourners then look at the body for the last time and proceed to the carriages, while the coffin is closed and carried to the hearse. No liquor or refreshment of any kind is used.

The whole family (males and females) attend the funeral. Mourning attire is not considered essential. Everybody dresses "quietly;" but at half the funerals in Boston no mourning is put on, even by the family of the deceased. The tendency is to diminish the gloom connected with the rites of sepulture, and suggest the idea that death is simply the passage from one life to another.

In other parts of America mourning is more common; and on the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's death in 1865, the cities and towns all over the North were literally loaded with black—a spectacle of mourning probably without a parallel in history. Within three hours of the arrival of the news in each city, the warehouses and stores were emptied of every kind of sable cloth—black silk and black velvet being bought up when nothing else was to be had. Thousands of ladies cut down even their black dresses and did them up into mourning-festoons, that every window and door might be hung with the drapery of woe.

Some sects have more elaborate funeral rites than those I have described as prevailing in Boston, while others dispense with ceremonies altogether. The Roman Catholics and Episcopalians have their usual service at the grave; but, on the other hand, the Shakers, who have no belief in a material resurrection, and regard the body as nothing but the worthless and cast-off garment of the spirit, bury it uncere-

moniously in the fields, and rake the earth over it so as to obliterate all traces of where it has been laid. They look upon graveyards, tombstones, and epitaphs much as we look upon the practice of those savages who bury a warrior with his bow and arrows, and some food at his side.[1]

The marriage customs in America vary as much as those connected with funerals. In wealthy and well-to-do circles, a marriage is generally made the occasion of an extraordinary display, and, as Donald said dolefully of his wife's funeral, "it is accompanied with a fery considerable dale of expense." It has been reckoned that in Chicago a wedding costs, on the average, about $5000.

The number of invitations sometimes issued is enormous. A wedding to which fifty or a hundred guests are asked is a very small affair—"a one-horse wedding," to use the Western phraseology. From three to five hundred invitations is common; a thousand not remarkable. A Miss Whitney was married in Boston shortly before my first visit. The invitations issued for the ceremony and reception numbered 3000, and her wedding gifts in silver alone were valued at $10,000. There is a golden circle in New York in which even that would probably be reckoned a "one-horse wedding."

At these great wedding parties the house swarms with guests for two or three hours—the guests coming and

[1] The Catholics charge the Presbyterians witlf almost equal disrespect for the dead. They say the Scotch ritual, when the hearse has brought the dead man to the grave, consists of three brief sentences:—"Tak' him oot," "Put him in," "Cover him up."

going as they please. They are never all there at once, and many of those who are invited do not or cannot come. This is always taken into account. A friend in Brooklyn told me that if all the people invited to his wedding had come, they would not only have crammed the house from top to bottom, but there would require to have been fifty or sixty of them on the roof and fourteen up each chimney.

In fashionable circles in the South, it is usual to hold the festivities in apartments from which the daylight is excluded, probably because, in the blaze of innumerable lamps, the scene looks more enchanting, and the jewelled beauty of the ladies shines to greater advantage. In marriage, however, as in everything else, the Americans hold themselves free to dispense with demonstrations, if they please. The law does not demand proclamation of banns, and as the marriage may be celebrated at any time or place either by a minister or a Justice of the Peace, people pressed for time sometimes avail themselves of the facilities thus open to them.

It is told of an engine-driver in the State of Maine, that, not being able to spare a day, he got the minister and his bride to start with him on the engine, and had the ceremony performed while the train was running. Another case, of which I knew something personally, was that of a wealthy Pennsylvanian contractor, who, when he had everything ready for a European tour, suddenly reflected that he might as well take a wife with him. He drove off to a friend's house, and, without any circumlocution, proposed to one of the young ladies, on the express condition that the marriage should take place that day, and that she should be ready to start with him that night to catch the Cunard steamer

next day at New York. He said he would give her ten minutes to decide while he drove on to his banker's. He found her, on his return, ready to accept his offer. They drove with her father and brother to a magistrate's office, had the ceremony performed at once, and were off to New York by the first train.

There is a delightful way of welcoming a married pair back from their tour, common in some parts of America. On the day being ascertained when the couple are to be home, a host of friends, especially the young folks of both sexes, take possession of the house, adorn it with flowers, and have everything prepared to receive the home-comers. When the pair arrive, they meet with a tumultuous welcome, and are entertained at their own table to a feast of their friends' providing. These are called "Surprise parties." Sometimes a minister returning from his furlough is welcomed back in the same way.

The celebration of marriage anniversaries on the fifth, twenty-fifth, and fiftieth return of the wedding-day, is very common in New England, if husband and wife are both alive and living together. At these celebrations friends assemble at the house, and generally bring presents with them—the presents increasing in the value of their material according to the length of time that has elapsed since the knot was tied. The fifth anniversary is called the wooden wedding, and the invitations are often issued on wooden cards, thin as paper, and beautifully ornamented. The presents suitable to this anniversary are of wood. A desk will do, a wooden trencher or paper-cutter, will be accepted, and a work-stand or cabinet will not come amiss. The twenty-fifth anniversary is the silver wedding, when silver

toothpicks, forks, spoons, fruit-knives, cake-baskets, and so forth, are in demand. The fiftieth anniversary is the golden wedding; and if the happy couple reach the seventy-fifth year of connubial bliss, there is a diamond wedding; but this occurs too rarely to bring much extra trade to the jewellers. Some people have what they call a sugar wedding on the first anniversary, and a tin wedding on the fifteenth; but these are not "on the card."

The marriage-fee in America, when a clergyman officiates, varies in amount according to the wealth and generosity of the party paying it. The amount to which the clergyman is entitled by law seems to vary in different States. In Virginia it is two dollars and a half; in Massachusetts one dollar and a quarter (about 5s. of our money at present rates); but they say that even the poorest mechanic will generally give five dollars; while people in more affluent circumstances give twenty, forty, or fifty. One fashionable clergyman in New York said he had repeatedly got 100 dollars in gold,—£20 of our money.

It is not considered polite, however, for the clergyman to look how much he has got till he reaches home, when he hands the fee to his wife, whose perquisite it is supposed to be. This practice of slipping the fee into his hand quietly sometimes leads to mistakes. One gentleman, on the occasion of his daughter's marriage, had written out two checks, one for the clergyman, the other as a parting-gift to the bride; but, by mistake, put the checks into the wrong hands. When the bride, on her journey, got an opportunity of peeping into hers, she thought the paternal injunction to use it wisely was scarcely worth giving, with a trifle

not sufficient to buy a new dress; while the clergyman, on going home, was enchanted to find that his services were thought worthy of so munificent a recompense as $5000. Suspecting, with a modesty which, in some minds, may throw doubt upon the story, that there must be some mistake, he called upon the bride's father, when matters were explained and rectified.

At another wedding, at Detroit, the bridegroom, when called upon for a song, put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and said, amidst applause, that he would give them a new version of the popular song of "Ho, yo, Billy Barlow." On producing the slip of paper, he found that instead of a cutting from a newspaper it was the ten-dollar bill which he thought he had given to the minister. It was a capital joke for the company, but how the clergyman and his wife looked when, instead of a nice little sum to help them through with their marketing, they found a new version of "Ho, yo, Billy Barlow," no special correspondent was present to record.

XXIII.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

SOME fourteen or fifteen years ago, when I was a lad at college, I remember one night struggling into the densely-crowded City Hall in Glasgow to hear the American orator, J. B. Gough, deliver one of his lectures on Intemperance. When he came timidly upon the crowded platform in rear of the portly chairman, he did not look like one from whom much was to be expected. I was so far back in the hall that I could not make him out very well; but he looked a weakly man, with a thin face that answered the account given of him in the pamphlets that were selling amongst the audience —as one who had wrecked himself in youth by a wild career of dissipation.

During the chairman's introductory remarks Gough sat sideways in his chair, twining his hands nervously round one another, as if he felt bashful and ill at ease. But when he rose and came forward to the front of the platform and began to speak, I remember how the tone and music of that wonderful voice began to thrill me, how the orator kindled to his work, carried the vast audience with him, and after a speech of two hours, sent them away in a glow of enthusiasm about the cause he had pleaded so well. Probably many who

read this have similar recollections of the stirring appeals with which during that tour through this country Gough awoke the temperance sentiment of the masses.

After his departure little more was heard of him in this country. Only now and then, at intervals of years, some little paragraph finding its way into our papers from some transatlantic source, showed that he was still alive. But immediately on reaching America I began to hear about Gough again, and found that he had not only been before the public during all those intervening years, but was still the most popular lecturer in the States.

The first opportunity I had of hearing him again was in the Cooper Institute, New York. When he came upon the platform I was struck with the change which fourteen years had made in his appearance. I remembered him as a youngish-looking man, with bare face and dark hair. There now stood before us a man with long grey hair and heavy beard and moustache. But as soon as he began to speak, the old voice rung out clear and thrilling as ever, and he had not been "orating" for five minutes before it was evident that he was going to produce a powerful effect upon his audience. His theme that night was the old subject of intemperance. As he went on he became more and more impassioned, exciting the people sometimes to enthusiasm, sometimes to laughter, sometimes to tears. His oratory is dramatic. He is the David Garrick of the platform. Colonel Higginson said of him, that he was not only an actor, but an entire dramatic company, performing all the parts of the play, as the Iron Duke at one time occupied, in his own person, half the offices of the Cabinet.

When he had spoken for more than an hour he turned to the clock to see that he was not keeping the audience beyond the time. This excited eager shouts of "Go on, Gough, go on!" When another half-hour had fled, and he looked at the clock again, some one cried, "Take away the clock!"—a suggestion that was received with loud cheers.

Gough's peroration that night was one that I had heard him give in this country—Paul Benton's well-known apostrophe to water, which he gave with amazing power.

He has been a public lecturer now for twenty-eight years. On the subject of intemperance alone he has lectured more than 6000 times, to audiences reckoned to include in the aggregate 5,000,000 of people. He has been lecturing every winter during those twenty-eight years, and almost every night of every winter; and it says something for the reality of his power, that after so long and so severe an ordeal he remains to this day the most popular lecturer of the kind in the United States.

His popularity may be gauged by the increasing amount paid to secure him. Twenty-five years ago he got from one to five dollars for a lecture; now he gets from a hundred to three hundred and fifty. As the Americans say, "Gough never needs to open his mouth under $200." He was offered £500 sterling to go and give a lecture in Chicago, but declined, because it would take him so far from home.

His name in the syllabus of any society is said to be a tower of strength, and to keep the minds of the committee easy in regard to the whole course. If they lose money on any of the others, they expect that John B.

Gough will bring them a harvest of dollars sufficient to cover all deficits.

His lectures on intemperance are still amongst his best and most effective; but more than half the lectures he gives are on other subjects. Two especially I heard spoken of—one on "London Life," in which he hits off some of the peculiarities and foibles of the English character; the other on "Eloquence," in which he introduces imitations of the different styles of oratory, which one may suppose, from Gough's power of mimicry, to be amusing enough.

It has been remarked, however, that whatever his subject, he seeks, in dealing with it, to make people not only happier, but better. He enjoys the character of being himself a true man and a sincere Christian. George H. Stuart of Philadelphia said he was astonished, when travelling in this country, to find people believing the slanders that had been circulated about Gough, charging him with opium-eating and secret indulgence in liquor. He said Gough had lived down these calumnies in America long ago.

When the lecture season was over, I went to see the orator at his home in New England. As it may interest his friends on this side of the Atlantic to know something of his home life, let me introduce part of a letter written from the spot:—

"His conveyance was waiting for us at Worcester, and drove us here, a distance of about five miles. A hearty welcome awaited us, and showers of questions about friends in Scotland—Mr. M'Gavin, Mr. Marr, Mr. Thomas Knox, Mr. Logan, and many others, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Gough seem to cherish a warm recollection.

"The house is called 'Hillside.' It is pleasantly situ-

ated upon a rising ground, with the little village of Boylston just below. The approach is through an avenue of trees which Gough planted with his own hand some sixteen or seventeen years ago.

"There is an air of home about the whole place that is exceedingly pleasant. The house has grown with Gough's fortunes, and has had so many additions made to it that there is a delightful bewilderment in trying to make your way from one part of the house to another, and a pleasant feeling, when you get peeps into so many cosy rooms, that you are in the abode of one who loves to have his friends about him.[1]

"Mr. and Mrs. Gough have no children of their own, but they like to have the house filled with children's voices, so they have several young nieces living with them, all of them as lively as crickets. Gough himself is as merry and light-hearted as any of them. At supper to-night he kept us in such convulsions of laughter with his funny stories that there was no getting on with the business of the table. He seems devotedly attached to the children, and likes when we are sitting talking to have one of them on each knee. Behind the house he has built a beautiful gymnasium for them, a children's paradise for a wet day, where they have swings suspended from the roof, and a long floor where they can race and romp to their hearts' content. Gough seems never happier than when he is romping with them; and when he has a game at nine-pins, along the side of the room, they vie with one another

[1] He has a large and admirably selected library, on which he has spent and continues to spend a great deal of money. He has a special taste for works illustrated by good artists, and has the largest collection of these that I have seen in any private library. He has such an admiration for Cruickshank that wherever he finds another book illustrated by that artist he buys it, and cuts out the illustrations to add to his collection. They say he has Cruickshank on the brain. But the first thing that strikes one on looking at his bookcases is the taste and costliness of the bindings. Gough was a bookbinder himself at one time, and every book he gets must be bound in the best style before being permitted to take its place in his cabinet.

who shall be smartest in rolling back the balls and setting up the pins.

"Near the house, there is another wonderful building. Perhaps I should call it an institution. It is a vast Hennery, with about 2000 fowls in it, and no end of pigeons. I remember hearing once that John B. Gough had gone into 'the Hen Speculation.' I didn't know exactly what the hen speculation was, but I thought that on any hypothesis it was a queer business for a public orator to go into. The explanation turns out to be that Mrs. Gough has a great fondness for fowls, and that when the mania for rare breeds was at its height she bought largely, and found the sale of the eggs so profitable that this Hennery was erected, a man got to take charge of it, and a regular business established. Gough showed me through the place this morning. It is a spacious building, with long galleries, lined with airy apartments for the fowls, which live in a most genteel style, having their own little parlours and bedrooms, and door-plates outside, with their technical names upon them, and nothing wanting but door-bells or little knockers to make the arrangements complete. English Dorkings, silver Polands, black African bantams, golden Polands, brown Leghorns, and Cochin China buffs, all live in connubial bliss in separate suites of apartments; while in one elegant room with a balcony outside, an aristocratic fowl, known as Madame La Feche, struts about with the dignity becoming a lady whose eggs sell at thirty-five shillings a dozen.

"Besides the Hennery there is a place for cattle, and a garden, and an orchard, and several fields, all fenced and nicely kept. The place was a wilderness when Gough purchased it nearly twenty years ago. Now it blossoms like the rose. It is a picture of the man himself, and of what God has enabled him to do for many a wasted life.

"Here he spends the summer in quietness, refreshing himself after his winter's work and preparing new lectures for the next. Even during the busy season he tries to spend his Sundays at home, and refuses engagements that

would keep him long away. He showed me a letter he had from Mr. Moodie, of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago, offering to engage him for eighty nights a year, at $200 a night, for ten years! That 's how they do things in Chicago! But Gough said it would keep him from home during the winter, and refused it.

"To-night I got a sight of a curious record of his life—two huge scrap-books, in which Mrs. Gough has preserved all the newspaper reports of his lectures, etc., since he began his public career. One of the first is a notice of him as a young mechanic, who made a good speech at a meeting. This was in 1842. In 1843 he had begun lecturing, and had been paid $3 for three addresses, being at the rate of 4s. a piece. During the year 1844 he delivered 383 speeches, which yielded him an income of only $720. During 1866, he delivered 162 lectures, and his income has risen to $28,500. He gets as many engagements as he can take, and had to refuse about 1100 last year. He takes an honest pride in looking back and marking the steps of his progress."

There is one thought that seemed to me to cheer him still more—the thought that he has been the instrument of doing good. I saw hanging in his library the photograph of the first man he reclaimed from drunkenness. He preserves it carefully, and likes to think that the one has become a thousand. He loves his work, and said he hoped to die in harness.

Gough, although English-born, is a thorough Republican, and has no idea of being patronized by anybody. When in this country, re-visiting with his father the scenes of his childhood, they met the son of his father's employer.

The old man took off his hat and said,—"Mr. Denny, this is my son, John Gough, from America."

The youth, without deigning to look particularly at him, said carelessly, "How do, Gough?"

To which Gough replied as carelessly, "How do, Denny?" and passed on.

He doubts if his father ever forgave him for this audacity.

Another incident belonging to the same week ought to be told along with that. There was an old woman, a Mrs. Beattie, at Sandgate, who had been kind to Gough when he was a poor boy, and on one particular occasion had given him a large cake of gingerbread and a bottle of milk. Gough had never forgotten her kindness, and when he found himself in the old place again, he searched her out. He was to lecture in a neighbouring town that night, and great numbers of the Sandgate people were going to hear him. The old woman was eager to go also, but the distance was too great to walk, and she was too poor to pay for any conveyance. On hearing of this, Gough went before the hour of meeting and took her with him in the carriage. When the lecture was over he drove her home again, and putting five sovereigns into her hand, told her that was the payment of an old debt.

"Goodness me!" said the old woman, "what's it for?"

"Don't you remember? It's payment for that bottle of milk and the gingerbread you gave me twenty-four years ago."

Finding afterwards that she was in debt for coals and house-rent, he got the bills and paid them; and ever after, up till the time of her death, in 1864, sent her a present of £10 every Christmas day in memory of that milk and gingerbread.

A few months after my visit, Mr. and Mrs. Gough celebrated their silver wedding, having completed the twenty-fifth year of their married life. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, from Worcester and other cities, gathered to do them honour; letters and telegrams poured in from all parts of America, and silver gifts of all kinds—silver épergnes, silver vases, silver fruit-dishes, and so on—were presented, along with congratulatory letters and speeches. In expressing his thanks, Mr. Gough spoke of his humble circumstances at the time of his marriage twenty-five years before, when he took his wife from the little farm under the hill on which his house now stands. He said there was no party, no wedding-cake, no cards; he disturbed the minister at his breakfast to perform the marriage ceremony, and then set off with his bride to Boston, where he had to make a temperance speech that night. He said the first congratulation he got was from a pious friend (Deacon Moses Grant), who met him at Boston, and talked to his wife, while Gough went to look after the luggage.

"When I got back," said Gough, "the Deacon took me aside and said, 'Johnny, she'll do'—and she *has* done!"

XXIV.

DRINKING HABITS.

THE main difference between the drinking habits in America and our own country is this—the Americans drink more at bars and less at home. Of native Americans the New Englander drinks least, the Southerner most. I scarcely ever saw liquors of any kind on the table in New England—in clergymen's houses never, except on one occasion, when a bottle of wine was opened at dinner, and even that turned out to be a delicate hospitality meant exclusively for me. I took none, and the bottle remained untouched, and never made its appearance again. Tea is commonly used instead of ale or wine, and glasses of iced water are handed round at every meal. Even in the South you do not often see spirits on the table. What surprised me still more was to find that the Highlanders in America, despite the Highland tendency to conservatism in old customs, bad as well as good, had abandoned their old practice of offering liquor to visitors. In the Highland settlements, both in Canada and the South, I met with unbounded hospitality, but was never offered liquor except, I think, on two occasions. One of these only confirmed the uniformity of the contrary practice. After dinner (at which there was no beverage stronger than the delicious and unintoxicating wine

of the country, pressed from the scuppernong grape) our host went and brought some whisky. I told him with thanks that I never tasted spirits. "No!" said he with surprise; "well, we never use it ourselves; but I thought, coming from the old country, you would miss it!" It was not the first nor the fiftieth time that I was humiliated to find how much the poetry and the practice of Scotland had associated her name with whisky.

In Canada there used to be a great deal of drinking and dissipation at what are called "bees." At threshing, husking, or apple-paring times, the neighbours in country districts assemble to help one another. These occasions are called threshing bees, husking bees, etc. If you are building a house for yourself, one neighbour comes with his axe, another with his horses, another with his carpenter's tools—a score of them perhaps—to help you, till the roof is over your head; and you, in turn, are expected to help the next comer. This is called a raising bee. At these bees, whisky used to be drunk like water, but this feature is happily disappearing, and whisky giving place to coffee, cakes, fowl, and other wholesome refreshments.

But if the Americans drink less in the house, they drink far more at public bars and saloons. This practice is not confined to the poorer classes. I was surprised to see a class of men "liquoring up" at these bars, who, in our country, would no more be seen entering a public-house than they would be seen entering a house of ill fame. You see merchants, colonels, generals, senators, and officers of State patronizing these open bars as freely as we patronize a flower-show. I cannot say that I ever saw a clergyman amongst them. In

some parts of the country the practice is discountenanced by all church members. It is one of the distinctions in America between "the Church" and "the world."

But saloons and bars are everywhere. Every steamer, every restaurant, every hotel has its own, where from morning till night you will see the barmen in their shirt sleeves hard at work compounding cocktails, morning-glories, tangle-legs, gin-slings, eye-openers, and other transatlantic refreshers, and handing them to the thirsty souls on the other side of the counter. The bar at Delmonico's or the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, is a sight worth seeing. The public bars in Mobile and New Orleans are also magnificent, some of them like gilded arcades, open to the street, and visible from end to end to all passers by. There, on a hot day, you will see gentlemen swarming in and out, and a long line of perspiring barmen, in shirts and light pants, behind the long counter, mixing iced drinks and passing them across with as much rapidity as if there was a bet of a hundred dollars who should serve the greatest number within a given time. In these bars there are generally no seats. Gentlemen walk briskly in, step up to the counter, toss off their drinks, and go. No time is lost. An American can drink, but he cannot afford to waste time over it. But the number of drinks he will take at that bar before business hours are over would astonish people of the same class here. The liquor is generally taken in the form of cocktails, that is, mixed with water sugar and spices.

There is another class of people not given to slings or cocktails, who indulge in what are called "bitters." Bitters are advertised in every newspaper; placarded

in every shed; painted in enormous letters on every fence, tree, and rock where a human eye may be expected to rest. I sometimes encountered these advertisements in Southern swamps and Western prairies, in places where one would imagine the only customers could be polecats, "bars," or buffaloes. The enormous demand that exists for these "bitters" might lead a stranger to imagine that some epidemic was continually raging all over the United States.[1] On being tasted they are not found by any means so unpalatable as the mixtures that go under the same name with us. Let it be hoped that it was imagination, but some of them that I put to my lips conveyed to my mind a not very distant impression of whisky.

I have heard of a deacon who drew rein at a farm-house door on a very hot day. He was offered a glass of cider.

"Cider," said the deacon ruefully, wiping his hot brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "No: cider ain't allowed in the pledge. But if you 'll call it apple-juice I 'll take a drop."

The present generation of Americans give something stronger the name of "bitters," and take a good many drops.

You find, however, a far larger proportion of total abstainers—men, and especially women, who neither "liquor up" nor taste bitters—than there is in this country. The mass of the clergy are abstainers, which gives a powerful leverage to the temperance movement. Many also of the most prominent statesmen, orators,

[1] It is said that in a graveyard in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the following advertisement meets the eye of the visitor:—"If you would keep out of here, use Hostetter's Bitters."

soldiers, and literary men in the country, are not only abstainers, but advocates of the temperance movement. Amongst such are Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, and William Lloyd Garrison; Albert Barnes, Theodore Cuyler, Abbott, Hall, and Todd; General Howard and Senator Wilson of Massachusetts; while the Vice-President of the United States (Mr. Colfax) is a prominent member of a temperance society formed amongst members of Congress. To these names might be added a vast number of others, less known on our side of the water, but almost as well known in the States. I have not mentioned men like Gough, Delevan, or Neal Dow, because their celebrity is identified with either the Temperance or the Prohibition movement.[1]

The same holds true, though to a less extent, in the South. General Lee has had the reputation of being an abstainer since his boyhood; and we have already seen with what rigidness Stonewall Jackson, and Stuart the great cavalry commander of the South, practised the same virtue. Most of the Presidents of the United

[1] General Gregory, a Christian soldier of the same cast as Howard, is also a prominent advocate of temperance. It is told of him that, when his brigade was preparing for action at Gettysburg, the corps commander issued an order to supply the troops with liquor. Gregory rode up and said,—"Is that order peremptory?" "Yes." "Then," said he, "I must resign my command. I shall undertake to do anything with these troops that can be done by brave men, but I will not undertake to control men who have been stimulated by intoxicating drinks." The commander reconsidered the matter, and revoked the order.

I have also mentioned Mr. Beecher's name. He said himself that not only was he an abstainer, but his church might almost be called a total abstinence church, and was only one of thousands to which the same description would apply. He did not make the pledge a condition of membership, but people knew his views.

"The other day," he said, "a candidate presented himself. I said to him, 'You don't drink, of course?'

"'Certainly not.'

"'You are a temperate man?'

States have been Southern men; and all of them, from Madison downwards, were total abstainers until the chance accession of Mr. Johnson. Grant also is said to have become one since assuming his present position.

The influence of example, however, is not so powerful in America as it is here. The tendency is for each person to consider his own example as much worth as any other body's. This increases the sense of individual responsibility, but diminishes the constraining force of conspicuous examples.

The fact at least remains that, notwithstanding the higher position which the Temperance movement has maintained in America, more whisky is consumed there, according to population, than in Scotland. The annual consumption in America is equal to four gallons for each person, as compared with two and a quarter in Scotland. In 1867, the number of places in England, Scotland, and Ireland licensed for the sale of liquor was 150,000; in the States only 130,000; but while

"'Oh yes.'

"'An abstainer, I suppose?'

"'Yes, I may say I am.'

"'You would have no objection to sign the pledge?'

"'Well, no, I can't say that I would.'

"'All right; here is our form.'

"I put a pledge-card before him —we always have them at hand in the drawer—he put down his name, and I have no doubt," Beecher added, "he will remain firm. Good men here only want a straw to turn the scale, and fix them."

Much of the life of the Temperance movement in America is found in the churches. In so far as it is carried on independently, it has to a large extent re-organized its societies on the model of masonic lodges. The members are Brothers, Templars, or Sons and Daughters of Temperance; and their office-bearers are Grand Scribes, Worshipful Grand Patriarchs, and so forth. They have meetings and social gatherings, to which none but members are admitted; they recognise a closer brotherhood, and act upon it; and are rather mutual insurance than missionary societies. Otherwise the difference is more in name than reality. The movement in our own country is rapidly assuming the same form.

the money spent on liquor in our three kingdoms has never been reckoned higher than £80,000,000, it amounts in the States to £130,000,000, without counting the imported liquors.

The comparative amount of drunkenness is not so easily determined. How unsafe it is to trust in such matters to cursory observation, was curiously illustrated by the fact that Newman Hall, of London, travelling in the States at the same time that Bishop Clarke of America was travelling in this country, said he had seen more drunkenness in London in a week than he had seen in America during his whole visit; while the Bishop had just been saying that he had seen *less* drunkenness in London in a whole month than he had seen in New York in a single night. The two statements are of course quite reconcileable, if taken to represent, not the actual amount of drunkenness, but merely the amount seen by two observers in different circumstances. I am disposed to think that Newman Hall's observation more nearly represents the actual state of things as visible to the public eye. I went to some of the lowest parts of New Orleans, New York, and Montreal, for the express purpose of seeing how they compared with the corresponding districts of London and Glasgow, but never saw such sickening and hideous exhibitions of drunkenness as are to be seen every Saturday night in almost any Scotch or English city. If there are as many drunk people, the police must, by prompt apprehension, keep them off the street, and must apprehend them at earlier stages of inebriation.[1]

[1] Police reports confirm this view of the case. The editor of a Montreal paper said he had never seen so many drunk people during

The calculations made as yet of the number of habitual drunkards in either country are necessarily vague, from the impossibility of securing the necessary data; but it is a curious fact that the same class of calculators, drawing their conclusions from the same class of facts, give exactly the same number of drunkards and the same number of annual victims for America as for Great Britain. In each country 600,000 habitual drunkards, and 60,000 deaths annually through drink, are the numbers arrived at. Whatever may be the worth of the estimates in themselves, the coincidence is not without its value.[1]

his whole stay in that city as he had seen in Edinburgh and Greenock in a single night. And yet the Police reports of Montreal show 4375 arrests of drunk persons in 1866, and 4136 in 1867; while in Greenock (which is probably two-thirds the size of Montreal) the numbers were only 1899 in 1866, and 1750 in 1867; and even in Edinburgh they were but 4123 in 1866, and 3773 in 1867, actually lower than in Montreal, though the population of Edinburgh is probably half again as large.

[1] An eminent American physician, in a recently published work on American intemperance, reckons that of every 300 men in America, 122 do not drink at all; of the 178 who do drink, 100 drink moderately, 50 are occasional drinkers, 25 drink periodically, or, as it is vulgarly expressed, "go on the spree;" and 3 are habitual drunkards. Then of the women: Out of every 700 there are 600 who never drink, 30 who taste wine, 17 who taste ardent spirits, 36 who use beer, 14 who drink "periodically," and 3 who are habitual drunkards. Thus, while fewer women drink than men, a much larger proportion become drunkards—1 in every 33 women, 1 in every 59 men.

XXV.

LIQUOR LAWS.

BOTH in Canada and the States, I looked with some interest into the working of the Liquor laws, and the results of my observations can be summed up in two sentences. Wherever an overwhelming temperance sentiment exists—wherever, in other words, the majority of the people are opposed to the use of liquor—prohibitory legislation succeeds, and is attended with the most beneficent results. In all other cases it has proved a failure. I am sorry to say it; but the truth must be told; and if the truth in this case tells against the efficacy of mere legislation, it may perhaps indicate where the remedy is to be looked for.

In Canada, I found an Act in existence known as Dunkin's Law, and similar to the Permissive measure which is being agitated for amongst ourselves. This Act, after passing the Legislature in 1864, was adopted by sixty-two municipalities in Upper Canada, and by twenty-eight in the Lower Province: and already, in most of these, it is a dead letter. In some of them, no serious attempt has ever been made to enforce it—people apparently satisfying their consciences by voting its adoption, and continuing to vote against its repeal. In other places where it had been enforced, the innkeepers in revenge not only shut up their bars, but

their whole accommodation for travellers. The result was described to me by a farmer who had himself voted for the Act.

"First week after its adoption," said he, "I arrived after a long drive at the inn. Nobody around; everything shut up. I went to the nearest house. 'What's wrong at the inn?' said I. 'Nothing wrong,' said the man; 'only Dunkin's Law, that's all.' 'But where is S—?' said I, naming the landlord. 'Vamoosed,' said the man. Well, I thought I'd go to the yard of the inn, give my horse a drink, and get home. But when I got there the pump was locked up too. I had not contemplated Dunkin's Act in this light before. I got into my buggy and drove off. I've let Dunkin's Law alone since then."

"But," said I, "why couldn't some one take the inn, and open it on temperance principles?"

"To be sure; why not?" said he. "But nobody did it."

"Then how have matters gone?"

"Oh, S— is back, and the inn opened again."

"And the bar?"

"Yes, the bar too."

"But what of Dunkin's Law?"

"Well, sir, I guess it's on the statute-book. If it don't do anything more, it's a great moral protest against the traffic, sir."

It was a paper blockade. The law protested, and the traffic went on.

I found a similar state of things existing in some of the Prohibition States. In Massachusetts, the people were spending £2 per head on intoxicating drinks—a higher average than prevails in Scotland—and yet the

Maine Law was the law of the State. "We are all for Maine Liquor Law," said one man, "but we are agin its enforcement." The law had gone further than popular sentiment would bear it out. People would not inform, juries would not convict, magistrates would not exact the penalties. Mayor Harris, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who made strong efforts to enforce the law in his own city, said it was the terror that the good men had of the bad men that was his trouble. "I could get no co-operation," he said. "Some would say behind the door,—"You are a clever fellow; stick to it; put them through,'—but the best men would not help me in the plainest cases."

In Boston, when inquiry was made into the working of Prohibition, the police reported 2000 places where liquor was being got in spite of the law. This was more by 200 than all the places licensed in the much larger city of Glasgow. The advocates of Prohibition said, "It is because our local authorities will not put the State law in force." The State accordingly, in 1866, put its own constabulary into Boston for the express purpose of enforcing the law. Seizures were made day after day. Colonel Jones was hard at work when I was there in 1867, and the traffic was cut down to half its former proportions. But the people were not prepared for this. The "P.L.L." agitation, already referred to in a previous chapter, was got up; the liquor interest supplied the sinews of war; a majority was secured in the State Legislature; and the law of Prohibition was repealed.

These facts represent the side of the question most adverse to prohibitory legislation. But there are im-

portant facts also on the other side. It has to be admitted first of all, that as a general (not a universal) rule, wherever temperance sentiment is strong enough to get the Maine Law passed, it is strong enough to compel the liquor traffic to withdraw from the public gaze. It was a new thing for me to walk for hours along the streets of a large and populous city like Boston and not see a single spirit-shop. That is one point gained. The traffic, no doubt, goes on. But it has to creep away into back streets, or conceal itself behind window-blinds that offer nothing but cigars, or soda-water, or confectionary, to the uninitiated passer-by. When the people become more vigilant, it has to supply its customers through clubs or city agencies, or under medical prescription. In desperate cases it has to betake itself to the exhibition of Greenland pigs and other curious animals, charging 25 cents for a sight of the pig and throwing in a gin cocktail gratuitously. Natural history, in such cases, becomes a study of absorbing interest. People have no sooner been to see the Greenland pig once, than they are seized with an irresistible desire to go back and see him again.

The traffic thus maintains an existence. But under such difficulties it can never go on to the same extent as when liquor is sold freely and openly. There is a large class of people in every community who will use liquor if they can have it in the ordinary way; but will not creep up back-stairs for it, or patronize the Greenland pig. The worst of it is that the class thus excluded is the class that could use liquor with most moderation; whilst the patrons of the Greenland pig are precisely those whom it is most desirable, for the

sake of public peace and morality, to keep drinking facilities from.

The absence of these facilities, however, keeps vast numbers from drinking who are elsewhere enticed into public-houses by the allurements spread out at every corner. The furious opposition which the liquor-sellers make to prohibition in every form and degree, is proof how seriously it affects their trade. If the traffic could go on as well in back streets as in front ones, and behind false blinds as well as behind open bars, the publicans would let the Maine Law people have their way, and would laugh at them for their pains.

A comparison of the amount of liquor consumed in Prohibition States, as compared with those where the sale of drink is licensed, shows that the grog-sellers know what they are about.

In California, where there is almost free trade in liquor, the amount consumed in 1867 averaged $157 worth for each person. In Rhode Island, under a more stringent license law, and under circumstances more resembling those of the Prohibition States, the average was still $45. Whereas in Massachusetts, under a Prohibitory law, the average was only $23, little more than a half; and in the State of Maine, where the Prohibitory law was enforced more rigidly, the average was only $13, being less than a twelfth of the proportion under easy license in California, and less than a third of the proportion under the stringent license law of Rhode Island. Or if we take three Prohibitory States (Massachusetts, Maine, and Vermont), and compare them with four License States (New Jersey, Rhode Island, Maryland, and Wisconsin), we find the three

Prohibitory States spending $43,000,000 on drink (certainly an odd account of Prohibition!) but the four License States spending $137,000,000, or fully three times more, with 25,000 fewer people.

The same result appears if we take the same State under License and under Prohibition. We have seen that Massachusetts, in spite of the Maine Law, drank more, in proportion to her population, than Scotland. But Massachusetts, when she got a License law, drank more than ever. In the single city of Boston, six months of license showed an increase of 5440 arrests.

Such, indeed, was the spread of intemperance, and its concomitant evils, under the laxer law, that the people took the alarm, and, after a year's trial, re-enacted the Prohibitory law in a more stringent form than ever. Prohibition could not kill the monster, but at least it hampered and clogged his movements.

This effect is seen even where a large proportion of the people are against the enforcement of the law; while in places where the mass of the people have themselves abjured the use of liquor, and are determined not to allow the community to be disturbed and made liable to additional burdens by a drinking minority—in such places the law, when passed, is enforced with rigour, and the liquor traffic is literally stamped out. This is conspicuously the case in rural districts, where evasion is more difficult, and where—the eyes of a resolute public being on the watch—the carrying on of an illicit traffic to any extent becomes impossible. In many such districts the traffic has been swept clean away, with whatever of pauperism, immorality, and crime belonged to it. Even in cities, the traffic, though not annihilated, is driven too far underground for any but

long-snouted and determined dram-drinkers to reach it. One gentleman who visited Portland, in the State of Maine, in company with a friend, told me that they hunted through the whole city on a hot day in quest of something to drink, but without success. Understanding that druggists were allowed to dispense a certain amount in cases of sickness, his friend went into a drug-store with his hand upon his stomach. But the druggist was too wide-awake, or had the fear of Neal Dow and the police before his eyes. He suggested pills, was ready to furnish *them* in any quantity, but would supply no whisky. They fell in at last with a sympathetic Englishman, who undertook to conduct them to a place where drink could be had. He led them to a back street, and up two pair of stairs into a miserable "snuggery," where they got some stuff resembling soup and water, which the man called beer, and charged for as such. The others had something else, but all reported equally bad. "We sought no more," said my informant, "till we got out of Maine."

In probably no other city of its size is the law so resolutely enforced, but the fact and its lesson remain the same.[1] When the people are determined, the thing can be done. Even as a legislative measure, Prohibition is a triumph of the good over the bad. But far too much is expected of it; and wherever it diverts men's

[1] Even in Portland, the law seems to be in advance of public sentiment. Mr. George Easton, whose name is well known in connection with the Temperance movement in Scotland, says that when he landed in Portland, eighteen months ago, liquor was being sold openly at all the bar-rooms in the city—the reason assigned being that by some political manœuvre the State had lost its constabulary, and there were no proper parties to attend to the enforcement of the Prohibitory law. In the spring of last year the State regained its constabulary, and the bars were closed.

minds from the moral movement on which its whole strength depends, and deludes a community with the idea that it can change its moral condition by a vote, it not only fails as a practical measure, but works mischief as a theory.

XXVI.

AT HARTFORD.

In the outskirts of Hartford, one of the busy centres of population in the State of Connecticut, lives the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The house stands about a quarter of a mile back from the main road, and is only accessible therefrom by a rough waggon-way, where you feel as if you were driving across a ploughed field in the winter time. In wet weather, if you are on foot, you have to pick your steps along the skirt of the miry road on a string of planks laid there for the purpose. By-and-by you come to the railway track, where you have to cross the rails. A little farther on, the road, getting worse at every step, spreads out into a muddy irregular square, where stands a saw-mill. Across the hedge from this mill Mrs. Stowe has built her house. It struck me as an extraordinary site for any one to select for a country seat. But Mrs. Stowe is a Beecher, and it seems impossible for a Beecher to do anything that has not some cast of oddness about it. I inferred from what Mrs. Stowe herself said, that the situation had been chosen on account of some fine trees which are now enclosed in the grounds. The house is a large building of dark red stone. When you first enter you are struck with a certain antique air about the

large reception-hall, the Norman arches, and the great doors of carved oak. The walls are hung with pictures, many of them fine works of art, superior to what one generally sees as yet in the houses of even wealthy Americans. I remember in the drawing-room being struck with a magnificent photograph of the Colosseum, four or five feet long, and a portrait of Lincoln in oil—the finest I saw in America. Lincoln was not a handsome man to begin with, but most of the pictures I saw of him were very poor, and the marble statue of him in the Capitol at Washington looks very inferior as a work of art.

Here Mrs. Stowe lives, with her husband and family. The Professor is a delightful man, hale and jovial, with snowy white hair and whiskers, and manners as free and hearty as a sea captain. He was full of enthusiasm at that time about Canada, which he had just been visiting along with his wife.

I remember Mrs. Stowe sitting between us heating her feet on the fender. She is more youthful in appearance than I had expected to find her, looking almost like a girl in certain positions of the head; but when she turns her face to the light, you see the marks of advancing years. She was dressed that day in black silk, with white facings, and had her wavy brown hair brushed aside and falling down in curls behind her ears. She is exceedingly interesting when she talks, but seems liable to strange variations in her mood. At her brother's house in Brooklyn, I remember her sitting almost the whole time of dinner without uttering a single word. Even that day at Hartford, she would sometimes, in the midst of the conversation, remain silent for a long time, bent forward, with her hands folded across her knees,

gazing thoughtfully and abstractedly into the fire. Then suddenly she would waken from her reverie, and strike in with a brilliant remark, and, when she said anything very good, would look round with a radiant face, looking twenty years younger than she had done two minutes before, and with her wide-set brown eyes beaming with a singularly engaging smile.

When I spoke of *Uncle Tom* and the outlook for the negroes, she said,—"The black people never had a chance before. They will rise now. They will take their place side by side with the white man, and live. The black children get on just as fast as white children; the school examinations show it. The mixed race is weaker."

"The mixed die out soon," said the Professor, "and yet the mixed women are the loveliest I ever saw."

Mrs. Stowe said, with a comical smile, "You didn't always think so, did you?"

Speaking of Congress as compared with Parliament, she said,—"What could you expect with Congress full of negro-whipping planters? When slavery was mentioned these men raged up and down the House like tigers. Charles Sumner is one of the politest men alive, yet Brooks declared he had insulted him. It was insult enough to attack slavery. Those were the days of fighting and disturbance. There has been perfect decorum in Congress since the South went out."

"There is as much difference," she said, "between the Southern aristocracy and the aristocracy of England as between light and darkness. The English are refined; the Southerners are not. It was one of the first things I noticed in Stafford House: the Duke of Sutherland [Mrs. Stowe pronounced it 'Dook'] and Lord Palmer-

ston always said to the servants 'Please,' 'Yes, please,' 'Thank you.' Perhaps," she added, "they feel it necessary to be polite, as their position is one of tolerance; but at any rate they *are* polite and affable to servants. I observed they said 'Yes, sir,' or 'No, sir,' to a servant, though they did not say it to each other. Now, a Southerner would say, 'Here, boy! Do this, quick!' and would kick him if he didn't."

"The Northern people," she added, "are accustomed to be polite to one another; so polite and so unaccustomed to anything else, that when our members found themselves spoken to by the Southern members in an imperious and overbearing style, they felt themselves nobodies. But that is all over now."

Lord and Lady —— had been on a visit to the Stowes the week before.

"Lady —— is a thorough Radical," said Mrs. Stowe. "She declared that the Church of England was a mere sect. His Lordship was dreadfully shocked."

"We saw a funny story in the papers one morning about a commercial traveller who got into the same carriage with the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Argyll, and conversed with them freely, not knowing who they were. The Duke of Northumberland got out at Alnwick, where a handsome equipage was in waiting. The traveller said with surprise, 'I'll bet you that's some big nob we've been talking to.' 'It is the Duke of Northumberland,' said Argyll. The traveller stared after the equipage in amazement. 'By gum!' he said, when he had recovered himself, 'who'd have thought that a Duke would have talked to two little snobs like us!' Lady —— laughed immoderately at the story," said Mrs. Stowe. "I think she laughed

all the more, because Lord —— is such a little fellow himself. She is very wicked in that way."

Both Professor and Mrs. Stowe spoke in high terms of the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Law*, which they had just been reading. "He is a remarkable man," said Mrs. Stowe; "just as good as if he were no duke at all!"

I have given Mrs. Stowe's opinion of the Southerners. Between her and them not much love is lost. As for her books on slavery, the Southern people denounce them as outrageous misrepresentations that have brought upon it and upon them a great deal of unmerited abuse.

I remember a striking remark made in conversation by Charles Campbell, the historian of Virginia:—"I have never," he said, "read more than a few pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but I read enough of it to condemn it. Uncle Tom is a pattern of virtue. Now, if Tom is not a representative negro the book is false, for he is *the* negro of the book. If Tom *is* a representative negro, what a compliment this is to the South that we have brought that race from barbarism, and raised them higher than ourselves!—for few of us are as good as Uncle Tom. That book and old John Brown's raid," added Mr. Campbell, "may be said to have brought on the war."

I had also the privilege at Hartford of meeting Horace Bushnell, well known in this country through his published works, and especially his first volume of sermons published under the title of *The New Life*.

I found Bushnell sitting in his parlour alone, correcting proofs for the press. The first thing that struck me was the expression of his dark, anxious, thoughtful eyes.

He has a fine intellectual face, sharp features, thin sensitive lips, and a nervous contraction of the brow towards the centre, which gives a peculiar intensity to his gaze. Though scarcely what one would call an old man, his hair, which hangs in twining masses down both sides of his face, and the strong beard which sprouts down from his lip, are almost white; and there is a stoop in his spare figure and a feebleness in his step when he walks.

There is a good deal of sadness and care in his face. He has the look of one who has thought much and deeply, and is still looking forward anxiously for some goal which he cannot see. He talks earnestly, says sometimes a funny thing, and laughs, but his laugh is like a sungleam across the darkness. There seems always a background of sorrowfulness and anxiety.

Speaking of his work on the Atonement, he said,—"My views have been completely misunderstood, especially by those who have condemned my book without taking the trouble to read it. When my views began to be talked about here, I had a letter from a prominent Unitarian, saying that I had evidently split from the orthodox party, and urging me to come and join the Unitarians. He said my doctrine was just theirs, and I should be warmly welcomed. I wrote back saying that he and his friends had misunderstood me more than my own friends had done; that my view was not only at variance with the Unitarian position, but destructive of it, and would by-and-by be seen to be so.

"That keyed him up," said Bushnell. "I heard no more from that quarter."

Speaking of his reputation in Britain, he said,—"It

was a clique here that got up the cry of heresy against me, and immediately your people in Scotland turned up their eyes in horror and put my books in their *Index Expurgatorius*. But they will find that they have done me injustice." He added,—"I am not an innovator; I am one of the most conservative of men. On this question of the Atonement I have taken up the true position, and can hold it. Truth will assert itself in the end."

In the course of subsequent conversation, the alleged deterioration of the American race came up. He said, —"It is the fashion of some American writers to talk in that strain. But I don't believe a word of it. In vital force, in energy, in muscular power, our Americans excel any men on the face of the earth. They are thinner; but look at a Saxon man in England, fat and sleek; what is he compared to a man of nerve? It is not the heaviest boys that are bravest or strongest. A little fellow, all fibre, has more work in him. Our youths are often magnificent in build, and could be athletes if they pleased.

"They say the school system here runs the mechanism too fast, and hurts the children. Well, if that be so, let it be rectified. But education is progress; and I want all the brain in the country developed. I would have a servant girl with a head as big as a kettle. She would manage her kitchen all the better, and be fit for something else besides."

When reference was made to those who thought education made the poor discontented with their lot.—

"That may be the result," said Bushnell, "if you fill a boy's head with nonsense—telling him that if he learns to read and write he will be fit for something

better than making boots, like his father. That boy may become discontented; but if he does, it is not because he is educated, but because nonsense has been talked to him. Education fits a man for anything that may open up, but if he is a bootmaker, it makes him a happier and a better bootmaker than he would have been without it. Look at these Irish servant girls. They come uneducated, and cannot do two things at once. An educated girl will do thrice as much, because she brings intelligence and adaptation to her work. Every class benefits by education; privileged classes may speak against it, but no one can defend the keeping of people in ignorance on Christian grounds."

He expressed himself strongly, however, against the Woman's Rights movement. He said its effect would be to take woman from her own position and make an inferior man of her. "I believe in woman's rights," he said, "but her right and her glory, too, is to *be* a woman, and not a mere ditto to man."

Over the subject of universal suffrage he shook his head doubtfully. "It has grave drawbacks," he said. "It would be difficult to tell whether it has brought more good or evil. You will perhaps find in England that you have let too many hands loose for your safety. But all nations are moving to this; all that can be done now is to regulate."

He seemed equally doubtful about the ultimate issue of the temperance and prohibition movements. "I have most hope," he said, "from light wholesome wines. It is no use advocating moderation with our present liquors. If you invite people to drink moderately they drink to the bottom of the glass, to see if

the virtue is there." He had little faith in legislation. "Legislation," he said, "will never make bad men good."

Speaking of the freed negroes in the South, he said,—"There is probably a necessity for black labour on the poisonous rice fields around Savannah and Charleston, but on the cotton fields a Scotchman could do better than a Georgian negro. The white man brings more mind to his work. If he cannot do it with his hands he will invent a machine to do it."

Bushnell is no longer engaged in regular ministerial work. His health compelled him some years since to demit his charge, and his work now is chiefly through the press. Only at intervals he occupies his old pulpit, or gives a day to a brother minister in some of the other churches. He is also a regular attender at a meeting which about thirty of the Hartford ministers have amongst themselves every Monday evening, for social intercourse and friendly discussion. He is much loved and revered by his brethren, though most of them are opposed to his peculiar view of the Atonement. The man who has succeeded him in his own pulpit is one of his most vigorous opponents, and grapples with his views in his sermons sometimes, though Bushnell sits listening to him in the pew below. But they are good friends, and Bushnell has said that he admires his brother all the more for his fearlessness and fidelity.

XXVII.

AMERICANISMS.

AT one of the stations on the way from Savannah to Macon, I asked a man who was selling roasted peanuts on the platform what place this was.

"Number 10," said the man.

"But what is the name of the village?"

"Number 10," said the man.

I found that the stations along a great part of the line were indicated in the same way by mere numerals. It is so also with the islands on the Mississippi. Instead of names like Arran, Bute, and Cumbrae, it is "Island, No. 1," "Island, No. 2," and so on, up I think to Island 125. New York and other cities in naming their streets have followed the same plan. In Philadelphia, the first street back from the river is First Street, the one behind it Second Street, and so on; and in numbering the houses, a new hundred begins at every corner. As soon as you cross First Street the numbers begin 101, 102; as soon as you cross Second Street they begin 201, 202; so that if the house you want is 1302 you know that it is the first door past Thirteenth Street, and that if you start from the river you have exactly thirteen equi-distant streets to cross before getting to it. The system is ingenious, and looks well

on paper;' but does not seem to serve much purpose practically.[1]

Numbers are prosaic, but they are not vulgar. So much cannot be said for the execrable practice of giving a new place the name of any man located there with the suffix "ville." This is bad enough when the place was nameless before, but it is worse when some beautiful Indian name is wiped out to make way for this vulgar palimpsest. Muggins, for instance, may be a good honest name in its own place; and Mr. Muggins may be an excellent man, and an invaluable settler. But one feels that an outrage on good taste has been committed when this gentleman, having set up a mill on the banks of the Wyano, and built a house —which is, perhaps, to be the nucleus of a great city— blots out the name Wyano, and calls the place Mugginville. The States and Canada are full of these names. Jonesville, Smithville, Brockville, Barrelville, Pottsville, Stottsville are all *bonâ fide* names of places. Nor will one of each suffice. There are 3 Millvilles, 4 Somervilles, 7 Greenvilles, and 8 Centervilles besides 3 Centers, 3 Centrals, and 1 Centralia. This repetition of the same name is another American peculiarity, and is sometimes bewildering to a stranger. 'You have a note of introduction, let us suppose, to Dr. Brown of New-

[1] This system has been attributed to the utilitarian Quakers; by others to the methodical Dutch, who have a craze for numerals, and use them in some of their cemeteries for indicating the dead. To speak of "poor dear departed No. 15," must indeed, as Dr. Macleod once remarked, be the prose of sentiment. The living in America are sometimes indicated in the same fashion. In one family in Michigan the sons were christened One, Two, Three, the daughters, First, Second, Third —a safer method than was adopted by the Vermont couple who called their second child Finis, thinking it would be the last, and who, when a girl and two boys appeared afterwards, had to call them Addenda, Supplement, and Last Appendix.

port. You turn up the guide-book, and find that there are seven places of that name scattered up and down the continent. Or you have an old friend, who is now settled in a place called Florence, and whom you wish particularly to see. You consult your guide-book to ascertain how you are to get to him, and find, to your dismay, that there are Florences all over the Union—in the north, in the south, in the east, and in the west—nine of them in all, scattered over an area of two or three thousand miles. These cases are not all exceptional. There are 10 Franklins, besides a Franklinton, and, of course, a Franklinville ; 8 Middletowns and 12 Salems. There are 11 Washingtons, 14 Summits, with 2 Summitvilles; 19 Unions, with 3 Unionvilles, 4 Tremonts, and 8 Trentons. Through some special interposition of Providence, there are only 2 Gorhams, and no Gorhamville. No wonder that, in addressing letters, it has become necessary in every case to add the name of the State to the name of the town. Happily, some of the Indian names, like Ontario, Wyonine, Ohio, Susquehanna, Minnehaha, Alabama, and Wyaconda, have been allowed to remain.[1]

[1] The Indian names are not all so musical. Probably the hardier life and bleaker realms of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland account for the harsher names of Cushybequak, Chebukto, and Tobby-gozzel. One would imagine that these would be hard nuts for a poet to crack. It would seem, however, that Dr. Norman Macleod, during his visit to Canada many years ago, composed something of the nature of a religious war-chant, which was recited to me by one of his old friends at Kingston, but of which I can only remember the lines—

"Simon Frazer, of Tabusintack,
Built the church of Cushybequak."

The territory of Alaska is opening up a still more interesting field for poetical enterprise. Amongst the aboriginal inhabitants of that icy region there is said to be a tribe of Yatukskylitmicks, dwelling on the banks of a river that rejoices in the name of Atutoacoolakuchargut.

Probably the immense number of new places which are continually springing up and demanding names has something to do with this repetition and use of mere numbers. It may also help to account for another feature in American nomenclature—the wholesale appropriation of ready-made names from the old world. It is doubtful if there is a single European city or town, noted either in ancient or modern history, that has not a namesake on the other side of the Atlantic. There are 2 Edinburghs, 7 Bristols, a Glasgow, and a Liverpool, 7 Berlins, 7 Waterloos, 9 Manchesters, and 10 Oxfords. The Americans have a special fondness for the names of antiquity. Amongst their "cities" are to be found Sparta and Memphis, 4 Romes, 3 Athens, 5 Troys, 6 Lebanons, and 7 Palmyras.[1]

[1] Their fondness for classical names, and for high-sounding names, whether classical or not, amounts to a weakness, and is amusingly conspicuous in some of the names they give to their children. I noted the following names in a single family in North Carolina:—

Lyssisanici Vietta M'Lean.
Albinus Sidelphus M'Lean.
Leila Anstrici M'Lean.
Morrettus Sellers M'Lean.

Such names swarm all over America. Plenty of them are to be found, among the public men. President Ulysses Grant, General Tecumseh Sherman, ex-minister Cassius Marcellus Clay, are only specimens.

In Puritan New England, it was long the practice to take Scriptural and pious names; and little Faiths, Godspeeds, Hopestills, Delights, and Tranquillities, not to mention vulgar Abrahams, Ruths, Jobs, and Jacobs, are still to be found playing with minute Daniel Websters and Napoleons. But the rage in the meantime is for fancy names, and a string of them for each child.

The most extraordinary for length that I came in contact with myself was owned by a black woman in one of the night classes at the Beech Institute, Savannah, whose full signature was "Corinthia-Marigold-Wilkison-Ball-Wemyss-Alexander-Jones Mitchell. The teacher said they called her Cora Mitchell "for short." But *her* name had a meaning. It was the practice with slaves to assume the name of their owner, and this woman had been owned by half-a-dozen families in succession. She had retained the name of each, and therefore emerged into freedom with the formidable name given above.

Let me enumerate now a few of the peculiarities of American pronunciation and expression that attracted my attention. Mrs. Stowe's way of pronouncing "Duke," common enough in some parts of England, is universal in America. In almost all the words which with us have the sound of "u," the Americans give the sound of "oo." They speak about "noospapers;" about "Noo York" and "Noo Orleans;" about the "doo" having fallen last night; and about giving the devil his "doo." Several times in New England, even amongst educated people, I heard "does" pronounced "dooz." One New England lady, whose name would be familiar to most readers, said, when I asked if her husband went to such and such meetings, "Oh yes, he dooz." Horizon is often pronounced "horĭzon," with the "i" short and the accent on the first syllable; while "European" is pronounced with the "o" long and accented, "Eurōpean." The Americans are amused just as much at our provincialisms,—at the Cockney "hasking for heggs," at the Scotchman's "brode" accent, and at the pronunciation given here to some of their proper names. The first friend to whom I spoke of the river Potomac (emphasizing the "Pot") fairly roared. The correct pronunciation is Potōmac—a far finer word. Again, Appomattox is pronounced "Ap′po-mátto*x*;" Connecticut is pronounced as if it had no "c" in the second syllable, "Connetticut;" Illinois is pronounced "Illinoy;" Arkansas is generally "A′rk-ansaw;" Mohican is "Mohíc-an;" Alleghany is "Ally-gayny," and Cincinnati almost always "Cincin-nat*ah*."

But to pass to terms and expressions. Railway

carriages are called "cars" in America, and stations "depots." The guard is called the conductor, and the cry is "All aboard," instead of "Take seats." They carry the analogy further, and speak of shipping goods by train.

Shops are called "stores." The only places the Americans call shops are work-shops—places where things are manufactured; all places where goods are sold are stores. Servants are "helps." Masters are either "governors" or "bosses." "Is the boss to hum?" you will hear a country girl say when inquiring if the master is at home. A stranger will ask you "What's the time, boss?" But "boss" is a vulgarism. "Captain" is often used in place of "boss," where we should simply say "sir." People often said to me, "Guess you're a stranger here, cap'n?" The same term is applied officially to every man who has charge of anything. Hotel-keepers, stage-drivers, railway-guards, are all "captains." Perhaps this usage dates from the militia days, when almost everybody had some military title, the rank most wanting being the rank and file. These titles mean more now than before the war, and are, if possible, even more abundant. In some parts of the South everybody is either a general, colonel, or major; and the best rule perhaps, if you don't know exactly what a man is, is to call him "General." If he is a general, you are right; and if he isn't, he will excuse the mistake.

The title of "Professor" is often absurdly employed in the States. Tailors are sometimes called professors. I observed that a barber in Chicago was advertising himself as a professor of hair-cutting. A corn-cutter called himself a professor of corns and

bunions. Another man with a patent called himself a professor of soap.

Where we should say "I think" or "I suppose," the Northern man says, "I guess," and the Southern man "I reckon." It was a Yankee's way of explaining the difference, that a Yankee's guess was as good as a Southern man's reckoning. These expressions are attached to all tenses. "I guess we got wet that day," "I reckon we 'll have rain," "I guess it 's warm," "I reckon it is, considerable." Some of the Western people prefer calculating to either guessing or reckoning; "I calculate there ain't anything like this in your country." Still stranger is their use of "expect," with reference to past as well as future events. You will sometimes hear a man say "I expect they came." As in the other cases, however, the oddity is the result of elision. The whole sentence would be, "I expect that if we go into the evidence we shall find that they came."

"Plenty near" and "plenty much" are not uncommon. I remember a farmer remarking that his place was "plenty near" the river, and another that a certain stove though small was "plenty large for the room." "Mighty" in the sense of "very" is common in the South. A road is "mighty bad," and a sermon "mighty slow." The Western man uses the same expression, but is fonder of "powerful." He is "mighty glad" to see you, and "powerfully sorry" that you can't wait.

Candidates stand for office in this country, in America they "run" for office. And they really do. One man runs for a judgeship; another man is run for the Pre-

sidency. Things are also run in America that are conducted here. Mr. Smith runs a dry goods' business; Colonel Brown runs a hotel. If it is large and prosperous it is "a whole team;" if small, it is only "a one-horse concern." I heard people speak of a one-horse college and a one-horse church.

Americans are much given to the verbalizing of nouns. They speak of "mailing" letters, and of two people "rooming" together; and a man who is looking out for a "location" is "prospecting." I once heard a lady say that she "suspicioned" another. But if it be true, as alleged, that the Metropolitan Railway Company in London once announced that, in spite of an accident which had occurred, they would continue "to function along the line," we can hardly blame an American for suspicioning.

A "bug" in America generally means a fly—anything with wings, and not restricted as to the number of its legs. They have tumble-bugs, lightning-bugs, and other varieties innumerable. The term "big bug" is sometimes applied to a prominent man. A Virginian, in a glow of enthusiasm, described General Lee as the biggest bug alive.

Streams in America are called "creeks," small rivers are "runs,"—as Bull Run, Hatcher's Run, and so on. The autumn is "the fall;" the sunset is "sundown." You sometimes, not often, hear "sun-up." You will hear people (commercial, I should think) speak of "elegant coffee," an "elegant moon," an "elegant sky," a "handsome night." In the South they speak of having "a misery in the head," meaning a pain. They retain our old use of the word "dizzy," meaning giddy; but they speak of a giddy girl as we do. In Vermont

they speak about *tall* girls, meaning gay. Tall speaking, tall stealing, are expressions more common, and better understood. In New England you hear "cunning" used in the sense of neat and pretty—"such a cunning little boy," in admiration. "Clever" means good-natured. An American would say, "He has no mind, no ingenuity, but he's clever, sir, very clever." They rarely attach to the word our idea of intellectual acuteness. Their word for ability is smartness—"Yes, sir, he's a smart preacher"—"General Grant is a smart man, sir." The word "around" is oddly used—"I'll be around," for I'll be near—"Shall you be around?" —"Is there any ink around?" and so on. One lady said, "Our girls begin very soon to think of beaux, and flirt around." A Texan whom I met at New Orleans said he was merely "gassing around" for a day or two.

But oddest of all is the use of the word "fix." With the Americans everything is fixed. They fix the fire and fix the dinner. Your wife goes to fix her hair, or gets her maid to fix her generally. If the clock runs down, it wants fixing. Returning from a ride with a Southern officer, he said, before going to the drawing-room, "I'll go and fix my hands first," meaning wash them! I was driving round with a clergyman one day when a farmer's wife, on whom he made a call, said, "Do stop to dinner; we've got chicken fixings to-day." I suggested to my friend that, as a stranger in the country, it would be desirable to see the style in which chickens were fixed. So we stopped and had a delightful dinner, but no chickens. I mentioned my difficulty on the subject. "Oh," said our host, laughing, "chicken fixings here mean anything out of the common; we expected friends, and wife had an un-

common good dinner to-day, that's all." "Chicken with fixings," "lamb with fixings," meaning along with things that complete and give a relish to the dish—is common enough everywhere; but "chicken fixings," in the sense understood by the farmer's wife, I never heard used except in the west. There, too, they speak of a "square meal," meaning one that is filling and satisfactory. A Chicago lady said one day at table, "This is the first square meal I've had since I left home." "Fix" has many more applications than I have mentioned. They speak of the fixings of a house, meaning everything in it—movable furniture as well as what we call "fixtures." They even call the house a "fix." "You've got a nice fix," I heard one say to a friend at whose house we were visiting. Another gentleman, speaking to a newly-married friend, and referring to his wife, said, with enthusiasm, "She's a delightful little fix!" I had been forming an induction as to the general meaning of this extraordinary word; but when I heard a lady called a little fix, it became a mere conundrum, and I gave it up.

XXVIII.

CANADIAN WINTER.

An invitation to the Scottish celebrations at Montreal on St. Andrew's Day, took me to Canada in the beginning of winter, and gave me a touch of Canadian cold. They tell a story about somebody who took an old-country thermometer out there, but found it of no use. At the first nip of Canadian frost, the mercury ran down into the bulb, and never showed face again till the spring. If I had been the mercury on that St. Andrew's Day in Montreal, it was exactly what I should have felt disposed to do myself. I don't know in what relation to zero the thermometers stood, but the cold was intense, roads and ponds were hard as flint, the great St. Lawrence, freezing fast, was giving off its heat in clouds, like a hot horse on a cold day; and a cutting wind, that seemed to have come direct from the North Pole, sharpening itself against icebergs all the way, went through one's bones like a knife. I had never felt such cold. It caught the breath; it made the moustache freeze instantly, and feel as if it would have crackled off like fibres of sealing-wax. It got its hand under the hat, and passed its cold fingers through the roots of the hair; it tweaked the nose with its frosty pincers, and brought drops of ice-water into the eyes.

But nobody knows what Scottish fervour is till he

sees Scotchmen celebrating a national festival two or three thousand miles away from home. The Caledonian and St. Andrew's Societies of Montreal, with a patriotism that disregarded the thermometer and defied the severities of nature, turned out that day into the frost, and marched in long procession through the hyperborean streets with colours flying, and five bare-knee'd, blue-nosed, but dauntless pipers of the gallant 78th blowing pibrochs at the head of the column, leading it to a Scotch church to hear the praises of Scotland from a Scotch minister, and facing the withering wind on their way back again as gallantly as they would have faced the Fenians.

At night came the Caledonian public meeting, crowded to the door with ardent patriots; also the St. Andrew's dinner, at which the gentlemen wore sprigs of heather grown upon Scottish hills, and brought to America for the express purpose of being worn that night. I cannot trust myself now to conjecture how many dishes there were at that national dinner. I know there was "plenty much to eat" (as the Yankees say), and a great deal too much to drink;[1] but I remember that the great event of the evening was the introduction of the immortal haggis. The entry of Garibaldi into London, or John Bright landing at New York, might give one an idea of

[1] Reporters should be required to sign the pledge before entering upon their duties at such meetings. One gentleman that night wound up an eloquent speech with the remark, that he hoped to spend his life in Canada, and be laid at last in the cemetery behind the mountain, with his head to the setting sun, to sleep his last sleep in the land of his adoption. In one of the morning papers he was made to say that he had come to live in Canada, with his head on the mountains and his feet on the setting sun! I was glad to see that next St. Andrew's day he repeated his remark, to allow a sober reporter to extricate him from the magnificently American, but extremely uncomfortable attitude in which the previous year's reporter had left him.

it. With pipers blowing in front, with pipers bringing up the rear, in came the "king o' pudding race," borne aloft by the excited waiter, amidst the deafening cheers of the assembled patriots, who stood watching and cheering it as it moved round the room, till they saw it deposited triumphantly in front of the chairman. It may be safely asserted that no Scotchman in America ever thinks of tasting haggis at any other time; but any one failing to show due honour to that mighty symbol of Scottish nationality at the St. Andrew's dinner, would be branded as a renegade and apostate from the national faith.

Within a few days of my arrival in Lower Canada the snows came, and the whole land was buried deep under its white winter covering, never to show its face again till the following spring. Everything running on wheels now disappeared, and in the busy streets of Montreal all the vehicles—carts, vans, omnibuses, waggons, and drays—were to be seen sliding on skates. The very butchers' boys ran their baskets on little sleds. Every now and then, on Beaver Hill, one would flash past, shooting down the incline, sitting sideways on his basket, with his leg sticking out behind for steering purposes. Innumerable sleighs, with their beautiful buffalo robes and silver-jingling bells, sped to and fro in hundreds, filling the streets with music and gaiety.

Hundreds of youths were also out by this time with their "toboggans," to begin the most glorious of winter sports. The "toboggan" (Indian name) is a thin slip of wood about a foot and a half wide, and four to six feet long. The end that goes foremost is curled up, to prevent it from catching the snow, or being checked by any protuberance; and the slider, when using it, either

sits on it, facing forwards, or lies with his side upon it, as on a couch, resting on one elbow, that he may see ahead. This kind of sledge, light as a feather, is taken to the top of some incline—the clear slope of the mountain is a favourite place at Montreal, as the Montmorency Fall is at Quebec—the slider heads it downwards, throwing himself on it in the posture described, launches himself head-foremost over the brow of the slope, and flies down with the velocity of a cannon-ball. "Lightning is nowhar," as the Yankee said, "and you have to hold your scalp on."

The Montreal people have also skating-rinks, such as are seen also in New York. The skating-rink is a beautiful square pond, forming, as it were, the floor of a large airy hall, which is open from morning to night, and is lighted up in the evening. In the entry-room every subscriber has his own little pigeon-hole where his skates are kept, so that he can step in and have a skate as often as he feels disposed; and as the ice lasts in Canada for five months, it is not to be wondered at that the Canadian skaters, ladies as well as gentlemen, and indeed the Canadians generally, for they almost all live within reach of river or lake, should display such incomparable skill upon the ice. One of the loveliest sights to be seen in America is a skating rink on a masquerade night, when the place is brilliantly illuminated with many-coloured lights, and the skaters are all in costume.

One who spends any part of the winter in Canada, soon begins to understand why it is that, in spite of its length and severity, the Canadians speak of it with such enthusiasm. It is the great season for social life and enjoyment. Jack Frost has locked up the rivers and

ports, and buried the country deep under the snow. Work is therefore over for a season, and the time for pleasure is come. In the backwoods, where roads are almost impassable in summer, the ice has converted every river and stream into a smooth and polished pathway for the fast-flickering skate or the flying sledge, and people think nothing of a run of fifty or sixty miles to see their friends. It is thus that the very severity of the season brings compensation with it.

The houses in Lower Canada are built with a special eye to winter comfort. They have double doors and double windows, and are heated with stoves, or hot-air pipes instead of open fires. People from this country often go out with a prejudice against stoves, and begin with open fires, but the first winter, sometimes the first week of winter, converts them. Many houses heated with stoves have also open fires in the public rooms for the cheerfulness and home associations, but the comfort of the house has to depend on the stoves and hot-air pipes. These, in the better class of dwellings, keep the whole house so equably heated, that the bedrooms are as comfortable as the sitting-rooms, and the hall and lobbies as comfortable as either. With the outside temperature ten degrees below freezing-point, I have sat in the house, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another, reading or writing, with all the doors to the lobby open, and have felt far more comfortable than sitting over a fire at home, with a screen behind me, and every door closed. All this of course costs money. The friend with whom I lived at Montreal said that fuel cost him about £100 a year, but his house was large, and had a conservatory outside. A small house of four or five rooms will burn up half a cord of

wood in a week—half a cord costing about 10s. in the city, and 4s. or 5s. in the country. But then the house is really warmed. The change, no doubt, is all the greater when one goes out of doors, but the people dress well, and warmly; and the hardy Canadian, wrapt in his furs, laughs and rejoices in a degree of cold that would make us shiver even to hear of. The ladies, besides their furs, wear a scarf called a "cloud," that comes down over the ears and ties under the chin. The capuchin, a hood attached to the neck of the cloak or overcoat, and capable of being drawn completely over the head, is also common. You sometimes see a waggon-driver walking beside his horse wrapped in a thick coat, his hands in huge gloves, and his head so completely enveloped in the pointed hood, that nothing is visible under it but the bowl of his pipe, and perhaps the point of his nose, if he has a long one.[1]

Occasionally, about New Year time, there is a day or two of change, with showers of sleet, but even then the frost is sometimes so keen that the sleet freezes the instant it touches the clothes, plating the unprotected traveller with ice. A Canadian minister told me that,

[1] The Canadian, in his fur-cap and huge hairy coat, presents so shaggy an appearance that mistakes are apt to occur. I was told at Doune, in Upper Canada, that the late Dr. Burns of Toronto was on one occasion nearly shot for a bear. He was driving with a friend through a snow-storm, when something went wrong with the harness. His companion went into a farm-house which they were passing, for a bit of rope, while the stout little doctor, dressed in his huge bearskin-coat and cap, and with immense hairy gloves on his hands, stepped forward in the snow and began feeling the harness. The woman of the house coming to the door, and looking out through the thick-falling snow, discerned this strange object, and cried out that a bear had attacked the horse. Her husband came running out with his gun, and was taking a sight, when he cried, dropping his piece suddenly, "Losh, woman, that's Dr. Burns!"

at one of their Presbytery meetings, where an important motion was to be made by an elder, the members of Presbytery, having to drive through a heavy shower of sleet, arrived in shining panoplies of ice. The elder, who had to drive a longer way, was very late of appearing, and at length arrived with his immense beard converted into a solid mass, frozen like a piece of rock to his overcoat, so that he could turn his head neither to the right nor to the left. When he essayed to speak, he found that his moustache was frozen firmly to his beard, making it impossible for him, in spite of the most frightful distortions of his face, to get his lips separated. The Presbytery had therefore to wait for half-an-hour, while the elder sat down beside the stove and thawed himself.

These sleet storms are very rare. In general, all through the winter, the sky is clear and blue, the frost keen, and the air deliciously crisp and calm. So dry is the atmosphere, that newly-fallen snow, not caked by the sun, lies like dust. A kick of the foot sends it up like a little cloud of smoke. I have taken some up, and, after rubbing it between my warm hands, have found that it still shook off as dry as flour.

Although for five months the great lakes are frozen and converted into a level tract of country, fishing does not altogether cease. The fishermen go out on the ice, build huts with stoves in them, cut holes in the ice-floor, and fish through. Salt-sea fish, however, can be had in Canada all through the winter, the frost preserving them. If you go to the fishmonger's, he takes an axe and chops off a cod for you from a huge mass of frozen fish. If you only require a piece, he saws it off just as he might saw a log of wood. It is the practice with many housewives, when the frost comes on, to

have their chickens killed and put in a barrel, where they freeze and keep fresh all through the winter. One is taken as wanted, steeped a day in water to thaw it, and then cooked in the usual way. This gives fresh pullet all winter, and saves the cost of keeping the fowls. The expense of feeding, when the country is under snow, from December to March, would of course be considerable.

XXIX.

"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS."

AMONGST the myriads of little hearts which that incomparable sermon-writer for the young, John Todd, author of the *Student's Manual*, had touched with his magic wand, mine was one. I still recall, with peculiar fondness, that little Sunday book at home—*Todd's Truth made Simple*—over which I used to pore in the years of my childhood, and some pathetic stories in which I could never read aloud without bursting into tears. I remember my utter amazement when I learned, years afterwards, that Todd was still alive. From his lectures being so much associated with Bible stories in that sunny haze of infancy, he had become associated in my mind with the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. If I had heard that he belonged to the time of John Bunyan, it might have seemed less incredible, the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Todd's Lectures* being companion volumes in our infant library. But to hear that the man who wrote *Todd's Lectures* still walked the earth, and taught, and wrote, and preached, and could be seen somewhere in America with the living eye, was like hearing that a whale had disgorged the veritable prophet Jonah alive on the coast of France, or that Paul and Barnabas, on a preaching tour, had just arrived in London.

I saw Todd for the first time in Boston, where he had come from his home at Pittsfield, on the Green Mountains, to preach the opening sermon in his son's church. His appearance, as he came upon the platform, is very fresh in my memory. I can still see him take his seat on the sofa at the back, and, while his son is reading the opening hymn, take out his handkerchief and begin to breathe upon his spectacles and wipe them, and see if they are clear. Perhaps it was his lingering association in my mind with apostolic times that made me surprised that he did not look older. His short hair, standing straight up from his head, was only beginning to turn grey; his rugged face had a bronzed and weather-beaten look; and when he rose and laid aside his cloak, and took his place at the desk, with one hand planted against his side and the other on the Bible, he stood up straight and vigorous as a man of thirty. His countenance, in repose, has a heavy and almost sullen expression, but there is a beautiful and kindly light in his grey eyes that glimmers through his square spectacles and sheds a pleasant radiance over his whole face.

When he read the chapter and gave out his text, I saw that he was going to address himself to the time and the place. The subject was Paul at Athens; "and Athens," said he, "was to Greece just what Boston is to Massachusetts." He took for his text the inscription,—"To THE UNKNOWN GOD;" and the sermon that followed was a fearless, strong, and yet affectionate protest against the Unitarianism and intellectual conceit of "the Hub."

Todd is unmistakably American in the inflections of his voice and in his pronunciation. You notice that mercy is "mussy," God's work is "God's wuk," Eternal

is "Etunnul," and so forth. But he speaks with strong, precise, deliberate utterance, as one who is master of his word and thought.

The cordial invitation he gave me to come and see "the Old Man of the Mountains" (as he grimly called himself) at his own home, took me a few weeks after to Pittsfield.[1] The joyous fortnight I spent there I shall never forget. The Doctor himself, with his home-spun shrewdness, his fund of anecdote, his hearty sympathy, and his love of fun and innocent sport, was a perpetual enjoyment. It was Saturday when I arrived, and, after tea and prayers (which, as is usual in New England for the sake of the children, immediately followed tea) the Doctor took me to what he called his den. When I suggested that a minister's study should never be in-

[1] In Pittsfield stands "the old-fashioned country-seat" which Longfellow has immortalized in his beautiful poem entitled "The Old Clock on the Stairs." In the days of Longfellow's connection with it, it belonged to the Appletons, and from under its hospitable roof, many years ago now, the poet took his bride. It is a large white frame-house with green lattices and dark shingle roof, separated from the road by a sloping lawn. It has passed into other hands now, but "free-hearted hospitality" is still there, to welcome the stranger at his board. Otherwise, the place is a good deal changed. The tall poplar-trees no longer throw their shadows across the antique portico. They were cut down because found too near the house, and because they scattered their seed over the lawn, making it impossible to keep it clean. "But you see," said one of the young ladies, directing our attention to the foot of the lawn, "we have a row of poplars and elms along the road. Papa says it is less poetic, but more healthy. The antique portico, too, was taken down, and this modern one put in its place. Papa says it is less poetic, but more convenient."

The old clock on the stairs is also gone; but a counterpart of it—a large heavy eight-day clock, with pale face and massive frame, made to correspond in every particular, has been set in its place.

"Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands."

The original was removed by the Appleton family, for preservation, only a few years since. Dr. Todd said he had seen it often.

vaded on a Saturday night—"Oh," said he, "my preparations are all over. I like to have my sermons through on Friday. If I could, I would hunt and fish on Saturday, and go to the pulpit on Sunday fresh and vigorous."

Of sermon preparation, he said, "I never sit down to prepare a sermon. I think it out beforehand, and let the thoughts roll in my mind like pebbles in a brook, till they are washed and rolled smooth and round. So when I sit down to my desk I write with ease. I never wrote a thing twice over."

Looking round the apartment, with its high book-cases, I observed near the window a tiny marble fountain, with three little marble boys standing on the edge and looking down into the basin, from the centre of which, covered by a dome of glass, rose a jet of water that scattered about half way to the dome, and fell back with a sweet tinkling sound into its marble-bed. The Doctor went to the corner where the stop-cock was, to show me how he could make the little fountain leap higher and higher till the crystal drops pattered and rained against the glass. He said that in hot weather the very sound of the water kept him cool.

Over the archway that led into a little alcove walled with books, I saw some fire-arms and bayonets, and asked him where these strange ornaments for a minister's study had come from? "Some of them," he said, "are relics of the war captured from the rebels. They were sent me by members of my congregation who fought and fell in the war. They sent these, but did not live to come back themselves."

He got up and brought down one—a Spencer rifle—which could be loaded in the stock with eight ball-

cartridges, fired eight times as fast as you could pull the trigger, and loaded again in a few seconds.

"When our boys were armed with these," said the Doctor, grimly, "the rebels had no chance, and ran. They used to say that we loaded on Sunday and fired all the rest of the week."

He spoke with delight of the holidays he had spent the summer before in Canada. "It made me feel like a boy again," he said; "and I laughed more in those three weeks than I usually do in three years. We had fine fishing on the great lakes. I won't tell you the size of some of the fish we caught, or you will want affidavits."

When I asked his impression of Canada, he said,—"Oh, a fine country—immense, bigger than the United States. Why, think of one of these vast lakes with 18,000 islands already on the map! We saw the lumberers at work, and their mills busy, each mill eating up a log every five minutes, day and night. At one place we saw 120,000 dollars' worth of lumber piled up; and yet they have only touched the hem of the forest, as if a child had gone in to cut a walking-stick. You get land out there for sixpence an acre. Population is going in fast—for lumber first, and farming afterwards. There are streams and falls enough to create 10,000 towns and villages. Canada is a great country. I was not prepared for it."

Happening to tell him one day of the vivid impression his *Hafed's Dream* had made upon me when I was a child, and the peculiar enjoyment there was in being allowed to read so funny a thing on Sunday, he said the idea of that story flashed into his head one day walking in the streets of New York. He could not tell

how, but it came like a vision, and he wrote it off in a couple of hours.

Talking of Scotch churches and their opposition to instrumental music, he said,—"Every change in your country is like pulling a tooth; but it is only a question of time. I wonder your people have endured what they have so long. The singing I heard in some of the country churches in Scotland was noise, not music."

Speaking of the old Puritan strictness, and of the so-called Blue Laws of Connecticut, the Doctor said,—"I have been amused to see that some of your writers imagine that there really *were* such laws in New England. The whole thing is an absurd fiction, got up by an English officer who lived for some time in Connecticut, but who disliked so much its strict Sabbath observances, that when he went to New York he drew up these pretended laws out of spite, and passed them off for real enactments. It was not wonderful, perhaps, that people so ignorant about us as the English were should have been hoaxed into the belief that there had really been laws in Connecticut making it penal for a man to kiss his wife on Sundays, and all that nonsense; but to find some of your living writers still falling into an error so preposterous, is very melancholy. What would you think of an American writing about England and quoting *Jack and the Bean Stalk* as an authentic historical work!"

Speaking of the facts of New England life, the Doctor said,—"When I was a boy we used to observe the Sabbath from sunset to sunset; and it was far better. Saturday was preparation day. Now, people run the world's business and pleasure up to midnight on Saturday, and then on Sunday they are sleepy and can't go

to church. The old way was better and more scriptural: 'From sunset to sunset shall your Sabbath be.' I remember in my childhood the bell used to ring before sun-down, warning people to stop work. In some parts of Vermont and Connecticut where the railway hasn't gone, and where the people are simple and virtuous, the Sabbath is from sunset to sunset still."

He had seen something about the Decalogue controversy in this country, and asked particulars.

"Depend upon it," said he, "if we give up Divine authority for it, the Sabbath will go by the board. The Germans here gave it up, and they hunt and fish on the Sabbath, and are the lowest of our population in spirituality. If recognition of Divine authority went in among them it would elevate them year by year.

"It amazes me," he added, "that your people don't look across to the Continent and see what they make of the Sabbath there. I scarcely saw a shop shut in Paris that was open during the week.

"As for the Decalogue, '*Thou shalt not*' has a mighty power over the people. No mistake about it. Give Dr. Macleod my compliments, and tell him it is all very well to speak of Christian principle, but we cannot do without the law."

I spent two Sundays at Pittsfield, and heard Dr. Todd preach both times in his own church. His congregation is large and prosperous—the largest, I believe, in Pittsfield—and the Sunday-school, to which he has always paid special attention, seemed to be attended by nearly a third of the whole congregation—even the elderly people forming themselves into classes for the study and discussion of the Scriptures. This practice, almost unknown here, is very common in America.

Todd was first settled at Northampton, and Dr. Lyman Beecher (the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Stowe) preached his ordination sermon. He has been a minister now for forty-four years, and, besides discharging his pastoral duties with extraordinary acceptance, has written thirty books, large and small, some of which have been translated into different languages. The *Student's Manual* has gone through a hundred and thirty-eight editions.

His public life—so long and so eminently useful—is now near its close. He means to retire when he reaches the age of seventy; and he is now within a year of the goal. No minister, he thought, should remain in active service after reaching that age; he deserved rest, and holding on longer, till his powers began to fail, was apt to destroy his influence, and undo the work it had taken him perhaps all his life to accomplish.

Since returning from America, I have seen that Dr. Todd was present at the opening of the great Pacific Railway, and offered up the opening prayer, which, from the Rocky Mountains where he stood, was telegraphed all over the United States as the words were being uttered. The rails had been run towards the centre of the continent from both sides, and met on the Rocky Mountains, where "the mountain wedding" was consummated, the last blow upon the golden spike setting the bells of the whole continent ringing in jubilee.

XXX.

A DAY WITH THE SHAKERS.

DURING my sojourn at Pittsfield I paid a visit to a settlement of Believers in the Second Appearing, more commonly known as Shakers. These singular people ("singular" in more senses than one, for they neither marry nor are given in marriage) live in small communities that lie scattered about New England and the State of New York. Like the Quakers, they are distinguished by a peculiar and extremely simple dress. No brocaded vests, no shirt fronts resplendent with diamond studs, no fashionable coats, no stove-pipe hats are ever seen on the Believing Brethren; no chignons, no crinolines or trailing skirts, no brooches, bracelets, or sparkling ear-rings adorn the Believing Sisters. The women attire themselves like the Quakers, but in homespun cloth of plainer texture; the men dress in coarse pale-blue surtouts and broad-brimmed hats, made of straw or felt, according to the season of the year. They also cut their hair short across the forehead and let it grow long behind.

Much more remarkable than their costume are their social arrangements. They live and work not on the competitive but on the co-operative system. Every community is a family with a common purse, into which go the profits of everybody's labour, and out of

which the wants of all are equally supplied. If two persons join the community, one of them with a thousand pounds the other with not so many pence, it makes no difference in their after condition. They throw their money into the common fund, and are thereafter brethren standing on a footing of absolute equality. They feed at the same table, live in the same house, dress in the same fashion, share equally in the common work, and benefit equally by the common wealth.[1]

Further, as I have hinted, the Shakers are all celibates. The idea of marriage is banished from the community as something belonging to a lower plane of existence. The pattern of life with them is that of sons and daughters in a family—men and women living together exactly like brothers and sisters. If a man and his wife join the community, they dissolve the marriage tie, and become thenceforth brother John and sister Jane. If they have brought their children

[1] There are earlier stages of connection with the society not involving this cession of private property. You can "novitiate," accepting the faith, but living at home and managing your own affairs. In that case you are owned as a brother or sister in the gospel, so long as you live a pure and Christian life. Or you may go further, and take your place in the second or junior class; living in the society, working for it, receiving the benefits of it, and yet retaining the ownership of any property you have brought with you. But if you leave the community you can claim no wages; and though you can take out the money you brought, you can demand no interest.

These, however, are rudimentary stages, from which you are expected to pass (if you have not passed at once) into the third or senior class, in which you are admitted to the church order, have your vote in the government of the society, and have all things in common with the other members. If you are bringing property with you, you are not permitted to enter this order till you have settled all just and lawful claims, both to your heirs and creditors; so that the property you now dedicate for ever to the Lord may be really and truly your own.

with them, the children cease to be theirs in particular, are handed over to the gentle "care-takers," and are taught to look upon all their elders with equal eye, and to forget that they are connected with brother John and sister Jane any more than with the others.

It was to visit one of these singular communities that I left Pittsfield one bright December day. It was intensely cold, the thermometer standing sixteen degrees below zero, and the whole country white and thickly crusted with snow. But the sky and air were clear as crystal; not a zephyr stirred in the blue ether. It was one of those glorious winter days of which America has almost a monopoly. I was wrapped up for the journey as I had never been in all my life before. I forget how much underclothing I had on, how many pairs of stockings, and how many coats and shawls, not to speak of a huge pair of padded and hairy gloves, a size too large for the polar bear. And yet I thought the keen cold that caught my breath as we flew over the snow, and held its icy fangs upon my face, would have made an end of me before we got to the Shaker village.

There was a little excitement attending the drive, which probably helped to keep my blood in circulation. It was the first time for the winter that the sleigh had been out; and what with the jingling of the sleigh bells, and the dazzling whiteness of the snow, the horse was excited to frenzy, and darted off several times like a flash of lightning or Tam o' Shanter's Meg with the witches at her tail.

This brought us to the Shaker village much sooner than we had expected; but the prospect of getting our

half-frozen feet to a stove made us very glad to find ourselves in the village square, in front of a neat, prim, sharp-cut frame-house, over the door of which was painted the word "OFFICE."

The Shakers have no hotels. The "office" is the place where business is transacted with strangers, and where friends and brethren from other settlements are entertained without charge.

When we pulled up, there was no human being visible out of doors; but with everything buried under the snow, and the thermometer so many degrees below zero, we were not surprised at this. Suddenly, however, a man, in the invariable broad-brimmed felt hat and rough bluish surtout, made his appearance from some place on the other side of the square, and came running across the snow towards us. In the meantime, in answer to our knock, the door of the office had been opened by a pale, thin, elderly sister, with very prim chin and very watchful dark eyes. She recognised my companion, who had been there once before, and, in the quiet, gentle, unimpassioned way, characteristic of these people, invited us to enter, while the man, on learning our errand, took charge of the horse and sleigh.

We followed the Shakeress (Sister Silby, as she was called) within doors, and found ourselves in a large bright entrance room, part of which behind a barrier seemed to be used as a shop. Everything was scrupulously (almost painfully) clean, from the white pine floor and the neat wooden chairs to the homespun dress and cold white gauzy cap of the Shakeress herself. Passing into another room, where equal cleanliness and primness reigned, and where Sister Silby had been sewing when we arrived, she set chairs for us beside

the polished stove, and proceeded with the duties of hospitality, so sacred amongst the Shakers, by covering a little table with a snowy little cloth, and preparing to give us something to eat.

Presently the man—"Brother Ira," as the Shakeress called him—came in and sat down. He was a healthy-looking man, with plump rosy cheeks, hair cut straight across the brow, and small black shrewd twinkling eyes.

He said, in reply to my questions, that this was the family of Hancook, that there were a hundred and fifty persons in the community, and that the number had not increased for fifteen years.

It has, of course, to be remembered that, in a society where there is no marriage, the number can only be increased or even maintained by accessions from the outer world.

"But we live long," said Ira. "The average age at death here is sixty. One sister is ninety-nine. We have no doctors, and illness is almost unknown amongst us."

"One reason of that is," said the Shakeress, "that all of us have work, but no one has too much. And we are all comfortably housed and comfortably fed."

"And another reason is," said Brother Ira, "there is no drinking here. You might live here a hundred years but you would never see a drunkard. We use no rum, no tobacco, and no strong tea."

"Who legislate and carry out the laws?" I asked.

"We have the lead; a ministry of four—two of each sex. These are chosen by the society."

"Have you any police—any one to keep order in your villages?"

"Nay," said Ira, with a soft smile, "we all keep order."

He added, "There is no crime amongst us. Why should there be? There is no temptation here to steal or do wrong. No one is in want. No one lacks anything that another has. Every one shares equally."

"But other people might interfere with you. What do you do then? Suppose I ran away with some of your things, would you make no attempt to apprehend me?"

"Everything here is the Lord's," said Ira, tranquilly. "If you ran away with anything you would be stealing from the Lord, and we, as faithful stewards, should want it back."

"You would appeal to the law?"

"Yea; we appeal for protection when it is necessary. But it is very, very rare. It is almost unknown."

After some further talk I went out with Brother Ira to see the village. The Shakers are all workers. In summer the males are chiefly employed in the fields and gardens, which they cultivate with assiduous and loving care, drawing more from the soil, it is said, than any other farmers in the States. The women do the home work—cooking, washing, weaving, knitting, making the beds, and keeping the house clean; they also distil rose-water and other essences, and prepare preserved fruit for the market. It was winter now, and brethren as well as sisters were all at work within doors.

The feature that at once marked out this little Shaker settlement from all ordinary villages was the total absence of separate dwelling-houses, cottages, and little shops. No separate households were here: all

the inhabitants lived as one family, and one large workshop took the place of several small ones. There was one broomshop, where all the men engaged in this branch of industry were at work together. There was the dairy house, the granary, the seed shop, the boys' shop, the aged brethren's shop, and so on. The largest building of all was the dwelling-house—a vast, plain red building, containing the public rooms and dormitories of the whole society—one wing (as in many hydropathic establishments) being occupied by the males, the other by the females, all of whom assemble at meal hours and at their religious and social meetings. They have three meals a day—at six, twelve, and six again—each one engaging in silent prayer before beginning, and then eating in silence. The men sit at one end of the table, the women at the other.

Ira, walking briskly—for the Shakers are an active people, who lose no time over their work—led me to an immense round building with stalls for fifty cattle, and great quantities of hay stored above. He called my attention to the long sloping platform rising to the level of the upper floor, allowing waggons to drive right up into the barn.

We looked into the beautifully-kept stalls, where the cows were feeding. "We care for these too," said Ira, clapping one of the cows with affectionate tenderness. "We have our duties to them as well as to each other. Every creature deserves in its own order."

The same feeling is cherished for plants. If a Shaker sees a plant drooping, because perhaps it is on the wrong side of a wall, he will shift its position as if it were a child, simply to make it more comfortable and happy.

We next visited the broomshop, where we found a number of men at work—all of them with the same tranquil and subdued expression. No excitement, no friction, no competition enter these abodes of fellowship and peace.

One old man, busy at his broom-making, was sitting with his back to us.

"That is brother Joseph," said Ira. "Joseph was married when in the world. His wife is here also. But they are no more to one another now than brother and sister. He is happier. Ask him."

Joseph was so dull of hearing that I had to go to him and speak close to his ear. I asked him if he really felt happier here than he had done in the world.

"Yea," he said with a gentle smile. "It was hard for the first year, but I am happier now."

When the old man asked me where I came from, and I said "Scotland," Brother Ira said, "We have two Scotchmen in the society."

A tall, thin, dark-eyed man, with his hair cut short across the forehead, and hanging long behind, and with a touch of the *spirituelle* in the cast and expression of his face, sat in his rocking-chair listening. When he saw me looking at him he said, "Mother Ann came from your side of the water; this society was founded by her."[1]

[1] Ann Lee was born in 1736, of poor parents, in Manchester. In girlhood she was employed in a cotton factory. She was afterwards (much against her inclination, it is said) induced to marry a blacksmith, named Stanley, by whom she had four children, who all died in infancy. Along with her parents, she had become connected with a society formed of Quakers, who had been brought under the influence of the revivals which agitated Europe in the early part of the eighteenth century. This society boldly testified the near approach of the second

I asked if it was the case, as was alleged, that they prayed to Mother Ann.

"Nay," he said, "we do not pray to Mother Ann in particular. We pray to God. But we desire the good-will of all departed spirits. The spirits of the departed are everywhere. There are some here just now."

He looked tranquilly round as if he saw them.

I said I understood they regarded Mother Ann as divine.

"She was divine," said he, "as Jesus was divine. God appeared first in Jesus. But God is dual. Just as man whom He made in His image is male and female, so God is father and mother. God the Father was revealed in Jesus: God the Mother was revealed in Mother Ann. This was the Second Appearing."[1]

He said the Kingdom of Heaven was begun on earth —that the Resurrection was going on—that he himself and all those I saw around me had risen again, because they had believed and were living the new life. Death to them was nothing. It was merely the putting aside of the visible garment of the flesh.

appearing of Christ. In 1770, Ann Lee began to speak like one inspired, and from her revelations of God's will and purposes, the society believed that Christ had reappeared in her. Hence the name given her of Mother in Christ, or Mother Ann. In 1774, she declared that she had received a revelation directing her to go to America, where the Church of the Second Appearing was to be established. She accordingly sailed for New York, and, after many vicissitudes, she and her followers established a settlement at Water Vliet, in the State of New York; and others subsequently at New Lebanon and Hancock. She died in 1784.

[1] The similarity between this and the Catholic doctrine of the Virgin Mary is very apparent. The celibacy of the Shakers also is the same in principle with the celibacy of the priests and nuns; and the Catholic doctrine of purgatory connects itself with the Shaker doctrine that the future state is a state of probation, that souls are purified by suffering, and that ultimately all will be saved. The Shakers also hold confession before men to be essential to forgiveness.

After visiting some of the other shops, where the same soft sweet air of brotherhood reigned, we went and saw the schoolmaster. Brother Calvin—Calvin Fairchilds he would be called in the world—was attired in the uniform dress of the brotherhood, and was a youth of singularly prepossessing appearance. There was a fine intellectuality about his fair, handsome face; his blue eye beamed with gentleness, and was not without a pleasant glimmer of half-suppressed merriment. He was just at the age when the passions of love and ambition burn most ardently; but one could see from the sweet serenity that showed itself in every look and tone and gesture of this young Shaker how completely the principles and life of the strange people to whom he belonged had permeated and subdued his whole nature.

When I asked if he had been amongst the Shakers long, he said, "Yea; since I was two years old." When I inquired if he had seen much of the world, he said, —"Nay; and I think the less we see of it the better. None of us travel much. We have plenty to do at home."

When I asked about his duties, he said,—"We have school for four months in winter. The scholars work in the fields in summer; so do I. We all work here. If you joined us you would have to work too. The girls get their schooling in summer. They are taught by a female teacher."

When I said that four months' schooling in the year was not much, "Oh," said he, "intellectual culture does not go for much here. We don't care about producing intellectual drones, and lumbering up the mind with the thoughts of other people. We go in for the useful."

"Do you read much?"

"We have the Bible," he said, "and a few other books; and about a dozen newspapers come to the society."

I asked him if he had seen what Hepworth Dixon had said about the Lebanon Shakers. He said he had not seen the book, but he had once seen an extract in a newspaper. All he saw was very good and true.

He seemed perfectly satisfied of the soundness of Shaker principles, and spoke eloquently in their defence. "We are only following Christ," he said. "He and His disciples had a common purse. They ate of the same bread and drank of the same cup; and after His death *all that believed*, we are told, *were together, and had all things common.*"

He gave his views on the marriage question with equal frankness. "I think it very plain," he said, "that we are right and the world is wrong. If it is good to marry, why did Christ *not* marry and show an example? If it is better to have a wife than not, why did Paul never have one, and why did he advise those who had to be as though they had none?"

I asked him what he made of God's command to Noah to multiply and replenish the earth. "That," he replied, "was the earthly order of things according to the first Adam; but Christ came to introduce a new and higher order—the children of the resurrection, who neither marry nor are given in marriage. You remember what He said to Peter—There is no one that leaves house or brethren or sisters or *wife* for My sake, but he shall receive an hundredfold, even in the present time—houses and brethren and sisters and lands, 'with persecutions.' *No wife* you see," said the

young Shaker, with a comical wink. "In the recompense, the wife is left out and 'persecutions' put in her stead. But perhaps you think that is only another word for the same thing!"

When I asked him if he expected their principles to spread, he said with a serious air,—"They will spread in God's good time."

I asked how it would be if the whole world became Shakers, and marriage ceased—where the next generation of Shakers was to come from?

"Ah!" he said, "that is not our concern. Let us do right, and leave the consequences to God. Out of the stones, we are told, God could raise up children unto Abraham if he pleased. Besides," he said, with that quizzical look in his eye again, "you know the world has to come to an end some time. Your people say it will be burnt up; seems to me our way would be pleasanter than that!"

Before I left the settlement he gave me a little history of Ann Lee. Opening the book to see what it looked like, I came upon a slip of paper covered with verses in manuscript. They turned out to be some of the verses composed by the young Shaker himself, to be sung at their meetings. I wanted to have them as a specimen of Shaker hymnology, but could not persuade the author either to part with them or let me take a copy.

Most of the hymns sung by the Shakers at religious services are original, and are supposed to be inspirations from the spirit-land. When I asked the schoolmaster what ground they had for supposing so, he said that persons of no education and no gifts either of music or versification would sometimes, at their meetings, break

forth into song, in which both the air and the words were entirely new. This kind of inspiration, he said, was very common amongst them.[1] They meet for worship on four nights every week, and twice every Sunday. They have no public prayers or preaching from texts. They sing their hymns, and sometimes have a little speaking if any brother or sister has anything special to say; then they begin their strange "march" or dance (whence the nickname of Shakers)—the singers in the middle and all the others going up and down the room at a trot, keeping time to the music. They found this peculiar practice in the accounts of David dancing before the Lord, and they believe that during this dance the Spirit of God comes and takes possession of them.

The Shakers take nothing to do with politics—never even use the electoral votes that belong to them. They are like the Quakers in their peace principles, strict truthfulness, and objection to oath-taking; and their commercial integrity might be advantageously imitated by many of those who are most ready to speak of them

[1] Poor Calvin! he is now in the spirit-land himself. While these sheets were going through the press I received a letter from the friend who was with me at the Shaker village, in which, referring to our visit, she says,—"I noticed the other day the end of Calvin Fairchild's sacrifice in the brief announcement of his death from pulmonary complaint, at the early age of twenty-seven. His parentage is not known. It seems that he was left at the door of the Shaker church at Hancock by parties unknown, when he was a child of two years old. The sound of carriage-wheels hastening away as the church door was opened was the only indication of how he came there, and was to him the last echo from the outer world. He was taken care of by the Shakers, and got his name by Shaker authority. As he grew up to manhood he became an enthusiast in the stern and dreary life to which he had been consigned. Whence he came and whither he has gone no one can tell. But let us hope that he has at last found a Father and a home in the better land."

with derision. If you buy a Shaker brush or cart or chair, or Shaker vegetables or rose-water or preserved fruit, you may rely on its being of the best, and never anything but what it professes to be. Hence Shaker goods are everywhere in demand. Even in regard to the practice of celibacy, we may admire self-restraint and self-discipline, even if they proceed from an erroneous view of duty. That was a memorable saying of John Sterling's, "The worst education that teaches self-denial, is better than the best that teaches everything else and not that."

One feels the more free to admire this quality in the Shakers that it is not likely at its present rate of progress to precipitate the end of the world. There are only some eighteen Shaker communities in the States; and these are very small, giving in the aggregate an almost stationary Shaker population of about 6000 souls. This, in a rapidly increasing population of nearly forty millions, is like one unproductive stalk in a field of corn, or a thimbleful of sand taken from the sea-shore. It says something for so small a handful of people that they have made themselves a name for incorruptible honesty throughout the whole country.

XXXI.

NEWSPAPERS.

AMERICA is a world of newspapers. More dailies are published in the single State of New York than in all England, Scotland, and Ireland put together—the number in Britain being about 60, and in New York State over 70. Even South Carolina in 1861 had over 50, and Louisiana over 100.[1]

The newspaper is half the life of an American. Even in some prisons they supply each criminal with the morning prints. A ruffian may be deprived of his liberty, may be locked up in a cell, may be cut down as to his victuals, but to deprive him of the morning papers is too shocking a cruelty for Americans to think of inflicting. They tell a story in North Carolina about a minister who preached the terrors of the law for a whole hour to a godless congregation without producing

[1] The total number of papers of all kinds published in the States approaches 5000, while in 1704 there was but one. That one was the *Boston News Letter*, which has a speech of Queen Anne's, four months old, amongst its "Latest News!" Now, the Queen's Speech is read in New York several hours by the clock before we have it here. The telegraph outstrips the sun by five hours in crossing the Atlantic. In the New York Exchange I have read telegrams at nine in the morning which were dated "Liverpool, noon." If a great explosion takes place in London this evening, the New York people have read about it in their afternoon papers two or three hours by the clock before its occurrence.

the slightest impression. But when he announced that bad people when they died went to a place where there were no newspapers, a thunderbolt seemed to fall amongst them. They turned pale, and, according to the story, were all converted.

Every small town or smaller "city" must have its own newspaper, or if not one then two, which fight each other, and by exciting local interest in their squabbles, contrive to live where one would die.

The language with which these editors fight one another is more remarkable for its force than for its elegance. To call the other man a vampire, miscreant, and liar, and his adherents a pack of vagabonds and thieves, is considered by many the most spirited way of dealing with his arguments.[1]

An Alabama editor, who showed me his paper one

[1] Even the New York papers are not guiltless of this kind of writing. When the *Louisville Journal* charged the *New York Herald's* reporter with stealing its despatches, the *Herald* responded by calling the *Journal* "an impudent one-horse Kentucky concern, conducted by a walking whisky-bottle." The *Journal*, while edited by Prentice, gained a name for the pungency of its personalities. Here is a specimen or two: "The editor of the *Star* says there is reason in all things. He had forgotten his own skull." —"The editor of the *Eastern Argus* is melancholy in his reflections upon the close of the year, and says he will soon be lying in his grave. We thought he would have stopped lying when he got there. But the ruling passion is no doubt strong in death." Owing to personalities of this sort, Prentice often got into fights, and was several times attacked and severely wounded. He died in January of this year (1870). Brick Pomeroy, of the *La Crosse Democrat*, now stands at the head of this class of writers. He lacks Prentice's wit, but excels him in abuse. One specimen will satisfy most readers. Here are his comments on a photograph of General Butler:—"We behold here the hideous front of hell's blackest imp; Apollyon's twin brother; the Grand High Priest of Pandæmonium; the unclean, perjured, false-hearted product of Massachusetts civilisation; the meanest thief, the dirtiest knave God ever gave breath to: total depravity personified; that baggy-faced fruit of perdition, Beast Butler!"

day, asked what I thought of the leading article. I told him candidly that in this country such language would ruin any respectable paper in a month. He seemed to accept this testimony to the strength of his diction as the highest compliment I could have paid him.

While this sort of writing is the thing that from its novelty strikes a stranger from this country most, it must not be supposed that it is the ordinary pabulum which these papers provide. On the contrary, the mass of American journals crowd from five to fifty columns every day with information of all kinds, much of it collected from other papers not accessible to local readers. Editors in country districts, who have not only to edit, but sometimes to print and publish their own papers, or who have cigar and stationery shops to attend to as well, have little time, and often as little ability for the production of original matter. In such cases the scissors are more in use than the pen; and the paper is frequently filled from high-class journals with material of far greater value than the editor could have himself written or paid for.

The practice of making exchanges, which is carried on to an extraordinary extent over the whole length and breadth of the United States, greatly assists this work. The editor of every respectable paper, in even the smallest village, gets ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred other papers from different parts of America in exchange for copies of his own. *The Government carries all these through the post-office free of charge.* It knows how much the safety of a republic depends on having the sovereign people well-informed; it knows how important an educator the newspaper is; and every day in

the year it floods the country with hundreds of thousands of these "exchanges," pouring into every editor's office a cargo of newspapers gathered from other quarters, helping him in this way to keep himself and his readers "posted up" (as the expression is) in the affairs of the State and the nation.

The New York journals still hold the foremost place in the country. Three of the most prominent are the *Tribune* (Radical), the *Herald* (rotatory), and the *World* (Democratic)—otherwise distinguished from each other as the World, the Devil, and the Flesh. The *Tribune* earned its carnal title by at one time advocating Free Love. Its editor, Horace Greeley, one of the most eccentric, but at the same time one of the most able of American journalists, has in his time advocated almost every reform made or attempted in the States. His *Recollections of a Busy Life* would be well worth perusal on that ground alone. He was long a champion of Female Suffrage, but has given it up, because he declares that women don't want it themselves.

The *Tribune* probably circulates over a wider area than any other paper in America. I found it everywhere, even in the South, where its principles were most detested. But the *Herald* is understood to have the larger circulation, and the daily issue of the two combined is so immense as to exceed the circulation of all the daily papers in Scotland put together. In 1862 the circulation of the *Herald* was up to 123,000 a day, or about three-quarters of a million every week.

The editorial "we," however, is not so omnipotent in America as here. The *New York Herald*, with double the circulation of the London *Times*, has scarcely a

tithe of its influence. Had the position of the press, and specially the position of the *Herald*, been better known in this country during the war, the disastrous mistake would never have been made of supposing that its bluster against Great Britain was the voice of America. Its immense circulation had quite another meaning. People bought the *Herald* then as they buy it now, less for its politics than for its news. As a caterer of news it deserves credit for being the most active and enterprising in New York—perhaps in the world. It spares neither trouble nor expense to be first and fullest.[1] It has its agents and correspondents everywhere, all of them empowered to make the freest possible use of the telegraph. Its telegraphic reports of the Abyssinian war—though the war was British, not American, and though the news had to come by England and through the Atlantic cable—were longer, and often made public sooner, than our own.

The *New York Times* is another influential journal. The *Post*, edited by the venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant, is an evening paper. Amongst the legion of weeklies, one of the most conspicuous is the *Independent*, even more radical than the *Tribune*, and edited by Theodore Tilton, a brilliant writer, whose talents were first recognised and brought before the

[1] Most people have heard of its spirited monopoly of the wires when the Prince of Wales visited Niagara. The Prince was behind time. Mr. House (*Herald's* reporter) telegraphed to the editor —"What is to be done to keep the wires in our hands?" "Telegraph the Book of Genesis," replied Mr. Bennett. It was done at a cost of $700, and still the Prince was not come. "What now?" telegraphed Mr. House. "Book of Revelation," replied Mr. Bennett. The Apocalypse was instantly begun and was in course of being transmitted when the Prince arrived, and the *Herald's* triumph secured.

public by Beecher. Beecher himself writes for the *Independent*, and edits *The Christian Union*, a new weekly, which is already taking a foremost place amongst the religious periodicals. Several German and Irish papers are published in New York; also the *Scottish American Journal*, the only representative of Scottish nationality in the States.

XXXII.

CHURCHES.

In America a broader distinction is drawn between the Church and the world than here. In some denominations, nobody is called a Christian until he becomes a church member. I heard a lady say of her niece, "She is going to become a Christian next week." Membership in such cases means a great deal—the renunciation of much that is not forbidden to others, a higher profession, and the undertaking of some active Christian work. In many churches, the first question to a fresh communicant is, "What are you prepared to *do?* Can you visit the sick? Can you conduct a prayer-meeting? Can you teach in the Sunday-school?" and work is assigned accordingly. This develops Christian activity, and makes the Church a greater power for good. In religion, as in politics, the Americans are go-ahead, full of work, plans, and projects, preferring the risk of rushing into errors to the irksomeness of standing still.

The clergy occupy a somewhat different position in America from what they do in this country. There is no such distinction there as Churchman and Dissenter —no sect lifted up by the civil power to a position from which it can look down on others. The State secures to no American clergyman that glorious in-

dependence which a minister of the Establishment enjoys here, and which is always so comfortable a thing for him, and sometimes so uncomfortable a thing for his flock. The American clergyman, whether he be Presbyterian or Baptist, Episcopalian or Independent, has to depend entirely on his ability to supply the spiritual wants of his people. If he prove himself indisposed or unable to do that, no respect is shown him on account of his cloth; he is paid off with as little ceremony as a bungling lawyer or a useless clerk.

This dependence on the people has its disadvantages. It tends to make dumb dogs of many who would like to bark, and who see plenty to bark at, but who want the courage to offend the people on whom they depend for their salary. As a practical restraint, however, this acts far less than might be expected, as is evident from the fact, that American ministers (like many ministers of Voluntary churches here) are found speaking out quite as boldly as any ministers of the Establishment.

But even in regard to salary, no American minister of ability needs to fear. If he loses one congregation he gets another, and if he cannot preach he can take out a patent.

Some of the American clergy are paid very handsomely. Beecher is said to get $15,000, and probably makes $2000 more by his lectures, not to speak of his books. Dr. Hall, formerly of Dublin, now of New York, gets $6000 in gold, and a free house, making his stipend equivalent to $9000—the largest given by any Presbyterian church in America. Robertson of Brooklyn is said to have nearly as much. In Dr. Mackleroy's church in New York (Scotch Presbyterian) there are two pastors, each receiving a stipend (or salary, as the Ameri-

cans call it) of $5000; but $5000 in New York at present is not worth much more than $3000 here. In other words, a minister in any English or Scotch city, with a stipend of £500, is as well off as a minister in New York with a salary of $4000. Moreover, the salaries I have named are what may be called the prizes of the Church. The average income of a minister is only $800 or $900, equal to about £100 or £150 here; so that very few American ministers will be called upon to make the experiment of the camel getting through the eye of the needle, though it is just the kind of experiment which an ingenious Yankee would be glad to try.

In American preaching, there is little of what is called exposition of Scripture. Almost all sermons are "topical,"—a text being put up as a peg on which the minister hangs his own views of the subject. I scarcely ever heard Scripture expounded verse by verse, as is so much the practice in Scotland. Northern and Southern preaching differ somewhat. Northern preaching is more interesting, with a tendency to be less orthodox, and perhaps less reverent. But it is one of the effects of the Voluntary system, both North and South, to make it almost impossible for a very bad preacher to earn his livelihood in the church. American sermons, if not often profound, are generally earnest and instructive, and never contemptible. In manner and delivery, the preachers, and public speakers of all kinds, contrast favourably with ours. Every child there is encouraged to speak up before its seniors; and at school it is the constant practice to make children rise and explain things at length, not to answer, as with us, by a mere word. They are also called to the platform, and

taught to recite before the whole school. This helps to account for the remarkable ease of address which distinguishes the Americans as a people. This very facility no doubt tends to wordiness and inflation of language. One Pennsylvania minister began in prayer,—"O ever-revered! on this serene morning, when we may contemplate the divine manipulations of Thy hand." This sort of thing is not so often heard in the sermons, which are generally written and read.[1]

Great attention is paid in America to the psalmody. Every church that can afford it has an organ or a choir, or both. Where there is only an organ, the congregation generally sing; where there is a quartette choir, it is common for the people to remain silent and listen. I have seen a fashionable congregation of fifteen hundred people, while a hymn was being sung, sitting like an audience at an opera, many of them turned half round to watch the choir. The finest professional singers are often engaged, and fill the church, whatever be the

[1] In ministers as in newspapers, New York (counting Brooklyn as part of it) bears the palm. After Beecher, in celebrity, come Hall, Cuyler, and Storrs; Frothingham, the Unitarian, and Chapin, the Universalist. Cheever, whose name is better known in this country than most of these, has sunk into comparative obscurity. Twelve years ago he was a power. He had a large congregation of his own, and crowds assembled to hear the political sermons which he used to preach on the Sunday evenings, and which were regularly advertised in the papers. I was told by many who heard him, that the impression made by some of these sermons, especially those on slavery, was more terrible than they could describe. "Even on his way to the pulpit," said one, "his visage seemed sharpened into an arrow-point dipped in gall. His pictures of the sin of slavery burned into the brain."

Some of his own people said he went mad on the subject of slavery. The whole Bible became in his hand a thunderbolt against the South. It was all fire and sword. Not a single text, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation, that he did not barb and dart at the accursed system and all who upheld it. This became too much even for ardent Abolitionists, and his congregation dwindled.

quality or creed of the minister. The singing in such churches tends to become the most important part of the service. One gentleman, a Unitarian in Boston, told me that he had to change his seat from near the door, to avoid the disturbance caused by people going out when the choral-singing was over, and before the sermon began. They tell a story about some minister, who announced that, as the singing had occupied longer than usual, the sermon would be postponed till some more convenient season. Some of these choirs are maintained at great cost. In one Presbyterian church in Fifth Avenue, New York, the leader has a salary of $1500 for singing during two services. Another Presbyterian congregation in the same city pays its quartette choir $3200 annually. In some churches the choir costs more than the minister. These, of course, are extreme cases; but in all the churches the service of praise is receiving increased attention.

In building and fitting up their churches, the Americans are very careful to make them comfortable.

Still he had done his work. People could not forget those pictures he had drawn. Some of the men who followed M'Clellan into the swamps of Chickahominy, and streamed over the breastworks at Petersburg, were set on fire by Cheever. But slavery went down, and Cheever is left like an Armstrong gun after peace has been proclaimed. I found that he was living in retirement away far out of the city, somewhere near Sixtieth Street. The handful that remained of his former congregation still met, I think, in some hall; but the big grey church, the scene of Cheever's glory before the war, was last abandoned, and when I was there was being dismantled. On passing one day, I found brokers' bills plastered over the front walls, announcing that the windows, doors, seats, and fixings generally were for sale.

Few people seemed to know where or how he was now employed. Americans live too much in the present and in the future to trouble themselves long about any man whose work is done. A living dog is better than a dead lion, and the unknown man who has something new and practical to propose, has more attention paid him than the man, no matter how great a power he once was, who can only point to the past.

You have never to sit through a long sermon on the sharp edge of a hard plank seat, or stand through a long prayer in a cramped position, with the seat against the back of your knees, and a hard bookboard making an impression on your stomach. The pews are all wide, the seats cushioned, the floor carpeted, and the whole church comfortably heated.

The same rule is observed in the lecture-hall attached to almost every church, — used for prayer-meetings and social gatherings. It is a common complaint in this country that people will not come out to prayer-meetings. The inference drawn is that they are indifferent to the interests of their souls. But it ought to be remembered that man is a composite being, with not only a soul but a body. A person who goes once to a prayer-meeting, and sits listening for an hour in a dim, cold, echoey church, with one draught blowing on the nape of his neck and another on his feet, must be inspired with the heroism of an ancient martyr if he returns again. The Americans very wisely take care that the place in which they hold their prayer-meetings shall be well heated, well lighted, well carpeted, and well furnished, so that the body shall be comfortable while the soul is being fed. It makes attendance at the prayer-meeting a less conclusive test of spirituality than it is with us; but it brings the people out who are most wanted. More variety is also introduced into the exercises. I have attended such meetings, where not only the minister, but half-a-dozen of the people took part in the proceedings—one praying, another reading, another giving some experience in his mission-work, hymns coming in between, and no person being allowed to speak for more than five minutes at a time.

One goes to such a meeting with pleasure, and comes away refreshed.

The same wisdom is seen in the arrangements connected with the Sunday-schools. To these schools great importance is attached in America; and the buildings are often designed and furnished expressly for Sunday-school purposes. I remember one in Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, which, by means of sliding glass walls or doors, can be changed at any moment from one school into four, or from four into one. The purpose of this is to allow of different exercises being carried on in each department without disturbing any of the others. At the beginning the whole school is one, and joins in the same hymn and prayer. As soon as these are over, the superintendent touches a bell, and the glass walls run together, shutting off from sound, not from sight, the wings and further end of the building. Lessons then begin in all departments, the infant classes in their wing behind the glass wall, singing every five or ten minutes, without disturbing the others. When the time comes for the closing exercises, the bell is again touched, the glass doors slide back, and the school is one again. The superintendent examines or addresses for five minutes; and, after a hymn and a word of prayer, the signal is given, and the classes one by one march out.

In Philadelphia I visited a Spiritualist Sunday-school, or as it is technically called, a Progressive Lyceum. The scholars were all arranged according to age, the youngest in the front; and at the end of each row stood a gilded banneret with the distinctive title of the class,—as "Fountain group," "River," "Garland," "Vesper," and giving the age of the pupils in that

seat, "four years old," "five years old," and increasingly, back to the seats where the young ladies might not care to have their ages specified, and where, therefore, there was nothing on the banneret but the name of the group. The exercises began with arm and step gymnastics, on Dio Lewis's system; after which a march was struck up on the piano, and class after class marched past the front of the platform, where little flags were handed to them. In five minutes the whole 300 or 400 pupils were marching and countermarching through the school, with 200 or 300 flags flying, presenting a scene of extraordinary animation and beauty. As the marching drew to a close, each class re-passed the platform, handing back its flags; and, in five minutes more, was in its place again. The superintendent explained to me that their idea was the education of the whole being—body, soul, and spirit. In accordance with this plan, the physical exercises were followed by songs, recitations, and questions; and these by hymns and prayers recited by the whole school. The younger children then dispersed, and their places were taken by their parents, when a sermon was delivered by one of their female trance-speakers, and the service closed. This system was devised by Andrew Jackson Davis, a spiritual visionary after the order of Jacob Behmen and Emmanuel Swedenborg, and author of the most remarkable books produced by this class of religionists in America.

The great success of Sunday-schools in the States is partly due to the fact that the very best and most competent people in the church are amongst the teachers, including thousands of persons occupying

high social positions. You find merchant-princes, generals, and Judges of the Supreme Court, as attentive to Sunday-school work as to their week-day employments. No work is considered nobler, or worthy of more careful study. I have lived with merchants who spent an hour every day in preparing for their Sunday-schools and classes. Is it wonderful that, with enthusiasm and serious preparation like this, these schools should have so far outstripped ours in efficiency and success?

The fact that common school education must be entirely, or almost entirely secular, and that the religious education of the young must depend on the parents and the Church, has greatly stimulated the movement, and invested it with a national importance. The Sunday-school teachers in each county meet regularly in convention, to arrange plans for the better working of the system; all these conventions send delegates to a convention for the State, and the conventions of the various States send delegates to the National Convention, which meets in Washington or Philadelphia, and which may be called the United States Sunday-School Congress. The movement is thus assuming rapidly the form of a great national system for the religious upbringing of the young. It is reckoned that 5,000,000 scholars are being trained in these schools. The Methodists alone have more than a million and a half of children in theirs.

Sunday observance in America is much the same as in England, with a few differences arising out of the peculiarities of the country. The steamers sail on the great lakes and rivers on Sunday and Saturday just as ours do on the open sea, a few trains run, and in all the

cities the street-cars ply as usual—the distances in American towns being greater than in ours, and the Americans being very averse to long walks, especially in 90 degrees of summer heat, or 20 degrees of winter cold. Newspapers printed on Saturday night are published on Sunday, even in places where none are printed as ours are on Sunday to be published on Monday morning. Where the German element is strong the Sunday laws are laxer, and halls and pleasure-gardens are open, where the Teutons are wont to assemble, with their wives and little ones, to talk, smoke, drink lager-beer, and listen to music from an instrumental band. But over almost the whole continent, even in vast cities like New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, business is suspended, and shops and public-houses closed—all this by the decision of the sovereign people legislating for themselves.

The circumstances of America have been in many respects peculiarly unfavourable to moral and spiritual development. There has been much in her history to foster the delusion that the regeneration of mankind may be accomplished through material comfort, free schools, and the ballot, with or without religion. And yet nowhere in the world has Christianity been making more progress. In 1800, when the population was 5,000,000, the church membership was 350,000; in 1860, when the population was 30,000,000, the church membership was found to have increased to 5,000,000. In other words, the proportion of avowed Christians to the entire population had far more than doubled—having increased from one in every fifteen to one in every six.[1]

[1] The principal evangelical churches in America are the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, and Congregational. The following list,

From Maine to California more than 45,000 places of Christian worship, capable of accommodating 20,000,000 people, have been erected by voluntary contributions; and represent church property to the value of £40,000,000 sterling.

It must be very amusing to the Americans and to any person who has visited that country, to see the

based on the census of 1860, indicates their relative strength and position :—

Protestant Episcopalians—	
Churches, . .	2,110
Members, . .	135,700
Congregationalists—	
Churches, . .	2,500
Members, . .	257,600
Presbyterians—	
Churches, . .	6,000
Members, . .	550,000
Baptists—	
Churches, . .	17,000
Members, . .	1,490,000
Methodists—	
Ministers, . .	14,000
Members, . .	2,000,000

The Roman Catholics number about 4,000,000; but it has to be remembered that the Romish Church counts not by membership, but by population. For its four millions of people, it has only 4000 churches and chapels; while the Presbyterians, for their half-a-million of members have 6000. The membership in a Presbyterian Church represents but a fraction of its people. The Methodists, with 2,000,000 members, claim 8,000,000 hearers. The Spiritualists are very numerous in the States, but being for the most part mixed up with other denominations, it is difficult to ascertain their real strength. There are said to be 60,000 public and private mediums, 500 public speakers, many of them women; 2000 places open for public circles and conferences; 2,000,000 "decisive believers," and 5,000,000 nominal. But this computation has been made by Spiritualists themselves, and the last items are very likely, from the way they have of reckoning, to be huge exaggerations. Besides the denominations mentioned, there are numerous little sects—Perfectionists, Tunkards, Cosmopolites, Democratic Gospelites, Ebenezer Socialists, Sand-hillers, Soul-sleepers, Come-outers, etc., etc., etc. There are also Avowed Atheists—a class once numerous, but apparently dwindling. An American correspondent of the *Scotsman*, whose letters contain much valuable information on America, reported, last November, that a NATIONAL CONVENTION of Atheists, Infidels, and Secularists had assembled at Philadelphia. This National Convention was attended by seventeen persons, including one female! The Committee reported several meetings got up at a loss of £10; while, on the other hand, the sale of infidel pamphlets had yielded 18s. 6d. for the year!

terror of some people here that the Church will come down if State support is withdrawn. The entire support given to the Established Church in Great Britain, amounts to less than five million pounds, while the support voluntarily given to their churches by the Americans amounts to seven millions and a quarter. Nor do they stop with supporting themselves. All over the world American missionaries are to be found maintained by these voluntary Churches,—one of which (the Methodist Episcopalian) has raised for home and foreign missions £200,000 in a single year, besides a centenary thank-offering of £1,000,000 for collegiate and charitable purposes. Such facts furnish a reasonable hope that in this country also, even without the crutches of the State, the Church of Christ will be able to stand.

XXXIII.

FREE SCHOOLS.

NOTHING in America excited my admiration more than the system of common schools. To form an idea of it as carried out in the North, suppose a fisherman's net spread out upon a lawn; suppose the lawn to be the States; suppose all the little squares made by the net to be the school sections into which the States are divided; you have there a bird's-eye view of the whole country as divided for educational purposes. Every little square has its public school or schools, where all the children in that section—the children of the poor as well as of the rich—can go, free of charge, and get a good English education. To the regular schools over this vast area, add a plentiful sprinkling of Grammar and High Schools also free; wherever there are centres of population add clusters of schools and colleges, and you have before you a picture of the provision made by America for the education of her people. It is a magnificent development of the old Scottish system of parochial schools and endowed colleges.

The system is supported by a school-tax imposed by the people upon themselves. In many places this tax amounts to a mere trifle, by reason of the large amount of land originally appropriated for school purposes and rising in value; and also by donations of money made

by private persons. But even at the heaviest the school-tax is very much lighter than the burden we in this country have to bear in supporting a system much less successful.[1] Each district taxes itself according to its wants, and regulates its educational affairs through a committee acting within the limits of the general laws affecting schools. It follows that in some States and townships the teachers are better paid, the schools better, and education carried to a higher point than in others. In many of the States, not only can the poorest child enter the Common School and get instruction in all the branches of an English education, but by passing the requisite examinations he can proceed from the Common School to the High School, and from the High School to the College, the State paying for his education from first to last.

As yet the system is only working itself towards completeness. It has failed in the larger cities to bring in the lowest class of children for want of a compulsory law; while, on the other hand, numerous private academies are supported by people who pay the tax gladly to support the public schools, but are, or profess to be, afraid to let their own children commingle with

[1] Mr. Zincke, in his admirable work published in 1869, shows by dividing the amount of school taxation by the number of scholars, that the average cost of a boy's education in America is only about eleven shillings a year,—less than the price of a decent hat! He declares that the two English schools of Eton and Harrow cost the boys' parents more than the whole State of Illinois has to pay for her 10,000 schools, her 20,000 teachers, and her 600,000 scholars! Even in Massachusetts, where the education is best, it costs but twenty-five shillings a year for each; and in New York, where the tax is heaviest, education is still much cheaper than with us,—the cost per pupil being thirty shillings a year, while with us even a tradesman to give his children anything like the same education, will have to pay five or ten times more.

other classes. The great mass of American children, however, are educated in the Common Schools.

The system in Upper Canada, though less known, is in some points superior even to that of the States. It is under the control of a central board at Toronto, which adds vastly to the efficiency of the system, and gives it harmony and completeness. Amongst other important advantages, it secures (1) that all teachers qualify themselves and graduate at the Normal School; and (2) that the same books (and these the best) be used throughout the Province. Another advantage claimed by Canada is that she has a larger proportion of male teachers. This is an important point in High Schools and Colleges; but in the Common Schools, where the pupils are mostly children, and the branches mostly elementary, the superiority of male teachers is, at least, doubtful. *In the States, almost the whole system of Common School education is carried out by female teachers, and yet nowhere perhaps in the world are children educated so well.* It was from no belief in the superior qualifications of women for this work that the present state of things came about. It arose simply from the fact that women were ready to undertake the work at lower salaries; and, having undertaken it, proved so competent that they have been allowed to retain almost a monopoly of it. Even in Canada the proportion of female teachers is yearly increasing. The same change probably awaits us here. If so, our girls will have to be specially educated for the work as they are in the Normal Schools in Canada and the States; but when so educated their superior qualifications for managing, refining, and training the young are likely to be recognised, and a new and vast field opened up for the employment of educated women.

For the sake of those who might like to get a peep into an American Free School, let me describe one of those I visited in New York,—Ward School, No. 50, for girls.

On entering we found the whole school engaged in preliminary exercises before separating to the different class-rooms. The large, airy, and elegant room was filled with quite a sea of young girls—five or six hundred of them, of from five to twelve years of age. Many of them were evidently the children of poor people; but they were neatly (many of them beautifully) dressed, and all scrupulously clean—a point to which great attention is paid in American schools. Any scholar coming with untidy clothes, or with unwashed face or hands, or unbrushed hair, would be sent home at once. When a song had been sung to the accompaniment of the piano, the Lady Principal took her station at the desk on the platform, and touched a spring-bell. The children were all attention.

"What are you to do when you see any object?"

"We are to think of its qualities, parts, uses, colours, and form," answered the children.

The Principal then produced a common clay pipe, and held it up. There was an instant brightening of eyes and a titter; but the titter was over in a moment, and the children ready.

"I bring some new object every morning," the Principal said, turning to us. "They never know what the object is to be. So it brings out their general information, and teaches them to have their knowledge always at command."

She now began to ask the school about the qualities of the pipe, the names of its parts, and so forth, eliciting all the girls knew about it.

When one bright little girl was asked what pipes were used for, she replied, "For blowing soap-bubbles."

"I wish," said the Principal, with a smile, "that was the only use to which people put them."

She then asked what they could tell her about tobacco.

One girl was able to tell where it was grown, another where it was manufactured, another what nations used it most, and another got up to state that 12,000 dollars' worth of cigars was used in New York every day. When a further round of questions had been put as to the effect of smoking, the Principal summed up all the information elicited, laid the pipe aside, and touched the spring-bell. Thereupon a march was struck up on the piano, and all the five or six hundred girls rose and moved off with military precision to their various recitation rooms.

I asked the Principal how she contrived to maintain such perfect order.

"We appeal," she said, "to the self-respect of the girls themselves, and the older show an example to the younger. The school would think itself disgraced if any one were impertinent or unruly."

"But there must be misconduct sometimes. What do you resort to then? Do you use the rod?"

"Never. The marks suffice in ninty-nine cases out of every hundred. But if the child continues to misbehave its parents are spoken to, and, as a last resort, it is sent home. This is considered such a disgrace that the dread of it tames the most ungovernable."

On looking at the Registers of the school, I found, from the column giving the occupations of the scholars' parents, that there were present the children of almost all classes of people—importers, plumbers, seamstresses, merchants, butchers, nurses, clerks, cartmen, physicians, servants, bookbinders, stage-drivers, farmers, typesetters, labourers, lawyers, masons, waiters, stationers, private watchmen, and architects. I copied these at random. Here and there a parent or guardian was entered as of no occupation—"Mrs. Smith, nothing;" "Ezekiel Jones, nothing;" showing that some of the *fruges consumere nati* are to be found even in that busy, Babel-tongued, money-hunting city of New York.

There was also a Visitors' book. The practice of visiting schools is very common in America, and very beneficial. People take their friends; and frequently, when a professional or business man finds half-an-hour thrown upon his

hands, he turns his steps to the nearest school, listens to some of the examinations, and perhaps says a word of encouragement before he goes. The interest which is thus continually shown by the outside world in the success of the schools not only stimulates the teachers but impresses the scholars with the vital importance of their work, and gives an additional incentive to regular and active preparation.

The Principal now conducted us through the various departments or "grades." The rooms were lofty, well lighted, and well ventilated. The scholars sat at their neat little desks, two and two, in long columns running back from the platform. The school equipment is much more complete than with us. Every scholar has her own little arm-chair and desk—the latter with a socket into which to slip her slate, a groove for her pencil, and a little cup for the sponge used in blotting out her figures. Neatness, cleanliness, and order, are parts of American education.

We waited in one room—"recitation rooms" they are all called—to see the girls at their arithmetic. The excitement was extraordinary, and reminded me of annual examinations at home. The teacher gave out a question, the scholars taking it down on their slates. The instant she ceased, every one dashed into the calculation with the rapidity of an excited terrier chasing a ball. The first one done started to her feet and cried "First!" Then in quick succession came "Second!" "Third!" "Fourth!" "Fifth!" followed by a general uprising of the class. Answers were read, and next moment the class was seated, and another question being given.

In the next recitation room, where reading and spelling was going on, I observed the extreme care taken to give the scholars a clear and sharp articulation—an accomplishment in which, owing partly to this early training, the Americans greatly excel. Every syllable had to be uttered with as much distinctness as if it stood alone. "R's" had to be trilled with more than even Scottish clearness, making "tree" sound like "t'rree." In words like "when" and "which," the girls were taught to take a mouthful of air, as if they were going to whistle, causing them to aspirate

the words with a force that would have blown a Cockney off his feet. The Principal said the exaggeration was intentional, and counteracted the common tendency to slovenliness and the running of syllables together.

I noticed one dark-eyed little girl, with a keen face, and hair brushed tightly back behind her ears, who wore a silver decoration on her breast—the badge of honour, indicating that she had stood first for the whole of the previous month.

I could not help observing this little piece of precocity. No error seemed to escape her. When the Principal tried them with a round of spelling, and it came to little Precocity's turn, she first pronounced and spelt her own word, and then said before sitting down, "And please, Miss W—, when you said to the second girl 'mourning,' she said 'morning,' and the fifth girl when spelling 'urgent,' said 'hew' instead of 'u.'"

To prevent too much wear and tear of the little brains each lesson only lasts for twenty minutes, after which comes an interval of gymnastics and marching to music, which gives mental rest and healthy physical exercise at the same time.

This was a girls' school. But in boys' schools, and in schools where boys and girls are taught together, the order and discipline are the same. Even in the West, I remember, in one vast free school with about 800 scholars, looking into a large class-room where more than 100 boys and girls had been left alone for half-an-hour to study. Perfect silence reigned. They were all sitting intent over their books; and the eyes that were attracted by the sound of our footsteps were only off the page for a moment. When the half-hour had expired, the teacher went in to begin the next "recitation;" but first asked if any of the scholars had been "communicating,"—*i.e.*, talking, whispering, or even making signs to one another. Five scholars at once

rose, said they had communicated, and gave their reasons. In two cases a bad mark was given; in the other three, the explanations were satisfactory. This was only a specimen of the order and discipline that prevailed throughout the whole school. And yet the teachers were all ladies, and the scholars were under no fear of corporal punishment—such punishment being prohibited by law, except in extreme cases which have all to be reported.

From such schools the children are not only sent forth instructed, but disciplined,—taught how to behave themselves as little citizens of a Republic, in which every boy is to be a gentleman, and every girl a lady.

Whether it is best to train boys and girls in separate schools or together, is a question on which there is great diversity of opinion, and every district is left to settle it for itself. Oberlin College, Ohio, has long preached the doctrine that, from first to last, the sexes should be trained together as in a family circle, where the influence of brother and sister is mutually beneficial. This principle enters into its own constitution. In its class-rooms, I saw hundreds of students of both sexes sitting together listening to the same prelections, and passing the same examinations. It was only in some of the medical classes, where this arrangement would have been improper, that the male and female students were taught at different hours. The professional course in classes and philosophy is not generally taken by the ladies, but is open to all of them who wish. In each class-room, the male students enter by one door, the female students by another, and occupy different sides of the room, facing the professor. They lodge in separate buildings—the ladies' hall being under the charge

of a matron. Except in the class-rooms they only meet at dinner, to which three or four hundred male and female students sit down together every day.

When I asked Principal Fairchild if these arrangements did not lead to love-making between the students, he said,—"There is less of mere flirtation here than amongst any equal number of young men and young women brought up under different conditions. But the male and female students come to know each other, and if the friendships formed in college should lead to marriage afterwards, as is often the case, we see nothing in that to be deplored. The marriage is likely to be all the happier that the youth and the maid have become so familiar with each other's tastes and abilities."

The effects of this co-education on the male students is in many respects exceedingly good. The presence of the other sex is a powerful stimulus, and even dullards are quickened into activity by the fear of falling behind the girls. It has a refining influence also on their manners. Oberlin was the only college in which I saw no spittoons, and nobody using tobacco.[1]

The effect of co-education on the female students is not so easily determined. They undoubtedly gain by it intellectually, and in some respects morally. How it affects the delicate modesty and refinement which constitute so much of the charm of women, I cannot pretend to say; but it may be to the point to repeat what was told me by a friend who studied at Oberlin, and married an Oberlin girl:—"The idea," he said, "of

[1] For religion and morality also, few places have a higher reputation. Amongst the stories told illustrative of Oberlin honesty, is one of a woman who left a basket of apples at the entrance to one of the colleges, with a card,—"Apples, one cent each." On her return she found only a handful of apples left, but a cent in the basket for every apple taken.

kissing a girl who had studied anatomy, and knew quadratic equations, alarmed me at first, but after making the experiment, I found the kiss the sweetest I had ever got in my life."

The example of Oberlin in opening her College course to both sexes, has been followed by the Iowa and Michigan Universities, and seems likely to be followed by others. In the Common and High Schools, the practice of educating boys and girls together is widely prevalent, and in small towns and rural districts almost universal.

The religious difficulty which has kept us so long out of a national system of education, has been practically settled by the Americans. Their position is this,—That public money appropriated for public education cannot justly be expended on sectarian education. If half the people are Romanists and half are Protestants, it is unjust to take Protestant money to build Romish schools, and equally unjust to take Romish money to build Protestant schools. But if all parties are agreed that it is desirable to have their children taught to read, write, and cipher, here is a kind of education which, being desired by the whole public, can justly be paid for out of the public purse. On this position America has reared her system of common schools, which is putting the mass of her people so far in advance of ours in point of education. To say that religion shall not be taught there, is not to say that religion is less important than writing or ciphering, but simply that the public are at one on the subject of writing and ciphering, while they are at variance on the subject of religion.

But if the public are so much agreed even in regard

to creed, as to wish that certain religious exercises should be engaged in, then the introduction of such exercises involves no injustice, as it drives away no section of the public. In most of the schools, both in Canada and the States, the opening exercises include a portion of Scripture (read without comment), the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. To prevent any class of the public from being excluded on this account from schools which they are paying to support, it is arranged that parents who object to their children being present at these exercises, shall notify the same to the Principal, who shall not require the presence of such children until after these exercises are over. So far as I could discover, scarcely any, except here and there a few Roman Catholics, were availing themselves of this exemption. In all the common schools I visited, the children of Catholics, Jews, Unitarians, and Infidels, joined with the children of Baptists and Presbyterians in offering up the Lord's Prayer and hearing the Scriptures read. In many schools and colleges it is further provided, that a class-room be assigned after hours to every denomination that desires it, in order that a minister of each denomination may gather the pupils connected with it into a class and instruct them in their own creed. But it has been found in almost all such cases, in spite of the outcry made about it beforehand, that the churches are content to let this opportunity go by, finding that they have ampler and far more satisfactory opportunities of giving religious instruction in the pulpit, the Sunday-school, and the family circle.

An agitation is now afoot in some cities to have religious teaching altogether discontinued in schools paid for out of public money. If this agitation should prove successful, the effect will simply be, that public

schools will be confined to their proper work, while churches and parents will be made to feel the responsibility of providing religious education—a duty which America has already declared in principle belongs to them, not to the State.

The term "secular education" may be a convenient name for education that does not trench on religious ground; but to use the term in an opprobrious sense as equivalent to infidel education, looks like the blunder of an idiot or the sophistry of a partisan. Nobody speaks of secular arithmetic, or secular gymnastics. Nobody speaks of the Lighting and Paving Act as a secular and infidel measure, because it provides for the streets being cleaned without requiring the scavengers to sign the Confession of Faith. Nobody speaks of a riding-school as secular, because the pupils are taught horsemanship without the Catechism. And yet the term would be just as applicable to them as to common schools established for the purpose of teaching children to read, write, and cipher, and confining themselves to this work, leaving religion to be taught properly by those to whom the religious education of the people properly belongs.

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